

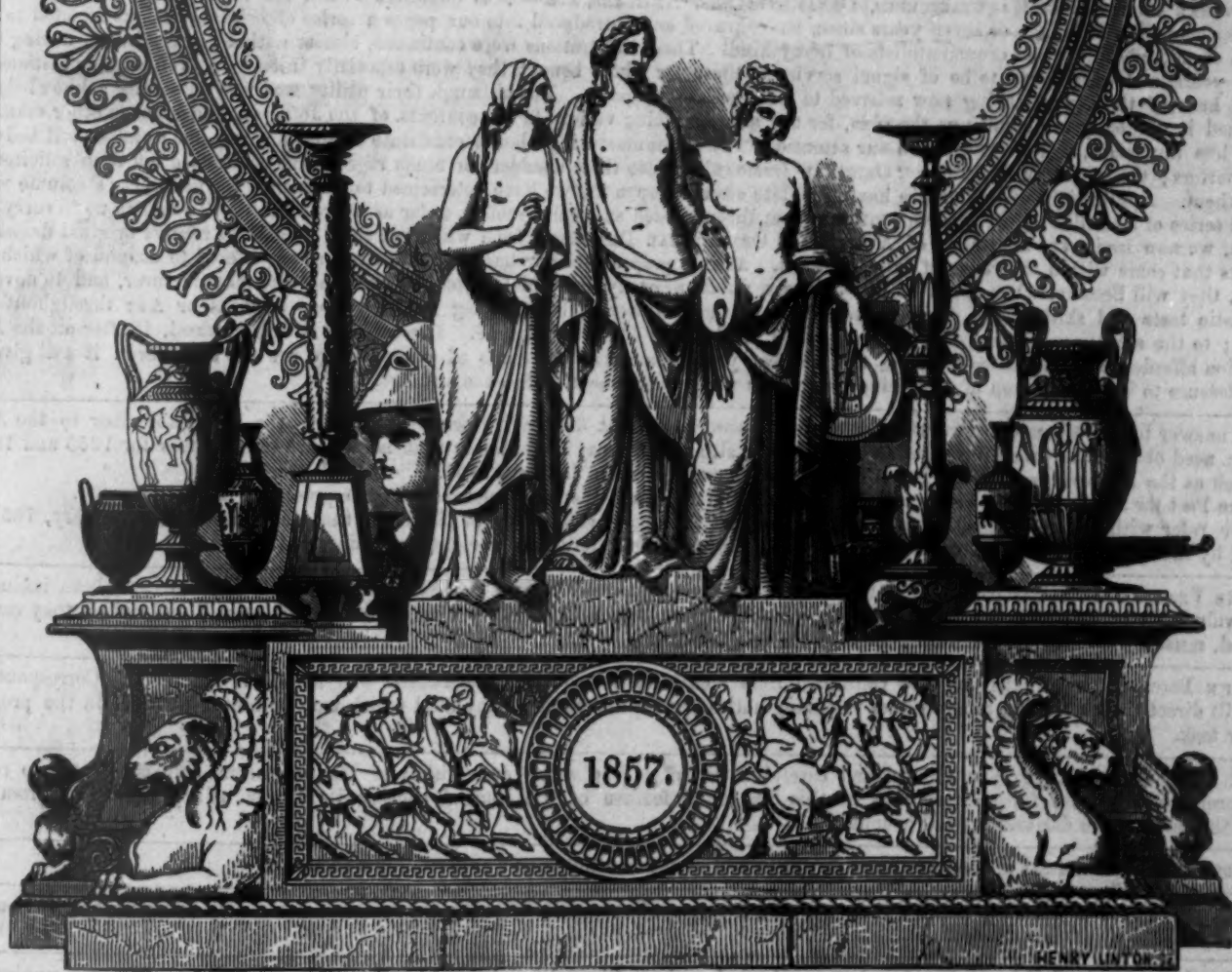
NEW SERIES: CONTAINING THE ROYAL GALLERY.

No. XXXV.

NOVEMBER.

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THE  
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## THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. THE BEAUTY OF ALBANO. Engraved by L. STOCKS, A.R.A., from the Picture by A. RIEDEL, in the Royal Collection at Osborne.
2. GATE OF THE SERAGLIO: CONSTANTINOPLE. Engraved by J. T. WILLMORE, A.R.A., from the Picture by F. DANBY, A.R.A., in the Royal Collection at Osborne.
3. PSYCHE. Engraved by J. H. BAKER, from the Statue by W. VON HÖYER, in the possession of the Queen.

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ORIGINAL DESIGNS FOR MANUFACTURERS, ORNAMENTALISTS, ARTIZANS, ETC.—It is doubtless within the recollection of very many of our subscribers that, about six or seven years since, we engraved and introduced into our pages a series of original designs adapted to the purposes of manufacturers and ornamentalists of every kind. These illustrations were continued, almost without intermission, during two or three years, and were found to be of signal service to those for whose benefit they were especially intended; even at this distance of time we hear of these pages being now referred to for practical purposes. But although their utility was very generally acknowledged, we deemed it necessary to discontinue the plan, for the sake of giving variety to the contents of the JOURNAL, and because other matters, scarcely less important, were pressed upon our attention. The manufacturing classes constitute neither a small nor unimportant body of our supporters; the withdrawal of these "ORIGINAL DESIGNS" was to them a subject of much regret, and we have often been solicited to resume them. Applications of this nature having of late crowded upon us, we have determined to commence the next year's volume with a second series of a similar nature, and to continue them through each successive month, so far as is practicable. To enable us to carry out our plan, we now invite the assistance of ARTISTS and ORNAMENTAL DESIGNERS, from whom we shall be glad to receive original drawings of objects that come within the range of Industrial Art. As it is proposed to purchase such drawings as are offered to us, and of which we approve, they will become, when engraved in our pages, public property, our chief objects being to aid the manufacturer, and to develop the artistic taste and skill of the designer, especially of those who may be studying in the various SCHOOLS OF ART throughout the country; to the attention of the latter class we would particularly direct this notice. It would be strange, indeed, if after all the Art-instruction afforded by these schools during the last few years, some practical fruits of the teachings are not evidenced: it will give us much pleasure to be the medium of exhibiting progress in the "Department of Science and Art."

In answer to Correspondents, we think it right to observe that it does not necessarily follow that a new Subscriber to the ART-JOURNAL need obtain any preceding volumes of the work, although it may be desirable that he acquire the volumes for 1855 and 1856, inasmuch as the Engravings from the Royal Galleries were commenced in January, 1855.

The Part for January, 1857, contains no "continued" articles, and therefore reference to parts preceding is not necessary.

We refer with much satisfaction to the many opinions that have reached us to the effect that the number for January, 1857, is marked by increased excellence in various departments; that excellence it will be our duty to maintain.

THE VERNON GALLERY is contained in the Six Volumes preceding the Volume for 1855, i.e. those from 1849 to 1854, both inclusive. These volumes may be obtained of the publisher. But the preceding volumes have long been "out of print," and, when they can be obtained, must be purchased at prices higher than the original cost.

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES will be continued from month to month; and the Authors will be much indebted to Correspondents who will direct their attention to any errors they may notice, or for assistance of any kind which may be useful to them in the progress of their task.

It will be our duty to pay minute and careful attention to the wants and wishes of Manufacturers, and frequently to report their progress. We are fully aware that in this important feature of the Journal consists its larger utility, and that from this source the public have derived especial benefit.


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We reply to every letter, requiring an answer, that may be sent to us with the writer's name and address; but we pay no attention to anonymous communications.

The Office of the Editor of the ART-JOURNAL is 4, Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand, where all Editorial communications are to be addressed. Letters, &c., for the Publishers, should be forwarded, as usual, to 25, Paternoster Row.

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## THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, NOVEMBER 1, 1857.

THE REPORT  
ON  
THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

**A**s I asked a question which you must answer," prescribed a great authority in polemical philosophy, to one who suffered under an uncommon form of malady—a doubt of his own wisdom,—“content yourself with giving the answer simply, in its Yes or No. On no account be betrayed into stating your reasons. The chance is only equal against your answer being right; but there are fifty chances to one in favour of your reasons being wrong.” Now, if to give or to withhold their reasons had been,—as, of course, it was not,—in any degree optional with her Majesty's Commissioners for determining certain questions connected with the site of the new National Gallery, it would have been wholly unaccountable how they should have ventured on the publication of the evidence attached to their present Report. To us, no reconciliation between the two seems logically possible. Standing alone, the answer given by this Commission might, perhaps, have contrived to sustain itself, on the authority of the names subscribed to it; but it goes down inevitably, if every name had been ten, the instant the Commissioners produce their reasons. If the evidence here printed be right, the Report must be wrong:—if the Report be right, the reasons here given are, unquestionably, the wrong ones. The Blue-book before us embodies an elaborate *non sequitur*. Its problem is worked out by an algebraic law singularly contradictory of that of the schools. The sum of many affirmatives is made therein to yield a negative. The rule of evidence is reversed, for its use. A cloud of witnesses testify, each and all, with scarcely an exception, to the fact that, where the national pictures now are, they are subjected to a process of deterioration, whose end is of course destruction; and the inference drawn by the Commissioners is,—that they ought not to be removed! The constant need of the picture doctor, with the great danger of death, and the certain eventual loss of constitution, in his hands, are shown to be necessities of their present site:—therefore, say these Commissioners, using a logic emphatically their own, we “recommend,” that the new National Gallery “should be on the same site as the present!”

If we could have thought it possible, that six gentlemen, selected as commissioners on a public question, could have agreed in the peculiarity of ratiocination necessary for arriving at the conclusions of this Report by the path of this evidence,—if it had been credible that these half-dozen authorities, met at this point, had all united in the idiosyncrasy which paints the hand on the guide-post with the finger pointing exactly the wrong way,—then, we should have had more difficulty than we now have in asking our readers to turn their backs resolutely on the direction there indicated, and carry the national pictures anywhere rather than to the spot designated by the Commissioners' Report. We will produce for

them, by-and-by, ample reasons why they should do this, on the authority of others than the Commissioners; but, meantime, we undertake to show that, notwithstanding the Report, the authority of the Commissioners themselves is *not* so directly opposed to the evidence before them, and to the views which we have to maintain, as on a hasty view must seem to be the case. *What* our views on this question have hitherto been, our readers know well,—and that we have to a great extent exhausted the subject by anticipation, as far as its merits were then understood by us, in our articles in this journal for August of the last year, and for August of the present. We have now to tell them, that we find nothing in the document before us but what is strongly confirmatory of the conclusions at which we had already arrived; and that we are prepared to stand now to all our previously expressed opinions, not in the face, but on the strength of this very volume which embodies the Commissioners' Report.

We begin, then, by denying that this Report is the report of a majority of the Commission itself, in the sense claimed,—or in any sense which could give it weight to override the serious considerations that we find therein pointing another way. In its original constitution, this commission included six members. Of these members, one, Mr. Ford, was disabled by illness from taking a share in its deliberations; and it remains, therefore, to be known what particular view he would have adopted of the heavy responsibilities that hang on the decision. As he took no share in the inquiry, his name is not attached to the conclusions arrived at:—a course clear and consistent,—and certainly more intelligible than the attachment of signatures by parties who *did* take a share, and *that* share directly opposed to the conclusions thus vouched. Throughout all the discussions of the Commissioners, we find another, and a most important, member of their body, Professor Faraday, practically arguing, as will be seen hereafter, on our side of both the leading questions raised: and, after being beaten in his attempts to give effect to his arguments, dragged into signing the Report as it now stands only by the formal necessity of his signature to enable the Commission to report at all. “As the royal warrant,” say these Commissioners, “requires that five” (the precise number to which Mr. Ford's secession had reduced them) “signatures should be affixed to our Report, we have been compelled to frame a statement to which all of us could agree.” That we are entitled to claim Dr. Faraday as supporting our views, in a sense which renders the possibility of his agreement in the statement before us unintelligible to ourselves, we shall, as we have said, proceed presently to show:—but Mr. Richmond must have had a yet greater difficulty in complying with the practical absurdity involved in the literal necessity of his position. About his opinions there is neither vacillation nor misapprehension. They are all on the same side as our own,—and emphatic in the highest degree. Step by step, throughout the progress of this inquiry, and with an energy, a knowledge, and a talent which are remarkable, did he support the views which he finally surrenders by a single stroke of the pen. Such a Report cannot, in common reason, be taken seriously, or acted on practically. In point of fact, the recommendations which it contains are, under any view, the recommendations of one half only of the Commission. And this is not the only—or even the principal—point of weakness impeaching the authority of the Report itself. Taking it as it stands, with all the five signatures attached for the form's sake, its recommendations, as we will show, are accompanied by such admissions and qualifications on the part of all the Commissioners themselves as should determine the matter against them, even if those recommendations had represented the spontaneous and unquestioning verdict of the whole.

We are dealing, it must be understood, for the present, only with the proceedings of the Commissioners themselves, and the final Report to which these brought them:—leaving the evidence which they had before them, and with which these proceedings assume to deal, to be examined by-and-by. One of the grounds, then, let us observe, of Dr. Faraday's express reluctance in the matter of this Report was, precisely that on which we have, ourselves, laid so much emphasis, and which we find so much additional reason for emphasizing in this Blue-book,—the danger to which the pictures in

the National Gallery are exposed from the atmospheric influences by which they are surrounded in the heart of London. On such a subject, Dr. Faraday should be a considerable authority himself,—and better qualified than most men to weigh the evidence of others bearing on the practical questions which it involves. It was moved by him, in the committee, and seconded by Mr. Richmond,—“That the presence of the National Gallery within the smoke and atmosphere of London involves, from the consequent extra dirtiness and necessary cleaning of the pictures, an amount of wear and tear which would occur only in a smaller degree in clearer and more airy situations.” This proposition was negatived by the majority which, under the circumstances, we have contended is no majority at all. Once more let us insist, that where doctors disagree on a question directly affecting the life or death of a patient so important as the national collection of pictures, we cannot speculate at our ease on the possible negation which arises out of the balance of their differences. The quantities on the two sides of the equation do not, we repeat, destroy each other, because the figures are not of equal value. The fears of Professor Faraday and Mr. Richmond should weigh with us more than the confidence of Lord Broughton, Mr. Milman, and Mr. Cockerell,—even in the event of Mr. Ford's taking the side of confidence, to back them. Where there is so much even as a doubt, were it no more, a treasure so precious as these national pictures must have the benefit of that doubt. “The removal of the pictures,” say the Commissioners, by a majority of three to two of their acting five, “to a clearer, but distant place, takes away that accessibility which the present site, although no doubt with a great amount of wear and tear, provides.” Now, we say, that we cannot afford to sacrifice clearness of atmosphere to even so important an object as accessibility,—and that we will not consent to pay for it in “wear and tear.” The life of the pictures is a question paramount to all questions of their use, and the accessibility will be of little value when the wear and tear shall have done its work.—But, this is not all. In this very Report, which recommends that the National Gallery shall remain on its present site, the *five* Commissioners sign their names to the following important admission:—“In regard to atmospheric impurities it is, as has been previously admitted, inferior to the site of Kensington.”—If “atmospheric impurities” be a term of dangerous significance where pictures are concerned, then, we earnestly hope the nation will reverse a decision which comes before it on appeal, accompanied by a hint so suggestive as this.

So much for the one strongest ground on which the argument for the removal of the national pictures rests; and which, if all other considerations pointed to an opposite conclusion, must yet outweigh them all, supposing it to be established by the evidence laid before this Commission. But, on the second important question also—that of space—on which our argument for removal was founded, we find new reasons in this Blue-book for urging our views on the public against the Report of the Commission, and, *in spite* of the Report, we find allies amongst the Commissioners themselves. On this point, as on the other, we have, their final signatures notwithstanding, Dr. Faraday and Mr. Richmond with us,—and Mr. Ford, in virtue of his non-signature, not against us. Our readers will remember, that, of all the questions relating to the proper constituents of a great Art-collection which we argued at length in our number for August last, the only one submitted to this Commission, as supplementary to its inquiry into the question of site, regarded the desirableness or otherwise of “combining with the new National Gallery the Fine Art and Archaeological Collections of the British Museum.” On this point, the committee have come to the conclusion, that “it is *not* expedient to break up or remove the collections of ancient sculpture and archaeology” in the institution in question. As this decision would seem to have been arrived at, however, solely on considerations affecting the British Museum itself, and did not necessarily decide—as, in fact, the question had not distinctly raised—the more important proposition of the wide scope and range proper to a National Gallery,—Mr. Richmond made an attempt to save the general principle for future use. He moved, and had, as



usual, Dr. Faraday's support.—"That though the Commissioners think it undesirable to break up the Collections of Ancient Art and Archaeology in the British Museum, and for the present inexpedient to remove them, they are yet of opinion that the future combination of Sculpture with Painting should be provided for in the new National Gallery,—a primary use of which should be to provide examples of the Art of past ages in all its branches, in the order best adapted to exhibit their beauty, and to illustrate their sequence and character." This proposition, says the Report, significantly,—very significantly,—we challenge the attention of our readers to it,—the other three Commissioners *did not think it necessary to adopt.*" It should seem, then, that the views, not of these Commissioners, as we have pointed out, but of their pseudo-majority, in respect of the sufficiency of space to be obtained on the present site, proceed on the ground of a narrower scheme for such an institution as a National Gallery of Art than the expanding intelligence and growing desires of the nation are certain one day to demand. But it is important to bear in mind that such are not the views of Dr. Faraday and Mr. Richmond; and that the Report before us, though signed with their names, wants in all important respects the sanction of these two Commissioners,—as it wants the sanction of the most important portion of all the evidence on which it professes to be based.

That most important portion of the evidence refers, as we have said, to the health of the pictures in their actual place of abode; and that this was the most pressing point for inquiry, seems to have been recognised by the Commissioners themselves, when, at their first meeting, on the 30th of January, they determined to commence their labours by considering—"How far the conservation of the pictures of the National Gallery is compatible with its present site in Trafalgar Square." Let us see what the nature of the evidence is, out of which they have been able to extract a recommendation that these treasures shall not be removed. If in the terms of the question stated, for the word *conservation* be substituted the word *destruction*, the logic of the Blue-book, we shall find, is at once restored, and the evidence and the Report are finally reconciled.

In turning, however, to the evidence for examples, there is one remark which we will make at the outset, that we may get quit of it at once, and divest it of every character of offence which, on its first statement, it might seem to bear. It is impossible, on going over this evidence, not to be struck by the fact, that while, of all those examined, every artist, save perhaps one, (and even he makes admissions which bring him into the same category,) who is not professionally a picture-cleaner, testifies to the injury which pictures sustain from the incidents of the London atmosphere,—every picture-cleaner, on the other hand, maintains that this charge of destructiveness is a calumny on the London smoke, save only Mr. Smart. Now, certainly, we mean no impeachment whatever of the picture-cleaners as a body, or of any individual of them who gave evidence before the Commission, when we make this remark. The fact comes before us, as a fact,—and it is impossible to overlook it. Neither is it possible, in connexion with the other evidence in the case, to overlook its significance. The argument of the picture-cleaner for keeping the pictures in London becomes actually, as we see it, evidence in the opposite sense to that for which it is given, and reinforces the testimony of the artist to the injury which they there sustain. In all this there is, assuredly, no charge,—no imputation beyond the imputation of average human motive. Mr. Smart, for his part, frankly avows his belief, that he should not be so much wanted in his capacity of picture-cleaner, if pictures generally were kept out of London. The men who thrive on calamities—and who are, by the very fact, among the most useful, as they may be amongst the most honourable, members of the social body—cannot have the same hearty enmity to the calamity as *they* have to whom it brings no profit. The "ill wind" will have its partisans as long as it "blows anybody good;"—and the dislike of the many, and the welcome of the few, are alike evidence that it is an "ill wind." The physician, though a lover of his kind, cannot be expected to be indifferent to the prevalence of disease,—nor the picture-cleaner, though a lover of Art,

to the unwholesome exposure of pictures. On ordinary human principle, a strong argument for the removal of pictures from any given locality should be inferred from the eagerness of picture-cleaners to keep them there. Nor is the professional bias, in this case, made up wholly of the vulgar motive of pecuniary profit. The picture-restorer, like the restorer of human bodies, has the pride and excitement of his art,—and a certain dignity which he arrogates to himself out of the mystery with which he surrounds his calling. It is true, in the one case and in the other, the mystery lets in the quack;—but then, each man knows, that if there be any quack in the matter, it is his neighbour, and not himself. Some of these gentlemen are strong in their sense of the universal applicability of their art, or their science, or whatever it is. If there is anything the matter with a picture, in the city or elsewhere in London,—if it is too dark or too white, or seems to have sustained an injury of one kind or another,—it is only, and always, according to them, that it wants subjecting to some one or other of the various processes of picture-cleaning, or restoring. Some appear to go pretty nearly the length of thinking, that the cleanings effect an improvement even on the original picture itself:—a rather suggestive moral! Some of them give their evidence with an unctious which it would be difficult not to admire,—and some are oracular to an extent at which it is impossible (in reference to the patients on which they practise) not to tremble.—Mr. John Mountjoy Smith, for instance, is strong for the London dirt:—sweeping in assertion, but economic in reasons. There are answers of his, which might have taught the Commissioners before whom they were given a closer logic than, so far as this Blue-book is evidence, they seem to possess. Questioned, for instance, by the chairman, Lord Broughton, as follows:—"Are there not parts of the country in which the atmosphere is much less dry than in others; such, for example, as places near the sea, or on a high land?"—he replies, "I should imagine, that in a place situated on a high land the atmosphere might be more dry; but speaking of the difference between the country and the town, the atmosphere is much drier in the country than in the town." And then, asked further, by the Dean of St. Paul's, "What do you think is the cause of that?"—"I should imagine," he says, "*it is from the dryness of the atmosphere itself.*" Now, here is a witness to whom the warning at the head of this article does not apply. Mr. Smith may be trusted to give his reasons, because there is no compromising quality in them. He rides his "argal" so steadily, and holds it so well in hand, that it is scarcely possible it should throw him. His reason keeps so close to the side of his assertion, that it cannot stray. A witness who contents himself with answering a question touching the dryness of the atmosphere by a reference to the dryness of the atmosphere itself, may abide calmly the cross-questioning of a whole commission.

Let us, then, pass on from the class of witnesses in question, with this repeated remark:—that, they are, one and all, with the exception of Mr. Smart, of opinion, that pictures contract no injury from the smoke of London beyond the necessity of being handed over to the picture-cleaner.—We shall see, from the evidence of the artist in general, what amount of injury is considered by him to be involved in that necessity itself. These witnesses, who are unanimous in their belief of atmospheric injury done, may be themselves divided into two classes:—those who believe that the injury is a mechanical injury, done to the body of the picture itself,—and those who think that it is an injury confined to the surface, and within reach of the remedies which the picture-cleaner has at his command. They seem all, however, to think, that it comes to pretty much the same thing in the end,—that at the point of deterioration at which the atmosphere leaves the picture, the cleaner is very likely to take it up,—and that though the picture should not die of the disease, it may possibly die of the doctor.

The first of these witnesses examined before the commission was, Sir Charles Eastlake, Director of the National Gallery, and President of the Royal Academy,—well acquainted with all the incidents of the locality, and long accustomed to watch the effects of the influences to which works of Art are there subjected. Sir Charles is distinctly of opinion, "that pictures in London must suffer more or less from

the London atmosphere."—Very curious, we may observe, is much of the evidence given throughout this Blue-book, as to the peculiar and pernicious character of that London smoke (not the smoke of towns in general, though that will be bad everywhere,—but the smoke of "London by itself, London,"—London "particular") which, according to Mr. Glaisher, blackens the clothing of sheep as far as Eltham, and puts all the sparrows of the London streets into perpetual mourning,—and which Mr. Denning, of the Dulwich Gallery, knows whenever he meets it, in the air or on the snow. The sorrow of Mr. Denning's life, is the London "blacks,"—and his grievance is, that the wind should ever blow from London.—But, to come back to Sir Charles Eastlake.—"I find," says the Dean of St. Paul's, "that in the Report of the Committee of 1852, M. de Klenze says, that the smoke is particularly thick and offensive in the neighbourhood of the National Gallery, from the chimneys of the Baths and Wash-houses, and from the river, and from the other side of the water, from which there is a constant emission of very thick smoke. Do you think the site of the present National Gallery worse than most parts of London?" *Answer.* "It certainly is very objectionable on those grounds. The most decided evil, because the nearest, is that of the Baths and Wash-houses. \* \* The smoke [from them] always passes more or less over the National Gallery. \* \* It is necessary to keep the sky-lights open. The heat, when the rooms are full, is very great in summer, and there is no mode of excluding the smoke that comes in from the open windows."—"Generally speaking," pursues Dr. Milman, "if there were more space, and if the space were better ventilated, would not the objection with regard to smoke and dirt be diminished in proportion?" *Answer.* "Undoubtedly. If the space were larger, if those Baths and Wash-houses were removed, and if the present evils were diminished, the pictures would suffer less:—but they would still suffer, in my opinion."—"Did you not say," asks Professor Faraday, "that the pictures were certainly injured in their present place by the conditions arising from their being in London,—that there was a certain injury, not a problematical one?" *Answer.* "Yes."—"With regard to newly-painted pictures," Sir Charles says elsewhere, "I am perfectly sure that they are not only obscured by the substances deposited on them, but chemically injured."—Asked by the chairman, in reference to the pictures in the Dulwich Gallery,—"*Do you conceive that those pictures are in a better state of preservation than the pictures that are to be found generally in the metropolis?*"—Sir Charles Eastlake answers,—"*They are much freer from the effects of smoke. \* \* Some of them had suffered from time when they were first placed there; but I do not imagine that from the effect of the atmosphere they have suffered since they have been there.*"—"I believe it possible," says Sir Charles, when pressed by the Dean of St. Paul's, "with great care to remove those effects of smoke which injure the appearance of a picture, so that it shall be, after such cleaning, what it was before. But, as I have already said, *I think the operation is always a hazardous one, and that any state of things which compels the repetition of such operations is to be avoided if possible.*"—"The cleaning of a picture," he says, "*is always more or less dangerous.*"

From Sir Charles Eastlake, pass we on to Mr. John Nieuwenhuys:—and he says,—"*The London atmosphere is particularly injurious to pictures.*"—"When I return to my home," he says, "*after three months' absence, I am always obliged to remove the dirt occasioned by the smoke from my pictures.*" \* \* The accumulation of smoke spoils everything, but more especially works of Art. \* \* If you wipe a picture constantly, it cannot do it good. \* \* The repeated cleaning is calculated to materially injure them. \* \* \* The London smoke penetrates through everything. When an old picture gets cracked, the smoke will get into the cracks, as well as on the face, and in time it will deteriorate the picture and depreciate its value."—"Is that peculiar to London, or to England in general?" asks Mr. Cockerell:—and Mr. Nieuwenhuys answers,—"*Not to England in general, but particularly to London.*" He concludes his evidence with this summary:—"The atmosphere occasions the dirt, and the dirt causes the repeated



cleanings, and the cleanings injure the picture in its substance.—That is what I mean."

Mr. John Prescott Knight is, our readers know, a Royal Academician,—and has had good official opportunity for learning all the atmospheric secrets of the precise locality to which some of these Commissioners are willing, and the rest have consented, to entrust the national pictures. "I have observed," says Mr. Knight, "that the pictures belonging to the Royal Academy, both those which have been exposed upon the walls for many years and those which were exposed more recently, have come into a much more decidedly deteriorated condition than could have been expected, or than I have seen in any pictures exposed for a similar time in the country."—As, however, we shall have to return, by-and-bye, to the evidence of Mr. Knight, for another purpose than our present, we will content ourselves with quoting from him, just now, a word or two of opinion touching the extremely hazardous nature of the practice of picture-cleaning, even when practised in its most simple form, on a collection of old pictures like those in the National Gallery.—In referring to evidence of this kind, and in what else we have said, and have to say, on the subject, it may be well, for the sake of escaping misapprehension in the meantime, to state here, what will appear more fully hereafter, that our object is by no means to deny either the necessity or the utility of the picture-cleaner's office. We desire simply, to enforce, at the sacrifice of every opposing consideration, any measure which may reduce a necessity so calamitous to its minimum form, and contract a utility so perilously conditional within the narrowest possible sphere of action.—"I was once present," says Mr. Knight, "when a picture-cleaner was cleaning two very fine pictures by Gaspar Poussin, for a nobleman, and he was describing to me the process as he went on. 'See,' he said, 'how I will bring this out.' And he certainly went on to such an extent, that he brought out one of those feathery trees standing against the sky, so that it completely vanished."—Here was picture-cleaning, with a vengeance! To use a colloquialism, especially expressive in this case, one of Poussin's trees planted for immortality was *clean gone*! An immemorial tree, with its root far in the past of painting, and the consecration of ages on its head,—in whose hallowed shade our modern student was to lie down and dream of Art,—cut down by an acid! It takes a hundred years to grow a forest tree, on the ground where a forest tree was felled; but who shall replace, and when, the tree that Poussin planted and the cleaner blotted out? *Anathema maranatha*!—This feat of conjuration was, of course, effected by one of the "strong means" which the picture-cleaner has for use:—come we, however, to the simple process of "moistening and washing."—"If there were cracks in the picture," says Mr. Richmond, "even although they had been painted upon an oil ground, should you trust to this process, or should you think that the water penetrating under the paint through the crack, would be likely to separate the paint from the ground?" *Answer*. "There is no question, that, if any water or any moisture could penetrate under the upper surface, it must have an injurious effect upon the picture."—"Is there not a picture in that collection attributed to Giorgione, which is painted upon a plaster ground?" *Answer*. "Yes."—"Would you submit that picture to the same operation that was being performed upon those pictures which were oil pictures, and painted upon an oil ground?" *Answer*. "I should be very tender of trying anything upon that picture."—"Would you not think, that, as most of the Italian pictures in the National Gallery have their surfaces more or less cracked, and are for the most part painted on plaster grounds, the application of a sponge and water, or whatever else is used to other pictures, would be a very unsafe mode indeed?" *Answer*. "Yes."—"For the Francias, for instance, would you not think it utter ruin?" *Answer*. "I should consider, that it would be highly dangerous to apply water to any picture painted upon a plaster ground."—Surely, then, if the Francias and other Italian pictures in the gallery cannot be cleaned, it is of the most vital importance that they should be removed beyond the action of such influences as are rapidly contributing to make them dirty!

Mr. Edward William Cooke, an Associate of the Royal Academy, can see no safety for pictures

within the central action of the London smoke. No man, save only Mr. Denning, gives that smoke a worse name than does Mr. Cooke. There are "two different kinds of injuries to pictures from it," he says,—a mechanical action, and a chemical one. They suffer, according to him, at once from "the sulphurous acid, which is evolved from chimneys, and the sulphuretted hydrogen which arises from the decayed animal fecula and vegetable matter in the river."—"I went this morning," he states, "to the Linnean Society, to examine the coloured prints of plants in some of the books; and I found that some colours were invariably changed by the action of the air. It even penetrated the books which were closed. I saw to-day one plate of a ranunculus (in which the yellow was I presume, a chromate of lead); it was so grey, that the plant presented quite a different character. \* \* \* I saw another plate in which white was used,—which was changed to a dingy, silvery colour."—"Then, you object," says Dr. Faraday, "to a London atmosphere, both on account of the dirt which adheres to the pictures from it, and also on account of the chemical change which it produces?" To which Mr. Edward William Cooke emphatically answers, "Yes."—"Would it be possible," says the same querist, "to keep either your pictures or any others in London without cleaning?"—"They *must* have," Mr. Cooke answers, "a great deal of cleansing, because the atoms of smoke in the atmosphere are so small, that if they fall on the sky of a picture, there is no means of getting them off successfully."—"Is there any mode of cleaning pictures," then asks Professor Faraday, "either by the application of some dry material, or by moistening them with water, or by hand, which will remove the dirt without some degree of injury to the picture?"—and Mr. Cooke replies summarily, "The picture *must* suffer."—Nearly every artist examined repeats, after Mr. Cooke, these two first terms of the syllogism which we are most earnestly seeking to complete. If the pictures are dirty, say they, as a major, they *must* suffer in the cleaning. If the pictures remain in London,—is the minor,—they *must* get dirty. Therefore, say we,—we should be almost ashamed to state our conclusion seriously, but for the false inference of the Commissioners,—the pictures *must* be removed from London.

Mr. Edmund Thomas Parris offers the single exception—above hinted at—among the artists examined, to the evidence which ascribes a pernicious influence of a peculiar kind to the atmosphere of the metropolis; and that exception, before it can be received as such, must be qualified in two several ways. In the first place, Mr. Parris practises largely, himself, the profession of a picture cleaner,—as appears by his own evidence given before this commission; and, in the next, we get even from Mr. Parris himself the following admission.—"It is only the oil that changes; but I think that light and air have an immense deal to do with retarding that change."—*Dean of St. Paul's*. "The brighter the light, and the purer the air, the less, generally speaking, is the change?"—*Answer*. "There can be no question of it."—"Then, the change would be less rapid in the country than in London?"—*Answer*. "Decidedly; because we have less of those injurious influences which we have in London."

Mr. Mulready, the Royal Academician, believes "the London atmosphere is as unfavourable to the healthy colour of pictures as it is to our own healthy colour." He thinks that the pictures in the Royal Academy "would have been more like what they were originally, if they had been further removed from London;" and he has heard, "that Sir Joshua's pictures are very much darker and less brilliant in colour than they were when he left them."—A question was put to Mr. Mulready, which he has answered with great temper and moderation: but under that moderation it is impossible not to see the artist wound, and judge very clearly what is felt. The whole matter is highly suggestive.—"With regard to your own pictures," says Dean Milman, "some of which, no doubt, are in the collections in London, and others in the country, do you consider that those which have been kept ever since you painted them in London collections have suffered from the dust?" *Answer*. "They are darker a great deal."—"Is that a darkness," follows up the Dean, "that might be removed without damage to the picture?"—"That," says Mr. Mulready, "I do not know. The pictures

of my painting, that have remained in London a great many years, and that have been cleaned, have not been cleaned under my direction. I cannot say whether what was upon them *might* have been removed safely or not. I cannot tell how far I am responsible for what has happened to them. I may have painted some portions of them very incautiously."—"Is not cleaning," he is asked, "always more or less a source of injury?"—and he replies, "There is always more or less danger in it."—One extract more from the evidence of Mr. Mulready bears directly on the question of the gain to be expected from a removal of the national pictures beyond the influence of the metropolitan smoke. "I remember," he says, "when Lawrence painted the portrait of Sir H. Englefield [for the Dilettanti Society]; I remember that picture in the Royal Academy, and I know how it looks now. There are other pictures by Lawrence, and by Shee. I remember those pictures very well; and they are decidedly darker and flatter than they were when Lawrence painted them. I remember the look of a picture which Sir Thomas painted about the same time as one or two of his Dilettanti pictures. I believe it has never been in London since it was exhibited. It is a portrait of 'The Countess Grey.' I saw that picture in Northumberland long after Lawrence painted it, and I could not perceive any change in the picture. There were three other pictures by Lawrence in that collection. They had been long painted, and they appeared to me to be unchanged. The pictures painted at the same time for the Dilettanti Society are greatly changed. The flesh looks flat and faded."

Mr. S. P. Denning is curator of the valuable collection of pictures kept at Dulwich College, and has held that office for thirty-seven years. Seven and thirty years have, one after the other, fed and intensified the enmity which exists between Mr. Denning, as a keeper of pictures, and that great destroyer of them, London smoke. Mr. Denning hates and despises the "blacks," as if he were a man from Missouri. Loud and emphatic is his testimony against the meteorology of London. "I do not think," he says, "that any care or attention could get rid of the evil that would arise from an atmosphere like this. I do not pretend to understand the nature of the atmosphere; but I distinctly know the result of a dark murky atmosphere like that which we see this morning, in the course of three or four years. I know what effect it produces on pictures." Mr. Denning would, if he might, carry his pictures far away beyond the possible flap of the wing of the dark spirit that broods over London; but he thinks every single mile a gain—two or three miles a great gain,—and thanks God for Dulwich, since it may not be Florence. "I have looked back," he says, "to the works of Art, many of them pictures of a fine character, that I knew in London forty years ago. They become dark and dirty, and dingy and dull. They are then consigned to the cleaner. The cleaner may have taken off what appeared to be a bad colour, and may have taken off dirt; but the process is one attended with such risk, that I believe that no picture, however much injured by the smoke of London, ever can be cleaned without injury to the picture itself. And two or three times cleaning a picture, and subjecting that same picture to the same chance of dirt and discolouration, would, I feel convinced, go a great way to take the picture away altogether." Referring to the care bestowed by him on his own collection,—the comparative good condition of which is conceded on all hands,—he is asked:—Supposing the pictures in the metropolis "had had the good fortune to be under your care, might not a good effect have been produced, if they had been in an equally happy condition?"—and his answer is,—"I could not have undertaken to keep them so."—"I would not," he says, "undertake the responsibility of the national pictures at this moment, if it were offered to me; and this is the reason why I would not. Evil has arisen in them. I know the pictures very well—no man better; for I was for years with the pictures before me, painting from them, and I know that they were fine beautiful pictures then, though now many of them are destroyed. I would not take the pictures as they stand, with the probability of greater evil showing itself within a short time, even though a memorandum were made of every picture as it is now, on account of the risk of finding other evil



going on which has not been seen."—"Would you not," he is asked, "undertake the care of those pictures if they were sent to Dulwich?"—"No," he replies, "I would not become responsible for the safe custody of any pictures that had been, as they have been, in London forty years."—On the subject of picture-cleaning, Mr. Denning is equally clear and emphatic; and he spares neither others nor himself, in the cause which he has at heart. Questioned generally as to the effect of the practice, he says, "It is dangerous in the extreme."—"Have you ever yourself personally tried to clean a picture?" *Answer.* "I have done it constantly in my present situation."—"Are you in the habit of cleaning the pictures as they may require it at Dulwich?" *Answer.* "Yes; it is my duty to do so."—"Do you think, that with all your care, you cannot clean a picture without injury?" *Answer.* "Of course, I think it may be done much better by a good cleaner than by a bad one; but I must speak of even those who perfectly understand the subject. *I do not believe I ever cleaned a picture in my life as to which I did not, at some point or other, find that I had done injury.* I have done that which has been thought successful—and I know that it has been successful; but any way which should exist of removing the old varnish as well as taking off the dirt, may here and there move a portion of the paint that is on the surface, and in that respect it does injury."—"Have you cleaned the greater part of the pictures at Dulwich?" *Answer.* "I have done something to almost all the leading pictures."—Evidence like this naturally exposes the witness to the following adverse syllogism; but he shows that he has never had the slightest intention to evade it.—"You said, that you never cleaned a picture without, to a certain extent, injuring it?" *Answer.* "I believe I never did; but I believe it would have puzzled anybody who was not a very good judge to find out where the injury was. But I left the injury as I made it, without attempting to paint it out; for I think it is an outrage to touch an old picture."—"You have also said, that you have cleaned the greater part of the pictures at Dulwich?" *Answer.* "I have done something to almost every one of them."—"That being the case, of course the greater part of the pictures at Dulwich must have been injured?" *Answer.* "To the extent of the assertion I have made, it would be so. If I had been a very prudent man, I should have drawn a curtain over my own sins, but I did not wish to do that. And I think that, though an injury may be done in the manner which I have stated, yet I believe it is so done that I can leave it to the eye of the spectator to find it out—and I think it would puzzle him."—"It is to be understood, that these reparations which the pictures have required at the hands of Mr. Denning were demanded by injuries which they had contracted before they came into his custody, or occupied their present abode. In Mr. Denning's hands, and where they are, the Bourgeois pictures thrive well.—Of course, it is not to be expected that he whose earnestness for the protection of these treasures of Art prevents his sparing himself, should spare others." "I think," he says, "pictures are subject every day in London, more or less, to injury. I have a clear conviction on my mind as to that:—and he thus gives a summary of the mischievous influences at work for the final ruin of these priceless treasures,—all having their origin in that enemy to his peace and their own prosperity, the London smoke."—"They [the custodians of pictures] have been driven, I believe, to the necessity of trying to remove the cause of that gloomy surface on the pictures; and the pictures have been cleaned,—put in the same place again, and discoloured again,—cleaned again, and again,—and (as I know in some cases to be the fact) half wiped away.—But, this has been done, also; in many places paint has been put on, to cover up the mischief done by injudicious cleaning."—"Does it appear to you," asks Mr. Richmond, "that any length of time in a clear atmosphere will bring the varnish to the deep colour to which in a few years it is brought in London?"—and Mr. Denning replies as follows:—"Certainly not. I have a conviction in my own mind that any length of time will not greatly alter it. For instance, I have always been accustomed to pictures from a child, and I think that in an atmosphere like Dulwich, which is pure and unchanged, varnish may remain with even but a trifling alteration.

Thirty or forty years' intimate acquaintance with the varnish on the pictures in question enables me to say, that it is nearly pure now,—so pure now, that any man acquainted with the subject would say that it would be a great pity to remove it. In London, in three or four years the pictures would require attention."—Surely, there is no possible escape from the inference which is suggested by evidence like this,—accredited as it is by long experience of the most practical kind, and coloured by no instinct save that one instinct which must be the public's own in the matter,—a desire for the preservation of the treasures of picture which the country possesses.

Mr. Richard Thomas Smart is an eminent picture-cleaner in London; and he illustrated the practice of picture-cleaning before the Commission by working, in their presence, on a portion of one of the diploma pictures belonging to the Royal Academy. These diploma pictures had been "solicited for exhibition" by the committee of the then approaching Art-Treasures Exhibition, at Manchester; but they were found to be in such a filthy condition when taken down for the purpose, that the previous office of the picture-cleaner was absolutely necessary for the purpose of making some of them even visible. If, then, we find Mr. Smart—himself a picture-dealer, and certainly thriving on the smoke of London, just because, and in proportion as, the pictures do not—honestly taking up his parable against that smoke, and joining his testimony to the testimony of so many other competent witnesses affirming its fatal action,—we may very conveniently close our extracts from this overwhelming body of evidence with one or two of his significant answers.—"What is the cause," says Dr. Faraday, referring to the operation which the Commission had witnessed, "of the difference between the parts of this picture which have now been cleaned, and the part that is not cleaned?" *Answer.* "I should think it has arisen from the fires of London, from the accumulation of smoke from the fires, and from the gas."—"How long will it take for the exposure of the picture to the same circumstances which it has been under—namely, the gas in the air of London—to bring it back to the state from which you have cleaned it?" *Answer.* "Ten years, in the building from which it has come."—"You think that in ten years it would be necessary to clean that picture again?" *Answer.* "Unless it were protected."—"By glazing?" *Answer.* "Yes."—"Have you any idea that a picture would be better off two or three miles out of London, on the one side or the other, than it is in London?" *Answer.* "I should say decidedly so."—"Would it be better on the west than on the east of London?" *Answer.* "Certainly, if you reckon from some central point in the metropolis. I do not know, however, that it would make much difference which way you took it, so that it was out of London." *Chairman.* "When you say out of London, what distance do you mean?" *Answer.* "I think perhaps a mile from the outskirts would be sufficient, if it were as much as possible away from all dwellings." *Professor Faraday.* "You would wish to keep it away from the gas and the smoke." *Answer.* "To keep it as far as possible from the gas and the smoke of London."

Can any reader who has followed us thus far understand how, in the face of such evidence as we have produced, extracted by us from a host more of the same kind, it has been possible for these Commissioners to arrive at the inference, that "the evidence hitherto adduced, considered collectively, does not lead to any decisive conclusion against placing the new National Gallery within the metropolis?"—"Considered collectively!"—and "decisive conclusion!" In what part of the "collection" do the Commissioners find anything to destroy the effect of passages like the above, if the evidence of the picture-cleaner be excluded?—the picture-cleaner, whose profession, as we have said, has its actual foundation in the maladies to which pictures are exposed, whose own good condition depends on the bad condition of his patients, who lives by what, it is testified by all competent witnesses but himself, must in the end be death to them, and who, Mr. Smart candidly avows, will be less needed when the national pictures have left London! Why, that last clause, if true, settles the whole question by itself. The judges who would give to the testimony of parties thus interested—though as honest as the rest,

it is not for a moment doubted—the effect of overbearing the testimony of men as well informed as themselves, and having no personal bias, are the very men to put an undertaker at the head of a sanitary commission.—But the case need not rest even here. Notwithstanding the professional instincts of the picture-cleaner, and all the reluctance which, quite fairly and naturally, arises out of them, let us see what kind of admissions, in relation to the subject in hand, we get occasionally from these very gentlemen themselves,—and all the significance of such admissions when the reluctance is allowed for, and when these admissions come in enforcement of evidence so emphatic as that which we have produced from other quarters.

Mr. Smart's avowals as to the perilous quality of the art which he practises, were made, as we have seen, with frankness and unreserve. To Mr. Bentley, we believe we need not go for so much as an admission. At the very opening of his examination he unfolds the picture-cleaner's flag,—and he stands by it manfully and unflinchingly to the last. On no summons, and on no persuasion, is it ever lowered by him for a moment. To every possible form in which a question affecting the infallibility of his art can be put, he presents the same unmoved front. According to him, nothing is—or can be—wrong with pictures, so long as they can be cleaned. To need cleaning, and *be* cleaned, he looks on as the natural condition of pictures. He would seem to think, that most of them are painted for the express end of being cleaned. He believes in any amount of restoration, short of actual resurrection,—in case he does not believe in that. As he was not formally asked if he could restore a picture which had been consumed by fire, we have no distinct assurance that he puts even that limitation to the power of his art,—while the general tone of his evidence would suggest the inference that he does not.—But, let us see what we get from Mr. Henry Farrer,—one of the most eminent members of the same body of practitioners, and certainly a reluctant witness in the same sense as Mr. Bentley. Mr. Farrer seems, however, to think that he best accredits the strong points of his calling by admitting its weak ones,—that he enhances the virtue of its use by conceding the extreme peril of its abuse. And Mr. Farrer is right:—yet, we gather from his evidence, notwithstanding, the moral, that we had better do without the picture-cleaner, if we can. In the following extract from one of that gentleman's answers, we have presented to us the two horns of the dilemma to which pictures are exposed,—unless means can be found to prevent their getting dirty so fast,—a condition which brings in our term of the syllogism once more. "There has been," says Mr. Farrer, "in the public mind, a great want of confidence in the persons who have had anything to do with the cleaning of pictures,—and, perhaps, rightly so; because a great number of pictures have been injured by being intrusted to the hands of those who did not understand them. And the consequence of that want of confidence in cleaning pictures generally is, that people have gone to the opposite extreme, and have allowed their pictures to be covered with soot, so that often you can scarcely see the beauties which the artist intended." Of course, the words in this quotation which we have marked in italics are qualifying ones in a sense perfectly natural and fair,—words of self-reservation, in fact, out of the sweep of an adverse admission. It is the moral of the old Greek story over again,—each man writing his own name in the best place, whichever of his neighbours he may choose to place second. But, besides that Mr. Farrer is, as we have said, at the head of his profession, we would certainly rather trust to the practice of a picture-cleaner who knows, and admits, its peril, than to that of one who looks on the agents which he employs as the natural and constitutional food of pictures.—"From all your observations of pictures," says Professor Faraday, "whether in this country or abroad, whether in town or in the country, have you any evidence to show that there is any deteriorating effect in towns which does not appear in the country, other things being the same?"—and Mr. Farrer, in answer, admits this much.—"Yes: I should say that pictures in the country are not apt to chill so much as pictures in town."—"Does it not come to this," says the querist, "that in the



town more care should be taken of the surface of the pictures than in the country?"—and Mr. Farrer answers,—"Just so." Now, this very care of the surface, with all the processes that it implies, is the one thing to be dreaded, as our readers have so abundantly seen. Why are we needlessly to expose the varnish of our pictures to be discoloured, or their pigments to be oxidised,—or, as Dr. Faraday prefers to call it, "sulphuretted,"—on the faith of an art whose practice its own advocate is driven to stigmatise as follows:—"I am sure, that picture-cleaners have done a great injury to Art. I am one myself,—but I am obliged to admit it."—"Pictures," says Mr. Farrer, in another place, "certainly get black sooner in London than they would anywhere else:"—and he thus hints, elsewhere, at the progress of degradation which they undergo in the cleaner's hands:—"The reason that a picture requires repairing is, that it has been over-cleaned or injured,—and therefore, he who has the charge of pictures, if he is a wise man, will not clean them more than he can help." Of course, it is the ignorant or unskilful picture-cleaner only who is intended to be indicated in all these admissions as responsible for the injuries which pictures sustain; but let us take the most eminent practitioner of the class,—take Mr. Farrer himself,—and the evidence in this Blue-book makes us tremble before the obvious uncertainty of the processes which he employs. "We have our secrets," says one of these witnesses,—meaning, that they are the picture-cleaner's secrets as against the world; but it is only too manifest, that his own operation is often a mere guess at the solution of a painter's secret, where the annihilation of the quality secreted and sought, is the probable penalty of the guess being wrong. Mr. Farrer himself, for instance, tells these Commissioners a little anecdote, which strikingly illustrates the empirical nature of the picture-cleaner's practice. "A most extraordinary thing," he says, "happened to me on one occasion, with regard to a blue. It was in a very fine picture of Canaletti. The whole of the blue appeared to have flown,—or, at least, it had gone to a grey, instead of being a brilliant blue. I frictioned off a little of the varnish. I wanted to bleach this picture by putting it in the sun. I feared that perhaps there was a portion of oil in it, and I did not wish to clean the picture if I could avoid it. That portion of the picture from the surface of which I had taken off the varnish, after being in the sun came into one of the most beautiful blues I ever saw. But the part that was covered by the varnish was not changed in any way whatever,—it remained a dull heavy colour. The operation of the light upon the paint which had been cleared of all the varnish changed the blue in that way. I was so delighted with this effect, that I cleaned half the picture, and the blue in that half became brilliant. I cannot account for it. I do not know what was the cause of the change, or what colour was used:—but I dare say it could be accounted for chemically." Probably it could:—and where this little story of a picture came from, we dare say there are more with the same moral,—and some, perhaps, in which the manner of inculcating that moral was less welcome. To this sort of experimental handling, which is surprised at its own effects, must we be compelled to commit at times the inestimable treasures of our national collection, so long as that collection remains where it is. Less pleasing surprises than this may well be expected to have their turn, in the course of a practice which at one time rubs out a tree by inadvertence, and at another starts a blue where it was least expected.—In another place, Mr. Farrer says, speaking of a work by Correggio,—"Where a picture is painted in that way, it is utterly impossible to know what is under the paint, or to say whether the party who restored it had not done too much to it." Struck by the sort of uncertainty of practice betrayed in much of the evidence given in relation to this delicate matter of picture-cleaning, Professor Faraday puts a significant question to Mr. Farrer:—"May we not suppose that a great deal of what you, or any person, might say to us upon this subject, must be a matter of opinion, and not matter of fact?" To which Mr. Farrer—not very logically—replies:—"I consider that what I state is fact." But Dr. Faraday sticks to his doubt,—as we do,—and repeats it in another form. "Would not any other person who

agreed with or differed from you consider the same?"—"I am obliged," says another witness, Mr. Bentley, speaking of a Turner which he is restoring, "to protect the birds in this picture, because they are put in in water-colour:—they would go away if I put a sponge upon them." Well, then, we can only say, we are very glad the birds are in Mr. Bentley's hands, and will be taken care of:—but what if they had happened to roost in Poussin's tree!

So much, then, for the "no decisive conclusion" to be gathered from the evidence repeated in this Blue-book "against placing the new National Gallery within the metropolis!" A host of evidence to show that so long as the pictures remain in the metropolis, they must be constantly in the cleaner's hands,—and a host of evidence affirming, what the cleaner himself does not deny, the perilous nature of the processes to which they are in his hands exposed! No decisive conclusion! Never was a case for removal more pressingly made out. We have ourselves not hitherto been half sufficiently alive to the peril of delay. This Blue-book, which shows the Commissioners so calm and unmoved, has fairly startled us with its revelations. Our only consolation out of such a reading would be, that it points distinctly to the remedy. Why must our pictures—such pictures—the priceless works that we have, and the priceless works that we hope to have—be exposed to this constant rough handling, fatal to their constitution in the end, when the necessity for it might be to a great extent obviated by locating them in a better air? The matter will admit of no compromise. All other considerations must make way for the consideration of climate. If the question of a new National Gallery were not actually in hand, it would have to be raised to meet this evil. The case is one which upsets an old proverb, so far as an exception can:—a non-removal will, assuredly, be worse in this matter than three fires!

And be it observed, that all other remedies, short of the one remedy of removal, which have hitherto been devised, only temporise with the question. They are mere evasions of a better thing than themselves, and practised at a cost of their own. They might be resorted to on the large scale, where the true cure could not be had,—and may have to be resorted to on a limited scale, even where it can; but, in addition to their essential sin of being inferior to the remedy which they would replace, they have the accidental one of obscuring or distorting the Art which they would protect. Take, as an example, the proposal to cover the oil pictures of the old masters by glazing. Glass, by all means, and at all sacrifices, if the pictures cannot be saved without it:—but, see, at any rate, what the sacrifice is! The glass yields, of course, reflections of its own,—and, as a consequence, something more will occasionally be found in the picture than the painter put there. The different conditions of the light at different times of the day make of the picture what may be called an inconstant one; and this mode of getting several pictures at the price of one, will scarcely be recommended as among the practices suitable to a National Gallery. Sir Charles Eastlake gives an instance of the inconvenience of glass as affecting the appearance of a picture. "It is weak," he says, "in effect; yet, as the lights of the picture are low, the mirrored objects are almost as distinct as the picture. The conditions under which glazed surfaces act most as mirrors should be taken into account, in considering the expediency of protecting pictures with glass. Undoubtedly, a very dark picture acts more as a mirror than a light one; and where the lights of the picture are low, and the whole effect weak, glass is also prejudicial."—What strange effects, for a gallery of Art, and a circulation of spectators, is suggested by a passage like the following:—"I have always considered that the effect of pictures under glass depends very much on the objects temporarily opposite to them. The presence of a person in a light dress, for example, will frequently destroy the effect by reflection." Really, this method of getting one's self projected into a picture embodying some scene which happens to take the fancy, is not without its ingenuity,—but it could scarcely be expected to have met with the original painter's sanction. The man who throws himself by reflection into a Claude Lorraine, and gets therefrom the pleasing sense that "he too has been in Arcadia," would do well to question whether his presence there had not

changed the characters of the scene itself, and made "Arcadia" a misnomer.—In a word, a Raphael seen under a glass is not Raphael's picture.

Evasive in a sense infinitely more prejudicial than even this, however, is the notion entertained by some—generated out of an intense horror of the picture-cleaner,—that the true method of dealing with an old picture, after it has become dirty, is to leave it under its cloud. It is curious to observe, how many questions were directed to the witnesses, seeking to ascertain if the injury which pictures sustain from the London atmosphere be essential injury, or injury only on the surface,—prompted apparently by some strange mysterious notion that, if, under the "London crust," the integrity of the picture be intact, all is well, provided the picture-cleaner will only let it alone. Now, we confess, that we are unable to share in this sentimental reverence. In the matter of pictures, we want to live by sight, not by faith. If a picture by Raphael under a glass be not Raphael's picture,—a picture under a thick coating of London smoke is not a picture at all. "*De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio.*" It is idle to assure us that a picture is not dead, if it be buried. What do we gain by being told that the picture in its coffin of cloud is undergoing no process of corruption, if it is never to come out of its coffin? If pictures be dirty, we admit that they must be cleaned. The loss which a picture may sustain in the cleaner's hands is problematical, and perhaps partial:—the loss sustained by leaving it uncleaned and invisible, is certain and total. Whatever injury the cleaner may do, he can, at any rate, do nothing worse than shutting up the work altogether. The gentleman who rubbed out Poussin's tree, made it, of course, a dead letter in Art:—but he would have done just the same thing if he had walled it up for ever.

In the progress of a picture towards this final state of extinction, too, it is curious to observe how it is constantly shifting its character, and baffling the connoisseur as to the integrity of its readings. There is some evidence in this Blue-book to show how sensitive a matter this is, and how difficult it may be to know when we have the true text of the painter before us. Of course, we are not sure of it, even with the editing of the picture-cleaner. "I imagine," says Mr. Mulready, speaking of certain pictures to which his attention is called,—that, at the rate at which they were going on during the first four or five years that I saw them, *their small parts would hardly be discoverable by this time.*"—"I have been watching," says Mr. Knight, "the operations that have been going on," with the diploma pictures; and, as the washers brought out the condition of the pictures, "I was very much surprised to see what the pictures were. Now that they are cleaned, they are very different from what I had conceived them to be."—"There was one," he says, "which I examined the other day, which I was curious to see because it had frequently fallen under my observation. It has been cleaned; and I must confess that it quite astonished me to see the colours that there were in that picture. I had no idea that they were there before." So, with Reinagle's picture of "The Eagle and the Wolf."—"Before it was cleaned, you could scarcely discern what the colours were. I find, upon its being cleaned, that it is rather a brilliantly-coloured picture."—All this, it will be seen, is ticklish work. But, if the pictures be sick, they must, we repeat, have the physician:—and the point is to insure, that they shall, for the future, have less need of him.

Supposing, then, the question of removal to be finally determined—as we earnestly trust it will—in the affirmative, it is important to remark, that much of the evidence in this Blue-book points directly to the very locality in which the people happen to have already an estate of their own, waiting for some such appropriation as this, in part paid for with a large sum of money by themselves, and ample for all the possible purposes that an institution like that in question should include. We have seen what Mr. Smart said as to the short distance at which an escape from the worst influences of the London smoke may be secured.—"I have observed," says Mr. Denning, "the subject of the winds with great care; and I think that for seven or eight months in the year the wind would blow more or less from the west, and therefore I should think the mischief caused by the London atmosphere would be less in the west than in the east."—"I think," says Dr. Milman to Mr.



Mulready, "you reside at present in Linden Grove, Bayswater: do you find that the influence of the London atmosphere extends as far as your present residence?"—"I know," answered Mr. Mulready, "that my pictures suffer very little change in my own house during the time that they remain in it; and those pictures that have been out of my possession and have returned to me very dark, have not increased in darkness since. I live a few hundred yards from the main western road. \* \* My pictures suffer more in Grosvenor Street than in Linden Grove."—Mr. Cooke, speaking of the distance to which the influence of the London atmosphere more or less extends, says,—"I consider that even at the distance of two miles from the general mass of the buildings in London there is a great difference."—"There is an amazing difference," he says, "in the tone of the air in the west of London as compared with the north-east and east:"—and in answer to a further question, he says, that he lives and works at Kensington himself.—"Would you consider," he is asked, "that the best site for a National Gallery, whether in London or in the neighbourhood, would be to the south or the west of London?" and he answers, "Yes. I think that the west is even better than the south, as being further from the river Thames."—All these conditions sought by the artist for his own pictures, meet, it most fortunately happens, with others of an importance only second to them, in the national estate at Kensington Gore.

Once more, then, we repeat, we dissent from all the conclusions of this Report:—so, we think, will the public—and so we trust, will the Government. The question of climate is of such paramount importance over all others in this matter, that we have for the present confined ourselves principally to that:—but there are in the Blue-book before us many particulars of great interest bearing on the question of space, and on the nature of the scheme which should determine the amount of the demand in that respect,—to which we may perhaps think it desirable to return for another article, on some future occasion.

### PSYCHE.

FROM THE STATUE BY W. VON HÖYER.  
IN THE POSSESSION OF THE QUEEN.

How or when this statue came into the possession of the Queen, we know not; nor have we been able to get any information concerning the sculptor, except the brief notice given in Count Raczyński's "*L'Art Moderne*," published in 1841, in which his name appears among the German artists then studying in Rome, and as the author of two plaster figures—a "*Psyche*," and a "*Young Girl returning thanks to God for the cessation of the Cholera*:" we presume that the marble statue engraved here is from the former of these two plaster studies.

*Psyche* has long been, and we suppose will continue to be, with modern sculptors a kind of "stock" subject. There are few who have not attempted to realise this beautiful fabulous conception, but how rarely are such attempts successful! the best, so far as our recollection serves us, is that by the late Sir R. Westmacott, which is the property of the Duke of Bedford, and ornaments the gallery of his grace at Woburn: an engraving of this really exquisite work appeared in the *Art-Journal* nearly ten years ago. Von Höyer has adopted in his work—or it seems so to our reading of the subject—a different moment of the narrative from that employed by the English sculptor.

As the work of a young sculptor, for we regard it as such, there is in the statue by Von Höyer much to be commended: the story is faithfully narrated, and though the figure does not quite reach the true Grecian type of feminine grace and beauty, it is elegant and easy in its pose. The wings, those of the butterfly, are too solid and substantial, and are deficient in graceful outline; and the drapery, considering the mission whereon *Psyche* was sent, is too cumbersome; but the quantity which the sculptor has thought proper to introduce has afforded him the opportunity of arranging its folds with much taste, and displaying them to great advantage.

### TALK OF PICTURES AND THE PAINTERS. BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

Alessandro Bonvicino—Birthplace of Il Moretto—Works in Brescia—Frescoes—Paintings in England—In the Louvre—At Berlin—In the Leuchtenberg Palace—Madonna in the Städtische Gallery—Girolamo da Santa Croce. Works in possession of the Liverpool Institution—Lord Northwick's Collection at Thirlstaine—Hamilton Palace—Foreign Galleries—Early Masters—Gentile da Fabriano—The Bellini—Marco Basaiti—Vittore Carpaccio—The Vivarini—Gentile Bellini at Constantinople—An imperial demonstration—How the cities of old received their Painters—Diary of Marino Sanuto—Drawings in the British Museum—Portrait of Giovanni Bellini—Early Masters in the Dudley Collection.

THE Brescian painter, Alessandro Bonvicino, better known as Il Moretto, is usually accorded to Venice; yet he was, in fact, the disciple of his compatriot Fioravante Ferramola, and but slightly attached to the Venetian school, since the influence of Titian on his manner, whatever that may have been, was, without doubt, surpassed by that of Raphael, or rather was overruled by the force of his own beautiful nature. Sometimes given to Rovato, this excellent master was without doubt born at Brescia. Let us remember it: many are the woes of the noble city, very deep her wounds, and they rankle sorely still: let us not deprive her of her glories in the past, and here is one of her sons not unworthy to be named with that yet earlier child of her love, the martyred Arnold,—with him whose voice was raised in the cause of Christian truth even before that of our own Wickliffe had gone through the world,\* and whose ashes, cast into the shuddering Tiber, were denied—even they—to the sorrowing city of his birth.

The authorities are, as usual, divided as to the exact time of Il Moretto's activity; some declaring him to have painted the well-known Magdalen, now in the Venetian Academy, in the year 1516, while others maintain that he was not born until the year preceding the supposed production of that work, which, according to these disputants, was not painted until the year 1530, two years, that is to say, before the St. Nicholas, also called an early work of the master, and painted for the Church of Santa Maria de' Miracoli, in the year 1532.

More interesting than these questions is the fact that no painting, of whatever period, was undertaken by Il Moretto before he had first made reverent preparation of heart and mind, by prayer and meditation, as is known to have been the practice of Fra Angelico, and perhaps one or two other masters of the Florentine and Umbrian schools. This could not fail to produce its effect, and accordingly the authentic pictures of Il Moretto may take place beside those of Il Beato Angelico himself, for deep religious feeling and for purity of purpose. Nor is Bonvicino less remarkable for the elevation of his characters; their grace and tranquillity, their stateliness and holy repose, will be remembered, by those who have seen the master in his native Brescia, with a respect accorded but to few even of the greatest names in Art.

Admirable as a colourist also, but here, too, giving proof of entire freedom from all servility, and exhibiting a character essentially original, Il Moretto's works are not confined to the oil paintings, by which he is best known, in fresco also he has distinguished himself; and the writer has to regret the loss of two fair opportunities for the examination of one example in this kind, known to few, perhaps, among the more youthful of our readers. We allude to the frescoes of the Villa Martinengo, which we might have seen, but failed to do so,—ah! *maxima culpa mea!*—in the year 1842, when a merely nominal acquaintance with the master caused indifference to works requiring more than ordinary pains to discover their existence and whereabouts; and a second some years later, when circumstances, beyond the travellers' control, presented impediments that were not to be overcome within the time permitted to their stay.

Of Il Moretto's works in our own country there are but few, and among these perhaps not the least important is the picture in possession of Sir Archibald

\* Arnold, of Brescia, was burnt in Rome by Pope Adrian IV., as our readers will remember, in the year 1155. John Wickliffe first saw the light in 1324. Richmond, in our own broad Yorkshire, lays claim to the distinction of being his birthplace.

Campbell, and long attributed to Pordenone, as was the more renowned picture of Santa Giustina, with the kneeling figure of St. Cyprian, now in the Palace of the Belvedere, at Vienna. In what was called the "Tribune of the Talbot Gallery," at Alton Towers, there was a picture of "Our Saviour appearing to the Virgin after his Resurrection;" with the portrait of a senator: the head and hands of the latter are carefully painted, but neither hand nor head exhibit much character. A third work lately in that collection also bears the name of Moretto; but this last is certainly not by his hand, nor is the "Resurrection" by any means a fair example of the master.

Chiefly executed for his native city of Brescia, many of Bonvicino's works are still to be found there. The picture of the high altar in the Church of San Clemente, representing the Assumption of the Virgin, with Saints, is among them; as are also a Coronation of the Madonna, in the Church of SS. Nazario e Celso, and a San Giuseppe, in that of Sta. Maria delle Grazie, all of priceless value. Some few pictures have been taken elsewhere, and these are to be found in cities more immediately within our reach: there are two in the Louvre; four, or perhaps five, in the good and friendly gallery of Berlin, and one in the gallery of the Leuchtenberg Palace, at Munich. In the Städel Gallery, at Frankfurt, is a Madonna enthroned, with the four Latin Fathers: St. Jerome points to a passage in his translation of the Bible (the Vulgate), which Pope Gregory I. holds open before him; St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, bears the cord of discipline in his hands, in allusion, says Passavant, to the severity of the rule maintained by that prelate. This picture, long the pride of San Carlo-in-Corso, was removed from the Roman church to ennoble the somewhat indiscriminate collection of Cardinal Fesch, on the dispersion of whose gallery it was secured by the fortunate city of Frankfurt.

Of the Bergamasco, Girolamo Rizzo,—called and better known as Girolamo da Santa Croce, from the place of his birth—the master who most of all perhaps of his period clung affectionately to the then fast-fading traditions of the past,—we are not absolutely without examples in England. There are two in the Liverpool Institution, transferred at this moment to the neighbour city, and adding to the treasures so richly garnered there. The collection of Lord Northwick, at Thirlstaine, has also two—a Virgin and Child, with St. John (a child) and four Saints. In this picture, as well as in the second, a Resurrection of Christ, there is a landscape, the last-mentioned one of great interest. Equal to any of these in many respects, and in some perhaps superior to all, is a portrait with landscape at Hamilton Palace; but in the case of Girolamo da Santa Croce, as in that of so many other masters, your best friend, as a single gallery, will be the Royal Museum of Berlin, where there are no less than five pictures by that worthy follower of Giovanni Bellini, all of great if not of equal interest. Three at least of these works present examples of those angels for which Girolamo da Santa Croce is renowned, and all should be carefully examined by him who would study the transition of the period.

In Venice there are pictures of Girolamo that none who visit the city will fail to see. There is a Martyrdom of San Lorenzo, for example, in the Church of San Francesco della Vigna; but the Last Supper, in the same church, sometimes attributed to Girolamo, is scarcely worthy of his hand, nor do the best judges believe it to be by him. The Church of San Martino has a Cenacolo, said to be a work of this master; and there is a Madonna with Saints in the Venetian Academy. But it is in the Church of San Silvestro that the best work of Santa Croce, now to be fully authenticated, will be found; the subject is St. Thomas of Canterbury, with St. John the Baptist and St. Francis.

The picture of the Last Supper, still in San Francesco della Vigna, and named above as there attributed to Girolamo da Santa Croce, is by Francesco Rizzo, also of Santa Croce, and a relation of Girolamo, but whether father or elder brother has not been ascertained. He, too, was a disciple of Giovanni Bellini.

More attaching in themselves, and in their works of yet more touching interest than are even the best of those already alluded to,—some one or two only excepted,—is a group of masters, now and lastly to be mentioned. Lastly named, but by no means



last to be thought of, they are, indeed, but rarely absent from the recollection of the present writer whenever the beloved and noble Arts are in question. And when are they forgotten? those fair lights of a world else groping in darkness, those friends never chilling nor changing, save only to become ever dearer and more dear, although change be the law of existence as regards all beside.

Gentile da Fabriano, the Bellini, with their excellent follower Basaiti, and the good disciple of Giovanni, Cima da Conegliano; with Vittore Carpaccio, and Vincenzo Catena, are among those first rising to recollection. Of a somewhat earlier period than the last-named, nor always equal, Luigi excepted, in the force of their appeal to our sympathy, although yet well beloved, the Murano family of artists, the Vivarini, come next—Antonio, Bartolommeo, and Luigi, are they called, the last-named master a charming painter, of whom one grieves to speak in haste or as of one in a crowd. Carlo Crivelli, accounted in his own day among the best masters of the period, though but little talked of in ours, and those other disciples of the Bellini—Correggiagli, a follower of Giovanni, and Mansueti, a careful observer of the elder brother, Gentile Bellino, whose disciple he was, and to whom his works have been sometimes attributed—claim also their part, and have it gladly allowed. Mansueti is said to have likewise studied under the greater artist Carpaccio. Of many among these masters we are wholly without example in our country; few of them are worthily represented, the Venetian painters suffering in this respect even more than do their Florentine brethren of the same period, some of whom—and Fra Giovanni Angelico da Fiesole, unapproached in his own sweet and heavenly sphere of action, is happily of the number—have received at least a portion of their praise at our hands.

Paris is more fortunate; Dresden less so than might be hoped and expected from the extent of her galleries. In Munich the lover of these old Venetian painters will meet little but disappointment; there is a Madonna by Giovanni Bellino in the Leuchtenberg Gallery; and at Schleissheim, a palace some few miles distant from the capital, as most of our readers will remember, is a Judgment of Solomon, by the father of Gentile and Giovanni, Jacopo or Giacomo Bellino: the works of the last-named painter are rarely seen beyond his native city of Venice, within whose precincts only some others, among the masters above-named, are to be found.

But for him who must yet defer his intention of making long abode in Venice,—the hope and desire of every artist,—there is Berlin for consolation, as regards these excellent masters: in that collection only will he be presented with examples of all; but since some among them have found place in a few of our own galleries, let us first see where these are to be sought by those who stay at home. Beginning with Gentile Bellino, as the elder brother, rather than for any better cause—unless, indeed, you will allow that such may be found in the interest of his subject—there is a drawing by this master in the British Museum,\* and it has the rare privilege of being unquestioned as to the genuine character of its claim to be called a work of his hand. The persons represented are the then reigning Emperor of the Turks, Mahomet II., with the Sultana-mother, and the time is that of Gentile's residence in Constantinople. The drawing is a pen-and-ink sketch, manifestly taken from the life, and a note is made of the colours to be used by the master, in the dress of the Sultana, when he should subsequently paint from the sketch.

And as regards that mission of Gentile Bellino to the "Signor Turk," who had seen certain Venetian pictures with great admiration, and desired to have something similar for the decoration of his own palace, the matter is related in his "Diary," by Marino Sanuto on this wise:—"August 1st, 1479. To-day there came a Jewish orator, with letters from the Signor Turk. He would have the Signoria send him a good painter, and invites the Doge to the marriage of his son." In a subsequent notice we find, "The Serenissima Republica has replied to the Grand Turk, thanking him for his invitation, and the Signoria has sent Zentil Bellino, an excellent painter, who has departed with the galleys of Romania."†

The effective lesson bestowed by the "Signor Turk" on the Venetian painter, when the question was how best to depict a man with his head cut off, will be fresh in the memory of all readers, and needs no repetition here. Ridolfi, by whom it is related, adds that Gentile much desired to put the seas between himself and his imperial instructor from the moment when he beheld the decapitation of the slave on whose hapless neck the Grand Seigneur had made his "demonstration." He returned to Venice, therefore, as speedily as might be thereafter, having been dismissed with many honours, and bearing a letter to the most Serene Senate, wherein the emperor's approval of him was very cordially expressed. A massive chain of gold was among the many gifts added by the Sultan, and this, says Vasari, "is still in possession of Gentile's heirs." All the city met the painter with glad welcome on his arrival, and the senate conferred on him a pension of two hundred scudi, "which was paid yearly for the remainder of his life."

The name of Gentile was given to his firstborn son by Jacopo Bellino, says Vasari, "per la dolce memoria che teneva di Gentile da Fabriano, stato suo maestro e come padre amorevole,"\* a circumstance not of unusual occurrence in those cordial days, be it remembered to their credit, when the disciple himself very frequently took the name of his master from the love and reverence ever afterwards borne by him to the guide and friend of his youth. Of this fact numerous instances will recur to the memory of all; but to go no farther than that before us, look at the portrait of Gentile da Fabriano, you who have the good fortune to be acquainted therewith, and see if you do not find promise of all the goodness implied in the passage just cited, from the earnest gaze of that serious and expressive countenance.

There is a painting, by Gentile da Fabriano in the collection of Mr. Labouchere, at Stoke, near Windsor, and among those invaluable portfolios in the British Museum, containing impressions of niello plates on paper, is an Adoration of the Magi, from a work of Maso Finiguerra, for which, Dr. Waagen declares, the artist has taken "the exquisite picture by Gentile da Fabriano, now in the Academy at Florence," as his model. This is proved by the richness of the composition, which all who are acquainted with that profoundly interesting collection, the gallery of the Florentine Academy, will recall with admiring pleasure.

Returning for a moment to Gentile Bellino, for whom we confess an old affection, we find the following, quoted from the "Diarii Veneti" of Marino Sanuto, in a note to the English translation of Vasari:—"November 15th, 1516.—We hear this morning that Zaan Belin, an excellent painter, is dead. His name is known through the world, and, old as he was, he painted most admirably. He was buried at Zanzepolo (St. Giovanni e Paolo), beside his brother, Zentil Belin, also an excellent painter (*optimo pylor*)."

Two drawings, said to be by Giovanni Bellino, are also in the British Museum, and there is a Portrait of a Doge in the National Gallery, which is without doubt by his hand; but in the great gallery of the nation one would fain have something better than a solitary specimen of a master so truly admirable, and there is reason to hope that we may one day be more richly endowed "in that sort." In the Royal Institution of Liverpool there is a portrait of Giovanni Bellino by his own hand. This work, not known to the present writer, is said to bear indubitable marks of authenticity.

But it is to the private collections of our great nobles and high gentry that we must have recourse, here, as on other occasions, if we would make acquaintance with some of the best of the early masters: to the Dudley Collection, for example, our English world of Art is largely indebted; we have there examples of Venetian as well as of Florentine painters of an early period, to say no word, at this moment, of other schools, or of the

unrestricted liberty with which the public is permitted to profit thereby, although the benefit is one that must needs be held in grateful remembrance by all who desire to see the humanising influence of Art extending among us.

Of the Bellini, Lord Ward's collection does not present us with more than one example, a portrait from the hand of Giovanni; but in the works of another old Venetian, Carlo Crivelli, the gallery is richer—it has three, all characteristic of the period no less than of the painter: but we refrain from description, and the rather as these pictures are happily open to the study of all. Not so easy of attainment, but well meriting a visit, is that Pietà of the Vatican—sole work by his hand in the gallery—wherein Crivelli has so admirably depicted her great sorrow in the face of the Virgin. Once seen, this head can never be forgotten. There was a figure of St. Bernard at Alton Towers, but this work, although given to Crivelli, is not worthy of his hand. Of higher interest is the Virgin and Child, with four saints, in the collection of Sir Charles Eastlake: of that picture Dr. Waagen affirms, that "both in the noble expression of the individual heads, and in the earnest, deep, and full harmony of the colours, it belongs to the best works of the master;" a passage here cited all the more readily because it touches on precisely those qualities for which it is that the early Venetian masters are most beloved by the present writer, in common perhaps with all who look at paintings with the eyes of their hearts rather than with those of the learned head.

Mr. Miles is in possession of a truly valuable work by Giovanni Bellino, an "Adoration of the Magi," probably forming part of an altar-piece painted for the brotherhood of San Girolamo, and the loss of which is still bewailed in the native city of the master. Mr. Miles's picture is a predella, and is considered not unlikely to have been that of the San Girolamo altar-piece, which represented the Nativity of the Saviour, and the figures of which are declared to have been "molto lodate" at the time of their execution. The collection of Mr. Miles—always courteously exhibited to applicants, as many of our readers will have pleasant cause to remember—is, as most of them know, at Leigh Court, within a moderate walk of the lovely Clifton, and of those "hot wells," so dear to the memory of our mothers—grand, great-grand, and even earlier. The house stands on a fair plateau, in the midst, or rather on the summit, of the beautiful Leigh woods, among whose soft green beamy slopes, exquisite depths, and far-stretching vistas, the landscape-painter might profitably expend more lifetimes than commonly fall to the share of any one artist.

There, before him, as he luxuriates in the grounds of Leigh Court, or, better still for his purpose, as he lingers through delicious days among those dream-like woods of Leigh, rise the bold bluff rocks of St. Vincent; and these may serve him well to vary his theme, though they be not all that our good friend Evelyn would fain persuade us they are: for do but listen to what he says respecting them. He is slightly touching on the diversions he found at Bristol, where, with his "company," he had "a collation of eggs fried in the sugar furnace." But what was most stupendous to me," adds our beloved guide in the woodlands of home, and through many a foreign land beside, "what was most stupendous to me, was the rock of St. Vincent, the precipice whereof is equal to anything of that nature I have seen in y<sup>e</sup> most confragose cataracts of the Alps, the river gliding between them at an extraordinary depth. Here we went searching for diamonds, and to the hot wells at its foot. There is also on the side of this horrid alp—this horrid alp!—a very romantic scate, and so we returned to Bathe in the evening."

After that, is it any marvel that the descriptions of travellers should be taken with certain grains of allowance? and this too from a man who had seen the Swiss Alps! nay, who had traversed them not once only, but many times, and that at the utmost peril of his life. Here is a proof of it. With a son of Sir Christopher Wray, and "others of his company," Evelyn is crossing "Mount Sampion," which is no other than that Simplon, now the familiar acquaintance, or rather the often-sought, if not

\* Bequeathed to the nation by Mr. Payne Knight.

† See Morelli, "Notizie d'opere di disegno," p. 99, as quoted in Mrs. Foster's Translation of Vasari, vol. II.

p. 167, note. This "Notizia" is the work so frequently cited by writers as "L'Anonimo."

\* "One of Jacopo's sons was called Gentile, a name given to him in memory of the tender affection borne to Jacopo by Gentile da Fabriano, his master, who had been as a kind father to him." See Opere di Giorgio Vasari, tomo secondo, p. 368, also English Translation, vol. II. p. 157.

† Mrs. Foster's Translation of Vasari, vol. II. p. 165.

\* "Memoirs and Diary of John Evelyn," vol. I., p. 275.



always very gentle, friend, of us all. But then things were different; no bowling-green pleasure for the idling summer tourist were then the passes of the Alps, and accordingly Evelyn truly declares his route to be "by wildes covered with snow ever since the creation; and where the perpetual freezing flaw'd y<sup>e</sup> very skin off my face." Yet does he talk of St. Vincent's rocks as worthy to be compared with the Swiss Alps!

But there is more: a horse slides "down a frightful precipice, which so incens'd the choleric cavalier his master, that he was sending a brace of bullets into the poor beast; but just as he was lifting up his carbine, we gave anch a shout, and so pelted y<sup>e</sup> horse with snow-balls, as, with all his might plunging thro' the snow, he fell from another steepe place into another bottom, neere a path we were to pass. It was, as we judged, almost two miles that he had slid and fallen."

Very likely, provided you are not meaning in perpendicular depth, Evelyn of our hearts; but then what becomes of your comparison with "that horrid alp" of St. Vincent, delightful old companion? Why, after that, we shall hardly know when we may trust you. Fortunately the poor horse "took no harm beyond the benumbing of his limbs for y<sup>e</sup> present, but with lusty rubbing and chafing he began to move, and after a little walking did well enough."

We return to our masters. Woods or mountains alone could wile us from them, but to the mountains and the woodlands even they must yield. There are two pictures by Giovanni Bellini in Lord Northwick's collection at Thirlestaine House; the one is a Madonna holding the Divine Child, with St. Peter and St. Sebastian to the right and left: "Serious and noble in the characters, and of a deep glow of colour: in these qualities, and in the admirable completion, we recognise this inestimable artist." The second work is a Repose of the Holy Family: this also is highly praised by Dr. Waagen, whose words are those quoted above. Nor does he do either work more than justice, both are indeed characteristic of the master; the last-mentioned more particularly, presenting—among other excellencies, if the recollection of the writer may be trusted—one of those broad, and beautiful, and hope-inspiring skies peculiar to the older painters. Clear and serene, these skies soothe you into forgetfulness, while basking in their golden light, of the fact that clouds and storm go to make any part of their being; so slight seems the veil they interpose between the visible heaven itself and the desiring gazer, as to make one almost pause in hope of further revelation. One, and not an unimportant element, is this, of their enchanting skies, in the strong attraction exercised over heart and spirit by the works of the early masters. Many and most precious are the examples that rise to the memory, in attestation of this truth, whether we think of the Florentine or Venetian schools—provided always that care be taken to go back far enough.

Some few of these are to be found in the mansions of our nobles and gentry, but we have not space for separate mention of them—a circumstance the less to be regretted, since very many of the masters to whom Art is most deeply indebted, have been made known to such as worship at her best and purest shrines, by the great gathering at Manchester.

Of works by the Bellini in the Louvre, where there are the portraits of both brothers, with the "Reception of a Venetian ambassador at Constantinople," by Gentile, I will but indicate the place, desiring to reserve the remainder of my narrow limits for some two or three painters less known among us. The galleries of Berlin, Dresden, and Milan, must be treated in like manner—a necessity for which I am sorry, as regards the last-named, where there is a work of great interest by Gentile Bellini, the "Preaching of St. Mark," namely, which the traveller will find in the Brera. In Berlin too would we very gladly linger; Berlin, where, among other works by Gentile and Giovanni, there is a portrait by the former of his brother and himself. You do not admire the choice of costume, and in the somewhat hard features of Giovanni you look in vain for any very eloquent expression of that kindness which made him the friend and defender of Albert Durer, when against some among the Venetian painters of that day the excellent father of

German Art was warned that he must be on his guard, "nor eat nor drink with them save with caution," as he tells his dear friend Pirckheimer in words of quaint and quiet simplicity. Looking at his face, you would scarcely perhaps give Giovanni credit for the softness of heart that rendered his own few remaining days unendurable to him, save as he lightened their dreariness by the exercise of his beloved art, when, "rimaso vedovo di Gentile, il quale aveva sempre amato tenerissimamente," he went sorrowing towards the grave wherein they were happily soon to be united. "Left bereaved of his Gentile, whom he had ever most tenderly loved," says our Vasari—who "paints himself," as Ludwig Schorn says people generally do, while he thought only of depicting others—Giovanni did not long sustain his loneliness; and, touched by all the Aretine biographer's words imply, you feel reluctant to turn from the gallery, were it only because you must first bid adieu to that portrait. Still more difficult is it to pass rapidly before the appealing works assembled in Venice by her noblest masters, as they rise clearly before you, while—the memory pleasantly awakening—you find yourself by turn in the palace, the academy, or the church, wherein picture after picture stands ranged, and regarding you, each presenting the delightful aspect of a friend revered no less than beloved. Yet can we do no more than look at one and all with eyes of love; merely to name their names will be permitted to us but in very few instances.

Among these few the most important is the Madonna enthroned, by Giovanni Bellini, in the sacristy of Santa Maria Gloriosa, a church better known perhaps as that of the Frari. Of a later period, but equally beautiful, and in some parts even more striking, is the altar-piece in the Church of San Giovanni Grisostomo, where the grand and noble figures of the saintly fathers—St. Jerome, seated and reading, St. Augustin, and St. Christopher—are contrasted with exquisite effect by that of the child whose hand is raised caressingly, and who seems not unsuccessfully to have called the last-named from his contemplations of that heaven which is yet remaining reflected on his benevolent face, as he bends it towards the infant. Go to Venice, student of the good and true, were it but to give golden hours to the study of those two priceless treasures, and then to return with the riches thus accumulated.

Invaluable works by the Bellini, the Vivarini, and other masters, were destroyed in the deplorable conflagration of the Ducal Palace in 1577; others, once enriching different palaces, have been alienated by the necessities of the owners, or by other causes, and must be sought in distant galleries, but many still remain. In the Academy there is an altar-piece, executed for the Church of St. Job, the subject a Madonna with the Divine Child in her arms; saints are around her, and beneath are children with instruments of music. There are also works by Gentile in the Venetian Academy, and to the present writer these were of themselves a sufficing reason wherefore the gondolier should turn his "barca" very frequently towards that gallery. You can scarcely have enough of looking at the beautiful city, as she appeared in those days when the faithful hand of Gentile depicted her portrait; and here has he given you that portrait to perfection. In the "Procession of the Cross," borne across the Piazza di San Marco, you have the rich quaint beauty of that better day, preserved with so much love and care, that you feel almost tempted to believe the truthful master to have had some secret presage in his mind of the consolation he was thereby preparing for us—who were to come sorrowing after—and you half persuade yourself that he worked with a pitying exactitude accordingly. Yet if your belief be such, it but deceives you; he thought only of exhibiting the miracle recently witnessed by all the city, with the ceremonies consequent thereon, and depicted things as he saw them, because it was in the truth of his nature so to do. Let us be thankful nevertheless; the works are ours, although not painted with a view to our consolation, and if the Venice of these present times be afflicting you beyond your patience—if you be driven from the Piazza di San Marco by all the various impertinencies, and worse than they, so grievously deforming it in the days that are—you have but to seek these chambers of the Academy, and may there live in the days that are past.

## THE HORSE FAIR.\*

It is more than singular that the leading publisher of prints in England is a Frenchman: although M. GAMBAKT has so long resided in London, and is so closely identified with British Art, that he may be almost considered an Englishman. We cordially wish him success in his many liberal undertakings: and if in this instance the exhibition of the picture, and the production of the engraving, have been largely profitable to him as commercial speculations, he is eminently entitled to the advantages he has obtained, by a degree of forethought, enterprise, and liberality, we shall rejoice to see emulated, as well as rewarded.

We have so frequently noticed this great work, and the public are so familiar with it, that it cannot be necessary to describe it in detail. When first exhibited, it excited admiration amounting to astonishment; it was difficult to believe so masterly a painting was the production of a woman. It manifested so thorough a knowledge of Art, and so intimate an acquaintance with nature—afforded so many proofs of matured study—was so entirely satisfactory to the most competent critic of the animal especially pictured, and was so admirable in composition, arrangement, and execution, as to create but one opinion—that the present century had not produced a work so altogether excellent.

Those who knew personally the lady who painted it, were no little surprised to find in the artist a remarkably *petit*, delicate, and graceful woman—full of animation and energy, but one who seemed more likely to devote her mind to picturing flowers, than to the production of works of magnitude, which involved labour, thought, time, and patience. Undoubtedly, Rosa Bonheur has done more than any woman of her age to assert and maintain the supremacy of her sex. There is no man who could have painted a better picture than "The Horse Fair."

Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur was born at Bordeaux, March 25th, 1822. She remained there till she had attained her fourth year, when her father, a promising young artist, removed to Paris. At the age of ten she showed indications of extraordinary talents, but her father, much as he loved Art himself, was unwilling to make his daughter a painter. The workings of her mind were, however, too strong to be turned aside from their object, so he at length admitted her into his studio, and cultivated her genius with the most assiduous care. In due time he sent her to the Louvre to copy the works of the old masters, and admirably were her tasks performed. At the age of seventeen she commenced the study of animals, to which her taste inclined from its earliest dawn; and, young as she was, she had the moral and physical courage to undergo a daily attendance at the Ronle slaughter-house, in the study of Nature. What else could be expected from so much enthusiasm, united with such natural gifts, but that they must produce pictures like "The Horse Fair?"

The subscribers to this print—and they are to be found in all parts of England—have been expecting it with some anxiety. They will not be disappointed. It has received ample justice at the hands of Mr. Thomas Landseer. At first sight it will seem to require greater force; and we ourselves may desire, perhaps, that the lights and shades were more pronounced; but it will amply satisfy those who examine the skilful drawing and careful manipulation, and can appreciate the harmony that prevails throughout.

The production of such a work is important at a time when so many tawdry productions are filling the windows of our "print-shops"—making us ashamed that we are so far behind our neighbours in all that really merits the name of Art: and it is no wonder that we find the critics of Germany and France deploring our decadence, when they judge of us from the "half castes" exhibited to their view as the productions of British painters and engravers—considering them such as the British public will only buy; yet it is notorious that when a really good print is engraved in any part of the Continent, its principal buyers are found in England.

\* Painted by Rosa Bonheur. Engraved by T. Landseer. Published by Gambart & Co., London.

\* See "Evelyn's Memoirs," vol. i. p. 221.

BRITISH ARTISTS:  
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER,  
WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XXX.—SAMUEL PROUT, F.S.A.



STRANGE as it may appear to many, among all the numerous illustrations of every kind which have been published in the *Art-Journal* since its commencement, there has never been introduced a single example of the works of Samuel Prout—and yet none hold them in higher esteem than ourselves. But Prout painted in water-colours only, and the Vernon Collection is restricted to oil-pictures, while the Royal Collection, which we are now engraving, though it combines works executed in both kinds of materials, unfortunately does not possess a specimen of this artist's pencil. If, therefore, an apology were necessary for including him in this series of biographical notices, no other, it is presumed, need be offered than a desire to supply an omission which has arisen from circumstances beyond our control, and which we are only too glad of the opportunity of filling up.

Samuel Prout! how this name is associated in our mental vision with the mediæval ecclesiastical edifices that are scattered over the greater part of the European continent—with the old domestic architecture, so quaintly picturesque, that abounds in Flanders, Normandy, and the German provinces—with ruined abbeys, and time-worn towers, and Venetian palaces—and, to go back to many of his earlier works, with sea-stained hulls of ships that have carried thousands of brave English hearts safely through the battle and the storm, or have brought home the wealth of the Indies to the shores of Britain—and with the low thatched cottage, whence the sailor and the fisherman went forth to face the perils of the deep. These are the subjects in which the pencil of this excellent

painter made, at one period or other of his life, entirely his own, and in which it had no equal. Taking up, by chance, a day or two before we sat down to write this notice, Mr. Ruskin's pamphlet entitled "*Pre-Raphaelitism*,"—which, by the way, we had not looked into since it was published, more than six years ago,—we met with the following passage: it so entirely speaks the thoughts that have frequently occurred to us when contemplating Prout's pictures that we quote it; and with the more readiness, for the sake of our readers, because no language of our own would half so well become the subject:—"I have in various other places expressed my sincere respect for the works of Samuel Prout; his shortness of sight has necessarily prevented their possessing delicacy of finish or fulness of minor detail, but I think that those of no other living artist furnish an example so striking of innate and special instinct, sent to do a particular work at the exact and only period when it was possible. At the instant when peace had been established all over Europe, but when neither national character nor national architecture had as yet been seriously changed by promiscuous intercourse or modern 'improvement,'—when, however, nearly every ancient and beautiful building had been long left in a state of comparative neglect, so that its aspect of partial ruinousness, and of separation from recent active life, gave to every edifice a peculiar interest—half sorrowful, half sublime, at that moment Prout was trained among the rough rocks and simple cottages of Cornwall, until his eye was accustomed to follow with delight the rents, and breaks, and irregularities which, to another man, would have been offensive; and then, gifted with infinite readiness in composition, but also with infinite affection for the kind of subjects he had to portray, he was sent to preserve, in an almost innumerable series of drawings, *every one made on the spot*, the aspect borne at the beginning of the nineteenth century by cities which, in a few years more, rekindled wars, or unexpected prosperities were to ravage or renovate into nothingness."

It seems to us, who often had the pleasure of holding familiar intercourse with Prout,—and who had this privilege without deriving benefit and enjoyment from it?—as if we were unlocking "the prison-gates of death," and calling the sleeping captive forth, when we talk of him again—for it appears scarcely longer than a few months back since we sat by his side in his small, " snug " studio, watching his progress on a large drawing of Venice; and yet nearly six years have passed since it was our sad duty to record his name on the "Obituary"



Engraved by]

THE DUCAL PALACE: VENICE.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

page of the *Art-Journal*, adding thereto a few brief lines in honour of his memory—for his friend Mr. Ruskin had, two or three years previously, favoured us with an article on the works of this artist, brief, but so comprehensive as to make any further comment unnecessary at the conclusion of an intervening period so comparatively short in its duration. It may, therefore, possibly be considered by some a superfluous task to re-write his history, or repeat what has been already published concerning him; but inasmuch as the pictures which Prout painted must always take their place among the most original and beau-

tiful examples of water-colour painting produced in this or any other country, so, whatever is written that may tend to exalt both the artist and the man, and to lead those who knew him not, rightly to value both him and his works, can scarcely be deemed intrusive and uncalled for; still, we shall find it necessary to consult our former pages for what we have now to record.

Samuel Prout was born at Plymouth, September 17, 1783. Whatever success he might have achieved in another profession,—and his general intelligence and high moral character would in any position have tended greatly to his advance-



ment,—it was clear nature intended him for an artist, though his friends were much opposed to such a pursuit for their child, who, almost from his birth, showed extreme constitutional debility. Before his tiny fingers had strength enough to hold a pencil steadily, he would employ every minute, not otherwise engaged, in attempting to draw. "Reproofs were affectionately repeated, and every effort made to dissuade the boy from what was considered an 'idle amusement,' but it was soon discovered that opposition was unavailing, and the attachment too strong to be checked. It might perhaps have been otherwise, but for some rays of encouragement received from the observant kindness of his first schoolmaster. To watch the direction of the little hand when it wandered from its task, to draw the culprit to him with a smile instead of a reproof, to sit him on the high stool beside his desk, and stimulate him, by the loan of his own pen, to a more patient and elaborate study of the child's usual subject, his favourite cat, was a modification of preceptorial care as easy as it was wise; but it had, perhaps, more influence on the mind and after-life of the boy than all the rest of his education together."

He had scarcely passed the fourth year of his age when an event occurred that for a time endangered his life, and from which may be dated the many, many hours and days of suffering experienced almost to the end of his career—aggravated, as this first malady was, at a future period, by another, if possible as distressing both to mind and body. One sultry autumnal morning he went out alone, armed with a hooked stick, to gather nuts: towards the close of the day he was carried home by a farmer, who had been attracted by his moans to the spot under a hedge where he was lying, prostrate and insensible, from the effects of a sun-stroke. From that day forward he was subject to attacks of violent pain in the head, recurring at short intervals; and until thirty years after marriage, not a week passed without one or two days of absolute confinement to his room or to his bed. "Up to this hour," he sometimes said to his friends, towards the close of his life, "I have to endure a great fight of afflictions; can I therefore be sufficiently thankful for the merciful gift of a buoyant spirit." "That buoyancy of spirit," writes Mr. Ruskin, "one of the brightest and most marked elements of his character, never failed to sustain him between the recurrences even of his most acute suffering; and the pursuit of his most beloved Art became every year more determined and independent." The marvel to us, whenever we have thought of Prout with reference to his works, and to his distant and prolonged sketching expeditions, was that he could accomplish so much, and do what he did so well, under circumstances that seemed likely to paralyse effort, mental and bodily.

His earliest essays in sketching from nature were made in the company of Haydon, his school-fellow and fellow-townsmen, and about three years his junior: we could pause, had we space for such observations, to comment upon the ultimate fate of these two artists respectively, but must forbear. When Prout first began to draw, his only examples, or studies, were the mediocre prints of that period, so that he acquired a cramped and mannered style, from which nothing but a constant and close reference to nature extricated him. "Whole days, from dawn till night, were devoted to the study of the peculiar objects of his early interest—the ivy-mantled bridges, mossy water-mills, and rock-built cottages, which constitute the valley scenery of Devon and Cornwall;" they who remember the elementary books of instruction published by him at a subsequent period, will recollect how many subjects of

this character were included in the examples. The only teachings Prout ever received, consisted of a few lessons from a drawing-master in Plymouth, of the name of Williams.

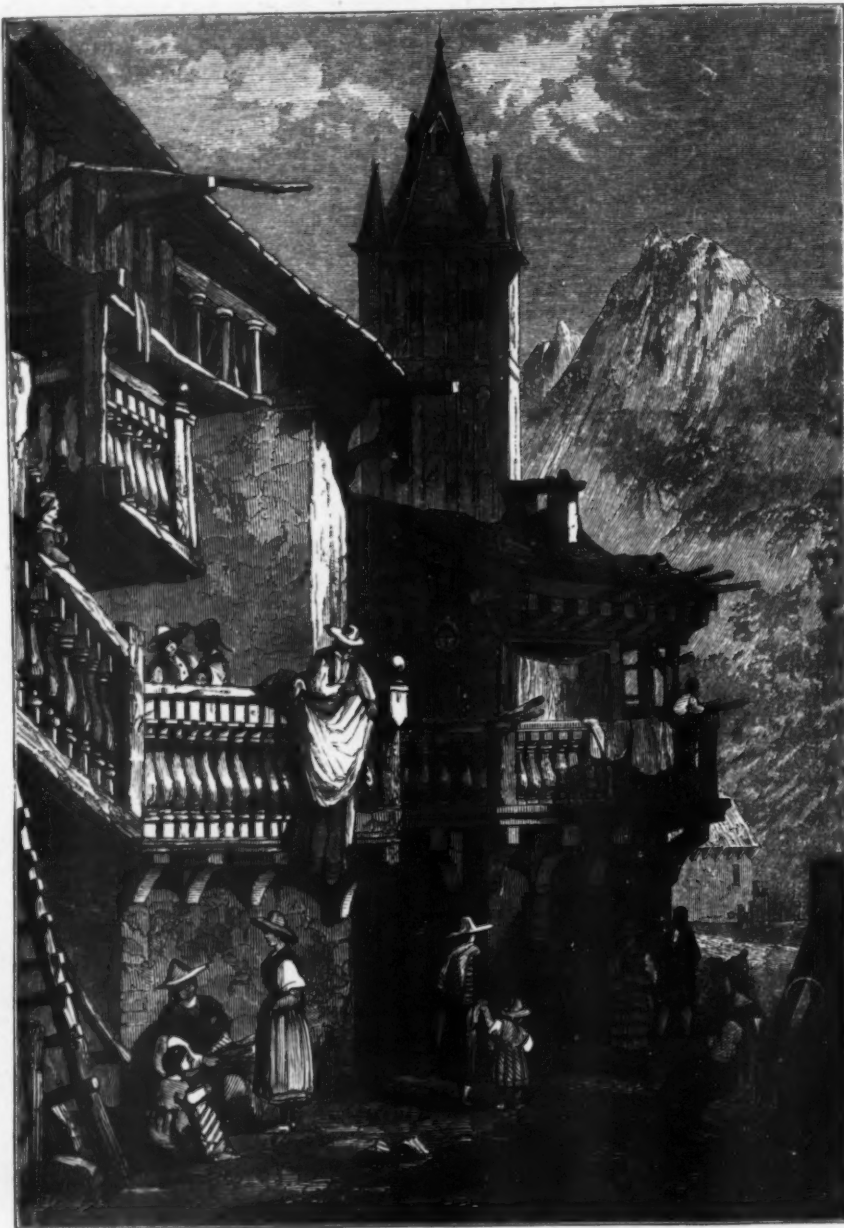
It happened that, in the winter of 1801, John Britton, the late well-known antiquarian, visited Plymouth on his way into Cornwall, for the purpose of collecting materials for his work, the "Beauties of England;" and at the house of Dr. Bidlake, master of the Grammar School, under whom Prout had been educated, and who took a lively interest in his doings, Britton was shown some of the sketches made by the young artist; he felt so pleased with them and their author, as to desire to have the youth as his travelling companion, and to assist him in the work on which he was engaged. Having obtained the consent of his parents, they set out on their journey westward, but after getting as far as Truro the travellers parted, Prout to return home, as his employer found that he was not sufficiently acquainted with the intricate details of architectural

drawing to make his service available; the mutual introduction, however, was not without advantages to both at a future time. About eighteen months afterwards, Britton, who had returned to London, received from his young friend—for they separated with all good-will and mutual esteem—some sketches recently made; these manifested such improvement as to induce him to have some of them engraved in his "Beauties of England," and others in another publication, called "The Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet;" but still more important results to the young artist followed; Britton invited him to London, and took him into his house, where he remained two years, employing himself chiefly in copying architectural drawings by the early water-colour painters, Turner, Hearne, Alexander, Mackenzie, Cotman, &c. In 1803 and 1804, he engaged his young protégé to visit the counties of Cambridge, Essex, and Wiltshire, to sketch; many of his drawings are engraved in the publications of the antiquarian.

But this kind of work by no means satisfied Prout's ambition; what he had seen and copied in London, though at the first he felt greatly discouraged, stimulated to greater exertions and more careful study, when he returned home, in 1805, chiefly on account of ill-health. Happily, he was able in a short time to resume his labours, but on subjects totally distinct from those that afterwards occupied his attention; for, as yet, his range of subject was undetermined, and seemed likely to have been very different from that in which he ultimately

became pre-eminent. The shipping and picturesque marine material that abounds in his native place afforded prolific and agreeable themes for his pencil, and to these he assiduously addressed himself. Long after his second return to London, whither he had been invited by many most promising offers of encouragement, by far the larger number of his pictures were marine subjects. But other work was in store for him: about the year 1818 his health, which, as we have seen, had never been vigorous, showed signs of increasing weakness, and a short tour on the continent was recommended. The route by Havre to Rouen was chosen, and soon Prout found himself in the grotesque labyrinths of the Norman streets, and "among those objects with which the painter's mind had the profoundest sympathy: . . . his vocation was fixed from that hour."

This journey was the first stage, so to speak, of the many continental excursions made by Prout, as its results produced the first instalment of the large array of drawings which, for more than thirty years delighted, as well by



Engraved by]

SWISS COTTAGES AT LAVY.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

their originality as by their beauty, the lovers of water-colour painting, for "he ransacked every corner of France, Germany, the Netherlands, and Italy, for its fragments of carved stone."

Mr. Ruskin places Prout first on the list of architectural painters. "We owe," he says, "to Prout, I believe, the first perception, and certainly the only existing expression of precisely the characters which were wanting to old art, of that feeling which results from the influence among the noble lines of architecture of the rent and the rust, the fissure, the lichen, and the weed, and from the writing upon the pages of ancient walls of the confused hieroglyphics of human history. . . . Numerous as have been his imitators, extended as his influence, and simple as his means and manner, there has yet appeared nothing at all to equal him; there is no stone drawing, no vitality of architecture like Prout's. . . . Faults he has, manifold and easily detected, and much declaimed against by second-rate artists; but his excellence no one has ever touched." Further on, in allusion to composition and colour, he says,—"Prout's streets are the only streets that are accidentally crowded, his markets are the only markets where one feels inclined to get out of the way. With others we feel the figures so right where they are, that we have no expectation of their going anywhere else, and approve of the position of the man with the wheelbarrow, without the slightest fear of his running against our legs. One other merit he has, far less generally acknowledged than it should be; he is among our most sunny and substantial colourists. Much conventional colour occurs in his inferior pictures (for he is very unequal), and some in all; but portions are always to be found of quality so luminous and pure that I have found these works the only ones capable of bearing juxtaposition with Turner and W. Hunt, who invariably destroy everything else that comes within range of them. His most beautiful tones occur in those drawings in which there is prevalent and powerful warm grey, his most failing ones in those of sandy grey."

It is very easy to understand from the extracts we have introduced from Mr. Ruskin's writings, in what consists the superiority of Prout's drawings over those of most other artists; looking at the architecture one generally sees in paintings, it may as readily be assumed that it was reared within the present century as five hundred years ago: there is little in its aspect to testify—we are speaking, of course, of ancient buildings—that generations have come and gone since the stones were fashioned and piled in forms of beauty, that the hands that sculptured and raised them have long mouldered into dust; but Prout's edifices are hoary with age, they show the wrinkles that time has engraved on their faces, and the rich colourings with which the suns and storms of centuries have tinted them; whether we walk with him through the old streets of Flemish towns, or glide in his gondola beneath the palaces of Venice, or sit with him in the shadow of some ruined archway, we feel to be surrounded by objects unmistakably venerable, the living, speaking memorials of ages and histories that go far back into the records of the past.

The introduction of the art of lithography very soon attracted the attention of Prout; turning over the other day the contents of an old portfolio in our

possession, we came upon some of his earliest essays in this kind of work; they are chiefly sketches of shipping, and seem as if executed with a large etching needle. To these succeeded examples of a far better character, bolder in manipulation, with broad masses of light and shade: of this description are the cottages, bridges, and old buildings sketched in the west of England. At a later date, and after he had paid two or three visits to the continent, appeared the first of his large lithographic publications, "Sketches in Flanders and Germany," containing a rich collection of glorious old architectural studies made in Brussels, Louvain, Cologne, Nuremberg, and other places. In 1839 he published another large work, "Sketches in France, Switzerland, and Italy," a fine work in every way, but the subjects, admirable as some are, have not, as a whole, the interest which the artist's genius had thrown into the former; certainly they were less adapted for the development of his peculiar powers: he does not seem, to use an Art-phrase, to have felt them. In the same year

too he put forth other works, books of instruction: "Hints on Light and Shadow," a work from which we remember to have derived, at the time of its appearance, much profit; and before the year closed, he published his "Young Student's Drawing-Book." Two other publications in lithography were produced at a later period; one called "Exteriors," the other, "Interiors," both containing a number of excellent studies for the amateur and student.

But in speaking of publications with which the name of Prout is connected, the "Landscape Annual" must not be forgotten. The volumes for 1830 and 1831, contain engravings from his drawings—the former Swiss and Italian subjects chiefly, the latter Italian only.

In 1836, the state of his health compelled him to quit his residence in the vicinity of London, and remove into the country; but he was not missed from the exhibition-rooms of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, of which he was one of the earliest members; year by year the walls of the gallery testified to his industry and to the charm of his pencil: ten, fifteen, and sometimes twenty pictures, and not a few among them of large size, were generally contributed by him annually. Shortly after her Majesty came to the throne he was appointed "Painter in Water-colours to the Queen," and a few years afterwards was honoured with a similar appointment by the Prince Consort.

sort. He was also elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquarians.

After an absence of eight years from the metropolis Prout returned hither, and took up his abode at Camberwell; his health had been partially restored, so that for a time he was able to resume his labours as assiduously, and almost as free from distraction, as was his wont; but increasing age by no means tended to diminish the bodily weakness and physical ailments that had been all through life his constant companions; outwardly his lamp burned brightly, inwardly it flickered and "waxed dim," for to the end his powers, as an artist, exhibited no signs of decay, and his cheerfulness and serenity of mind never forsook him, even when—to use his own words spoken to the writer of this notice, but a short time before his death—"the dark cloud was apparently not far distant." It came, and very suddenly at last; on the 9th of February, 1852, Prout closed his well-spent life—well spent in every way, as an artist, a man, and a Christian; if there was ever one whom to know was to love and admire, such a man was Samuel Prout.



Engraved by]

THE TOMB OF THE SCALIGERS AT VERONA.

[J. and C. P. Nicholls.



## BOTANY,

AS ADAPTED TO THE ARTS AND ART-MANUFACTURE.

BY CHRISTOPHER DRESSER,

LECTURER ON ARTISTIC BOTANY IN THE DEPARTMENT OF  
SCIENCE AND ART.

## PART VI.

WE now proceed to notice the leaf, which, though an object of such high interest, is one which can readily be seen: and as that feature of this organ which is most essential to the ornamentist is its form, a few general considerations relative to this development is all that is necessary. Botanists divide leaves into two classes, one of which they term simple, the other compound. The simple are characterised by being invariably formed of one piece, though it does not matter how much this piece may be cut up; thus the leaves of the Lilac and the Vine are alike simple. The other division, namely, that of compound leaves, is characterised by being composed of more than one piece; thus the Horse-chestnut leaf is compound, as is that of the Rose and Laburnum. Now it will be noticed that at the union of the leaf with the stem there is usually a slight contraction, giving rise to a kind of

joint, which contraction is usually situated at the base of the leaf-stalk, where the leaf separates from the stem when it is shed by the latter; but in those leaves which have no stalk, it is obvious that if this contraction exists, it must be situated immediately at the base of the blade of the leaf. Now this contraction is not only found at the base of the leaf, but in compound leaves at the base of each of their parts: and at this point the component members (leaflets) of the compound leaf often separate from the leaf-stalk before it separates from the plant. The presence of this contraction between the blade and the stalk of the Orange leaf has caused it to be regarded as compound, though composed of but one leaflet. All leaves, however, are not thus jointed to the stem by which they have been generated, examples of which are the leaves of Palm-trees. Now this is a distinctive character in trees, and as the leaves of all exogenous trees have this contraction, their leaves are shed annually; but those of endogens have not, therefore their leaves are permanent, separating from the stem only by decay. Although leaves are simple and compound, the only difference between them is, the compound leaf is more developed than the simple; this will be readily perceived by observing the progressive development from simple to compound of the leaf of

which there are two leaflets; in the Clover there are three; in the Four-leaved Shamrock there are four; in the Potentilla five; while in the Horse-chestnut there are seven, and in one of the *Lupinus* nine. This also could probably be completed up to about fifteen. One more remark is all that space will permit us to make on the general form of the leaf, which is, that not only are these diversities traceable, but also others, which are the result of the shortening of the leaf. Thus the apex is extremely long in the *Ficus religiosa* (a species of fig); it is shorter in the Lilac; it is blunt in the Bladder-senna; it is as if cut off in the Tulip-tree (*Liriodendron*), and concave in the centre in the *Passiflora medusa*. The number of the segments of simple leaves is also well worthy of notice: thus some are divided into two parts, as the *Bauhinia aculeata*; and some into three, as the *Hippatica*, and so on. However, this part of our subject we must now leave, and notice the margins of leaves.

The margins of leaves are extremely diversified, and give different characters to the entire structure, but of this, as well as of the texture of the leaf, we will speak when considering the general effect of the structure. We shall here notice the margin considered in reference to form only. Botanists are in the habit of distinguishing several varieties of margins: thus the edges of some leaves are said to be *entire*, that is undivided (ex. Lilac); others are said to be *serrated*, that is saw-like, all the teeth pointing to the apex of the organ (ex. Violet); others are *dentate* from the fancied resemblance of these marginal projections to the teeth of an animal (ex. Melon),—the character of the dentate margin is when there is a series of teeth which are directed outwards, and not towards the apex of the leaf; others are *crenated*, or as if segments of circles had been cut out (ex. Holly), and so on. These four are, however, the principal varieties, their modification and transitions, one from another, forming the margins of most foliaceous appendages to the axes of plants.

We shall next notice the nerves of the leaf. The nerves, or more properly ribs, or veins of leaves, though sometimes inconspicuous, most decidedly mark the characters of these developments, and as they furnish marks of internal organisation, they demand paramount attention. A cursory examination of plants will show that veins are disposed in two distinctly different ways, and a more scrutinising research will detect three varieties, of which two only are common in our land. The first, or principal group of which consists of those leaves which have a reticulated venation, that is, the veins are so distributed as to form a kind of anastomosis, or net-work over the entire organ; modifications of this variety, however, occur in which the external veins are only branched two or three times, as in the Oak, therefore the best character is, if the veins are branched, the plant belongs to this class. Now, this venation of the leaf corresponds with the exogenous stem, and the seed possessed of two seed-lobes—that is to say, the seed, the embryo of which has two or more seed-lobes, produces an exogenous stem, which stem develops those leaves only which have a reticulated venation, this leaf therefore characterises the group of exogens. A popular test of this division is to tear a leaf; if it tears zigzag, it is an exogen. The second group consists of those leaves whose veins are parallel—that is to say, all those veins which are external, hence visible, are not branched, but run side by side from the base to the apex of the leaf. This leaf is characteristic of the group of endogens, hence is produced by a stem which is endogenous, and which has been generated by an embryo possessing one seed-lobe. This leaf will tear straight. The other division is characterised by a forked venation, each rib dividing regularly into two branches, which again become bi-forked, which forking may be carried to any extent: this venation characterises the group of aerogens.

Although the preceding marks furnish distinctive characters of large groups of plants, and are therefore worthy of special attention, there are yet other points which are as characteristic of individuals as these are of groups, and are therefore in certain cases of equal if not of greater importance. We can here allude to one example only. The leaves of the Vine and Plane are alike five-lobed, and have therefore five prominent ribs, one passing up the centre of each lobe; but the origin of these ribs is not similar;

Figs. 54, 55, 56.—NIGHTSHADE.—*Solanum Dulcamara*.

the Nightshade (*Solanum Dulcamara*), Figs. 54, 55, 56.

For ornamental purposes a second classification will also be found expedient, the characters of which are even more obvious than those of the simple and compound. Leaves are formed in two ways, the majority have the blade of the leaf extending on each side of the mid-rib of the leaf, which mid-rib is a straight continuation of the leaf-stalk (if it exists) into the leaf, as, for example, the Apple and Plum. The other is that in which the blade of the leaf is perpendicular to the leaf-stalk, as in the Nasturtium (*Tropaeolum*) and the Castor Oil plant (*Ricinus*). To trace out the variations in these two varieties is extremely interesting to the ornamentist; we may accomplish this in a simple and limited way—which must suffice for our present purpose—by following the progress of development in various leaves.

Starting with the former class, we observe first the Lilac; here we have a leaf without divisions, and hence *entire*. From this we proceed to the Violet, where we have a leaf whose edges are somewhat saw-like; in the Stinging-nettle this is carried to a greater extent; in the Elm we have a leaf the teeth of which are toothed; in the Hawthorn this is carried further, and in the Chrysanthemum further still, the secondary teeth being toothed; whilst in some species of Poppies the leaf is divided into distinct segments: these, however, are all long leaves.

Starting again with a short leaf, a member of the same class, we notice first that of the Asarabacca (*Asarum europaeum*), which is a reniform (kidney-shaped) leaf, entire or undivided; from this we pass to the Mallow (*Malva sylvestris*), which is a lobed leaf; from this to the Ladies' Mantle (*Alchemilla Alpina Conjuncta*), which is cleft about half-way down; and from this to the Potentilla, which is cleft into a number of segments, thus introducing us to the compound leaf.

Taking up the second division, let us start with

the Nasturtium (*Tropaeolum*), the blade of which leaf is perpendicular to the leaf-stalk; here we have again an entire leaf. From this proceed to the leaf of the Castor Oil plant (*Ricinus*), which is lobed; while in the Horse-chestnut (*Aesculus*), it is divided into distinct segments, and is therefore compound. Without entering into further detail on this part of our subject, we proceed to notice a few points which present themselves in compound leaves. Compound leaves, as we have already said, are those which are composed of a series of leaflets or little leaves; now these leaflets (little leaves) are arranged in two ways, one of which is that in which they all radiate from a common centre (the top of the leaf-stalk), as in the Horse-chestnut, and the other is that in which they are arranged along the sides of the stalk, as in the Robinia and Rose. To trace out the modifications of these varieties, we notice first a few of the most common of those arranged along the side of the leaf-stalk, or mid-rib of the compound leaf. Thus the Sweet-pea has two leaflets, the Scarlet-runner three, other peas four, the Rose five, the common Pea six, the Jasmine seven, and so on; this could probably be traced uninterruptedly up to about twenty by careful observation. We must notice, as we pass along, that all those leaves which have an odd number of leaflets have one situated at the apex of the mid-rib of this compound organ, while those with an even number have not; this produces a decided difference in the effect. In those cases where there is no terminal leaflet, the leaf-stalk is oftentimes prolonged beyond the leaflets in the form of a tendril, as in the Pea, which may be branched or entire. These necessarily give diverse characters to the foliage of plants. Diversity of effect is also produced in this class of plants by the leaflets being in some cases placed opposite each other, while in other instances they are alternate. Also in some leaves the leaflets are all of one size, while in others they are of different magnitudes, as in the Geum and Agrimony. To follow out those which are radiated, we commence with the *Bauhinia racemosa*, in

thus, in the Vine leaf (Fig. 57), it will be observed that the five ribs radiate from a common centre, whereas in the Plane (Fig. 12), three only proceed from one point, the remaining two separating from



Fig. 57.—VINE.—*Vitis*.

the two other lateral ribs at some little distance from the base. Not only have the Vine and the Plane these characteristic features, but each leaf has its own particular venation, which is characteristic of the individual.

The leaf-stalk also demands notice. The forms of the leaf-stalk are almost as diversified as those of leaves, though not so conspicuous. It is usually flattened and distended at the base, or where it is attached to the parent axis. Now, upon the form of the base of this organ depends the form of the scar found on the stem after the leaf is shed; and it will be noticed that on this scar, as well as on the base of the leaf-stalk, there is usually a number of dots, formed by the woody matter passing from the leaf to the axis; their number and form are of high importance. Sometimes the leaf-stalk assumes the character of a flat, leafy expansion, as in the Orange, at other times it is of quite an anomalous nature—thus the far-famed Pitchers of the Pitcher-plant (*Nepenthes*) are modifications of this organ, the lid only being the blade of the leaf. Having thus alluded to the leaf-stalk, we proceed to notice the union of the leaf with the stem, and upon this point it is extremely difficult to offer any remarks which would prove serviceable, although it is a point of very high interest. The difficulty of giving a pleasing union of lines must be well known to all ornamentists, and the beautiful manner in which this is accomplished in many members of the vegetable kingdom is just as manifest. This union is necessarily influenced by various circumstances, as, for instance, the form of the organ uniting with the axis, as well as the form of the axis itself; and this union is oftentimes so characteristic as at once to enable the practised eye to detect the individual. If the object (say a leaf) is large which is united with the stem, strength is required, therefore this is considered in this union (Fig. 58); but we shall notice this when considering the constructive principle of the vegeta-

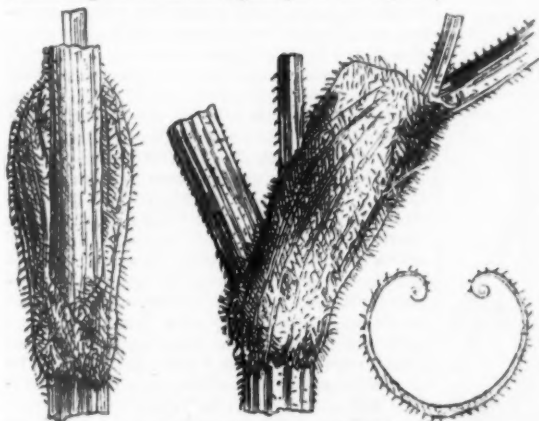


Fig. 58.—COW PARSNIP.—*Heracleum sphondylium*.

ble. In some instances a peculiar character is given to this union by the leaf, instead of terminating at this point, passing down the stem in the form of a membranous expansion. Modifications in this

union are innumerable, therefore we merely proceed to notice one general feature, which is, that there is a strong tendency manifested on the part of nature to hide the actual point of union of contiguous

organs, therefore small leafy expansions are often situated at this junction, as in the Hawthorn (Fig. 59), and Passion-flower: the axillary appendages are not, however, always leafy, thus in the Robinia they



Fig. 59.—HAWTHORN.—*Crataegus*.

are spiny, in the Elder awl-shaped, and in the *Smilax latifolia* they are tendril-like. In some cases they adhere more or less perfectly to the leaf-stalk, as in the Strawberry Angelica (Fig. 60), and Scro-

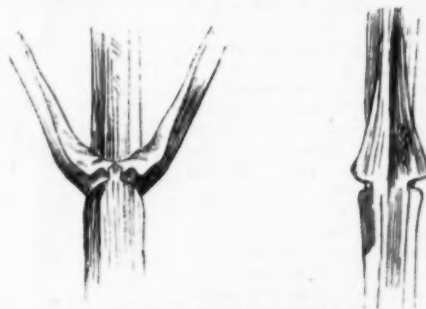
phularia (Figs. 61, 62). They are usually two in number, one of which is situated at the right, the other at the left of the base of the leaf-stalk, therefore, when opposite leaves are furnished with



Fig. 60.—Angelica.

these appendages, there are four at the union of the bases of the leaf-stalks, two belonging to each leaf.

Sometimes, from the union of each contiguous pair, two only appear to exist, which then occupy a central position between the bases of the two leaves;



Figs. 61, 62.—*Scrophularia nodosa*.

this occurs in the Hop. These appendages are called by botanists *stipules*. A similar development to that of the stipule occurs in some instances at the bases of the leaflets of the compound

leaf—thus, at the bases of the leaflets of the Scarlet-runner (*Phaseolus multiflorus*), little leafy members are found which are of this nature. Before leaving our present subject, we must glance at a point



of great interest connected with these foliaceous developments, which is, the variation of the leaf from the base to the apex of the structure. This subject has been already alluded to when speaking of the germination of the seed, therefore a passing notice must suffice. We have observed that the first leaves developed by plants are often of a very rudimentary character, and that, as development progresses, they become more and more perfect: this

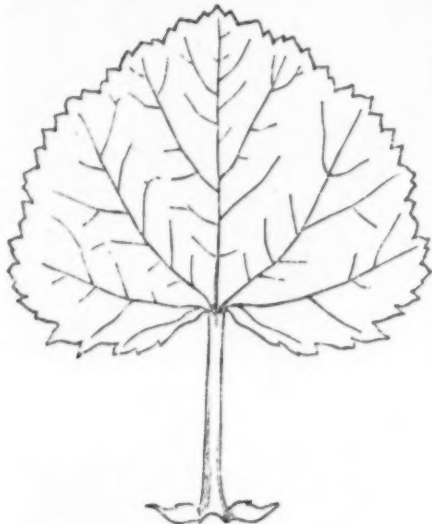


Fig. 63.

continues till the energy of the plant arrives at its maximum, and as long as this maximum of vital energy remains, the organs developed are similar; but at a given period the energy begins again to subside, when the foliaceous organs gradually diminish, till ultimately they assume the same simple form as those which were the first developments of the axis. This can be well followed in the Lilac, where, as we have noticed, the scales surrounding the bud are of a rudimentary nature; but each successive development assumes more of the nature of the leaf proper, and if this is followed out, it will be observed that when we arrive at the flower-head, there are at the bases of its branches little leaves which are precisely similar to those possessed by the young axis when it

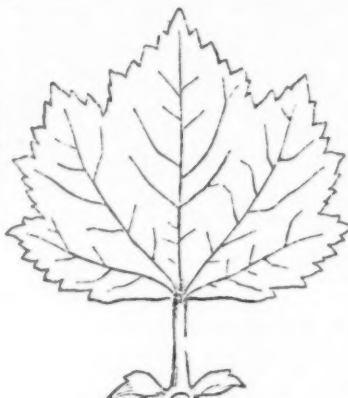


Fig. 64.



Fig. 65.



Fig. 66.



Fig. 67.

first evolves from the opening bud. The influence of the decline of the vital energy upon the leaf we illustrate by the Garden-mallow (Figs. 63, 64, 65, 66, 67).

Having now noticed those particulars relative to leaves which have seemed to us to be of the greatest importance, we proceed to notice a leafy appendage to the axis, which is usually situated near its apex, and is called by botanists a *bract*. A bract is a leaf of a somewhat rudimentary nature, varying in form, colour, and situation; but is characterised by a flower-bud being developed in its axil, and not a leaf-bud, as in the axil of the leaf proper. The bract varies in so many particulars that it is extremely difficult to define it, or its habits; and the gradual transition from the true leaf into this organ often renders it impossible for the limits of either bracts or leaves to be determined. The little scale-like leaves

which we have just alluded to, found in the head of Lilac flowers, are bracts, as are those from the axils of which the flowers of the Veronica proceed; also the upper smaller leaves of the Mallow (Figs. 66 and 67). It sometimes happens that many flowers are developed from one bract, as in Polyanthus Narcissus, and the Lily of the Nile (*Arum*), where the great white leaf, which is vulgarly called the flower, is the bract, which encloses a series of rudimentary flowers. At other times bracts are aggregated in whorls or rings, in which case the whorls usually enclose a series of flowers; thus, in the Sunflower there are two or more rings of bracts, which enclose a number of small flowers (florets): this also occurs in the Thistle head, where the bracts are spiny.

Passing from leaves, with their various appendages, we proceed to glance at other organs, which, for artistic purposes, may be classed as appendages to the axis, although their origin would demand for them a different position in a botanical treatise. Among these we may notice those organs which act as the supports of feeble plants, when they are not sustained by the twining of the stem, as in the Convolvulus, which twines to the right; and the Hop, which twines to the left; or by the clasping of the leaf-stalk, as in the Canariensis (*Tropaeolum*).

Among the organs which we must here notice, the tendril is conspicuous, as it is one of the developments most commonly employed in the vegetable kingdom as a support for the structure. The tendril, which is a wiry organ, varies in form and habits, and is produced from various parts of the organism; its botanical origin is also diverse, but on this part of our subject we cannot dwell. Tendrils are either simple or compound—that is, branched or unbranched: in the Bryony and Passion flower they are unbranched, and are of a flexible nature, and wind round the supporting body in a spiral manner. In the Virginia Creeper (*Ampelopsis*) the tendrils are branched, and the extremities of the ramifications are more or less hooked, and in some species they are furnished with little suckers; the object of these contrivances being to penetrate the crevices of rocks, walls, &c., and thus to sustain the plant in the required position by a secure adherence to the structure climbed; little scale-like members usually exist at the separations of these lateral tendrils from the primary, which must not be lost sight of.

In the *Bauhinia racemosa* we have a tendril of an interesting character which divides into two arms, each of which forms a regular volute by its precise spiral curvature. This is not the only point of interest in this tendril; it also develops a

bud from between the origin of these two arms; and as these arms are hard and enduring, they ultimately appear as two volutes, one on either side of the axis, the axis being formed by the developed bud and the thickened, unbranched portion of the tendril. In this latter example, although the tendril only forms one or two revolutions round the supporting body in order to sustain itself, the grasp is extremely secure, as the tendril, after having assumed this position, becomes extremely hard: so secure is its grasp that it is almost impossible to separate it from its support without destroying it altogether.

Before leaving this part of our subject, we may just notice, as we have already hinted, that all tendrils are not adapted for supporting the plant in the same situation. Some are particularly adapted for adhering to rocks, and are sufficiently secure to support a weighty structure in this position, whereas others are adapted to sustain plants among other members of the vegetable world stronger than themselves.

Other supporting structures are the root-like, aerial developments of certain plants, as the Ivy; these, though root-like, are not roots, properly so called, but appear to be developed for the purpose of support only: they are usually small succulent members, protruded copiously from that part of the stem which faces the surface to which the plant has to be attached; the means of adhesion appears to

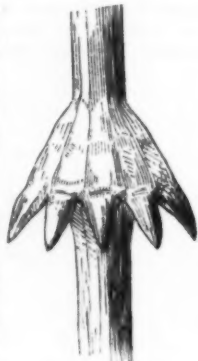


Fig. 68.



Fig. 69.

be penetrating the supporting surface, and forming a vacuum, oftentimes between a concavity in the root-like development and the supporting plane.

Certain other means of support are also employed by vegetable structures besides the root-like develop-

ments, or more properly the sucker, and the tendril. Thus the Goose-grass (*Galium aparine*) climbs hedges by means of little hooks, with which the four corners of its stems are furnished, as well as the backs of the mid-ribs of its leaves. More complex hooky appendages are found on the Plectocomo Palm (Figs. 68, 69); they are best seen on the mid-ribs of its enormous compound leaves; these hooky appendages, which are of a compound character, by their great strength enable the plant to lean most securely on others for support. The structure of these organs is extremely pleasing, when we remember the fact that the plant must ascend by growth; therefore, these hooks must in no way interfere with this ascension, but only sustain it in its elevated position; a glance at our sketch will show the manner in which this is accomplished.

## PICTURE DEALING.

BOW STREET.

THERE has occurred during the past month another of those cases which ought to act as impressive and salutary warnings to those who buy pictures—no matter from whom, unless it be from the artist. Continually, during the last twelve years, have we been endeavouring to induce conviction that dealing with dealers is at all times hazardous; while often the chances are as many against a purchaser as they would be against a player at one of those houses, with an objectionable name, at which people stake their money upon the colour of a card for the benefit of the establishment. We take for granted—indeed we know—that our warnings have not been without effect; “old masters” now bring prices only as furniture pictures. This “trade” has been destroyed. There is as little probability of “a genuine Raffaele,” or “a veritable Titian,” bringing a large sum, as there is of a jaded horse being passed off at Tattersalls for a scion of Blink Bonny. But there are people who, though they turn from dirtied and smoke-dried specimens of ancient schools, imagine they are not likely to be “taken in” by examples of modern artists, with whose styles they are familiar; and so they buy from “best-known and most respectable men in the trade,” in full confidence they have that which they have paid for; not often discovering their mistake at all, or when discovering it, finding it very difficult, if possible, to obtain a remedy—for the chances are many and great in favour of the seller and against the buyer.

Now and then, however, there does occur a case, such as that to which we here direct attention.

Let us not be mistaken: there are many honest and honourable men dealers in pictures, in London and in the provinces—men who are incapable of fraud, and who are useful to the artist, while serviceable ministers to the wants of the collector; but they are few in number compared with those whose business is to cheat. In this commercial country, trade is a wholesome as well as a legitimate pursuit, and is undoubtedly to be fostered and encouraged when conducted upon principles beneficial to both the buyer and the seller. In these remarks—as in those we have so frequently made, and may have often to make hereafter—we hope to be understood as placing a distinction as wide between the upright and the fraudulent dealer in pictures, as we should do with reference to any other vocation which implied traffic;—there are some who may be dealt with as safely for pictures as Dr. Chambers for a prescription. But cases such as that which has recently been heard at Bow Street, and is appointed to be, in due course, heard at the Old Bailey, are of such frequent occurrence, that it behoves all buyers to be over, rather than under, cautious at all times; they have usually the risk of being wilfully and deliberately imposed upon; and not unfrequently this danger also—that the honest dealer may be himself taken in, and so innocently wrong a customer.

In dealing with this case we shall be naturally—necessarily—prudent: our readers will not, any more than ourselves, have forgotten, that we have paid a heavy penalty for the part it was our duty to take in reference to picture-dealing. The wound is not yet healed inflicted upon us, by Mr. Louis Hart, at Warwick; or to speak more correctly, inflicted not by Mr. Louis Hart, but by the judge (now dead as well as the prosecutor) before whom we were tried for libel. We confess we have no desire to appear again in court, under similar circumstances and at a like expense; but this becoming diabolical for nominal "damages" and excessive "costs," shall not prevent our discharging our duty whenever it is to be done: and in observing upon the case now under notice, although we can say little more than we have said a score of times, we supply to our readers and the public another warning.

It appears then that a Mr. Henry Fitzpatrick, a carver and gilder (and we imagine a picture-dealer also), at Sheffield, summoned to Bow Street, Mr. Henry Smart, of Tichborne Street, and Mr. Thomas Closs, of Charlotte Street, Blackfriars, for obtaining from him £130, under false pretences: the result being, that the first-named accused was discharged and the other committed for trial. A Mr. Frederick Adams was, it appears, the go-between; and by his evidence we learn (it being previously understood that Mr. Fitzpatrick had been shown, by Mr. Smart, a picture by Linnell, for which he asked £200, and that this little incident occurred on the 20th or 21st of July) that Mr. Closs called upon him on the 24th of July (*three days afterwards*) to say he had a picture of Linnell's for sale. Being asked by Mr. Adams, "Is it the picture that Mr. Fitzpatrick has seen at Smart's?" he answers, "Yes it is." Being again asked, "Is there anything wrong in it?" he gives the assurance that it is an original; and under these circumstances it was offered by Mr. Adams to Mr. Fitzpatrick, who purchased it for the sum of £130—Closs having previously agreed to sell it for £120, adding, that when he (Closs) took that sum, "he should lose £40 by it." Mr. Fitzpatrick, who seems to have acted with proper prudence in the affair—whether he had his suspicions, or desired to make assurance doubly sure—after he had purchased the picture took it to Mr. Smart: "I placed it in a good light," he says, "and I asked him if that was the picture I had seen in his house?" He replied, "Yes; there can be no doubt about it." "When I first called at Mr. Smart's," says Mr. Fitzpatrick, "I saw in the shop a man who I now believe was Mr. Closs." Three days afterwards the forged picture was delivered to him. Can it be possible that the copy was made during these three days?—or is it impossible? "It had no appearance of being freshly painted," says Mr. Fitzpatrick, "and therefore I thought it to be the same I had seen at Smart's." When the forged picture was submitted to him, "it was in the same frame and box that he had seen it in at Smart's." "I feel," he says, "confident of this, although I could not swear to it positively."

That is the transaction, let the reader infer what he will.

It is said in the report—we know not on what authority—that on the same day that Closs sold the "copy" to Mr. Fitzpatrick, through Mr. Adams, he sold the original to another picture-dealer, who sold it to another picture-dealer, who sold it to another picture-dealer, by whom probably, ere this, to another picture-dealer it has been sold. It is added, that the "copy" also was passing through a variety of hands—not, we imagine, in London, but somewhere in the country, where detection is not quite so easy as it would be in town. Whether this is the *only* "copy" of this picture in circulation, or whether it is one of several "copies" made by the hands of the artist whose feelings (as we shall presently see) were, or ought to have been, "hurt" by the small value put upon his work, who shall say? For our own parts we believe there is more than one "collector" who may now consult his acquisitions, and who will apply (when the Old Bailey has adjudicated) to have his money back, to be answered, as of old, "no money returned: *Vivat Regina!*" But will this case be ever heard within the walls of the Old Bailey at all? We much doubt it. The *exposé* is already very "disagreeable," and it will be still more so if there be more "stir" about the matter. It may not be convenient to Mr. Closs to refund; but there will be no great difficulty in making up the money to repay Mr. Fitzpatrick, or rather to get him back his acceptances, *only one of which was indorsed by Mr. Closs*. The chances are ten to one that the public will hear nothing more about the matter—except in so far as the *Art-Journal* is concerned.

Some two years have passed, we believe, since the fraudulent copy of Mr. E. M. Ward's picture was the subject of investigation; we then heard much about actions at law and so forth. No action was brought by any one against any one; somebody made something out of the affair, and we suppose somebody lost something: at any rate, all parties concerned seem content not to worry the public any further with the matter. We shall marvel if in this case it be not exactly as it was in that; we do not observe there has been any binding over of witnesses. There are, however, one or two points arising out of the Bow Street examination, which may or may not "be continued" at the Old Bailey, to which we desire to direct the attention of our readers. A passage in the report, worthy of special notice, is this: Mr. Fitzpatrick having been asked what he considered the worth of the picture for which he had paid £130, answered, he would not give £5 for it: upon which the lawyer observed—"Don't hurt the feelings of the gentleman who painted it!"—Probably "the gentleman" was in court; be he who he may, we do not hesitate to say, that rarely has a darker culprit stood within the bar of that police-office. When he made that copy he knew what he was doing as well as does the forger who signs a copper-plate imitation of a bank-note, which another hand is to get changed into gold. The two pictures—the original and the copy—were precisely alike, so alike that if Mr. Smart's attorney is not in error, Mr. Smart himself did not know the one from the other—alike in size and in character, as nearly as possible touch for touch: both were exhibited in court, where the copy was considered "exceedingly skilful." Mr. Linnell himself (being examined) said, that although he should know it was not his painting *upside down* (thereby having a large advantage over Mr. Smart), the colouring had been well imitated, and it might deceive an inexperienced eye." He added, "the signature to it was a forgery." \* The artist who painted it may not have

\* We say nothing here of the heavy grievance sustained by Mr. Linnell, who it appears painted the original picture expressly for Mr. Smart. Unhappily, in this country the artist has no remedy, however much he may suffer in reputation and in money by these forgeries, which substitute copies for his actual works. It appears they manage these things better in Belgium. We copy the following from the *Literary Gazette*:—"The Belgian courts of law have just decided a cause of considerable importance. A picture-dealer sold a landscape, frame included, for thirty francs, which he said was by Kutyntrower, one of the most celebrated landscape-painters of Belgium. Herr Kutyntrower brought an action against the dealer, alleging that the picture was a work of such inferior merit as for it to be impossible to be mistaken for one of his. The tribunal decided that a man pretending to be a picture-dealer was bound to understand his business, and to have recognised an original of Kutyntrower's, and awarded heavy damages to the artist."

been aware that his copy was to be sent to the buyer in the same frame and box in which the original had been displayed before his admiring eyes, or at all events, in a frame and box so nearly resembling them, that Mr. Fitzpatrick says, "I feel confident they were the same, although I cannot swear to it positively;" the artist may not have been a party to any "doctoring," which enabled Mr. Fitzpatrick to say, "it had no appearance of being freshly painted;" nor may the artist have had any participation in the bills, for £15 at two months, for £40 at three months, for £50 at four months, or the present payment of £25, which his copy was to bring to its then fortunate owner: but we repeat, he *knew* full well that his copy was to be by some one substituted for the original; he is as guilty as any "receiver" who receives stolen goods knowing them to be stolen, and for him six months at the tread-mill, or picking oakum, would be a small punishment compared with his offence. If we knew his name, we should publish it, for the information of the profession he has dishonoured and degraded as far as in him lay.

The attorney for the defendant Closs—acting no doubt according to his instructions—did not hesitate to say in the presence of a large number of picture-dealers, that "it was notorious that half the pictures which adorned the walls of titled collectors throughout Europe were nothing but very good copies." Perhaps Mr. Smart and Mr. Closs have enlightened him as to the whereabouts of some of them. He added, that "in this case the copy was really so good that Mr. Smart himself did not know the difference" (unfortunately Mr. Smart neglected to repudiate this gross attack on his professional repute); the inference of course being that the victim might have been content without making such "a row," because he received a copy when he had paid for an original:

"He that's robbed, let him not know it,  
And he's not robbed at all."

The following little "side-bit," like my Lord Burleigh's shake, says much: we copy the report:—

"Mr. Abrahams, Smart's solicitor, said his client was one of the best known and most respectable men in the trade, and such a charge against him was most preposterous."

Mr. Metcalfe (who conducted Fitzpatrick's case). "Don't compel me to state what has come to my knowledge in reference to Mr. Smart in other transactions."

Both lawyers may be in this instance correct. Mr. Metcalfe, perhaps, may not be aware that Mr. Smart may be "one of the best known and most respectable men in the trade," and yet that he might have a deal to say concerning what has come to his knowledge "in reference to Mr. Smart in other transactions."

Having, as we have said, a salutary fear of the law of libel, we shall not inquire relative to these "other transactions," although we do not think it likely that the bench supplies a fitting successor to the late Baron Alderson, who, in the case of another of the "best known and most respectable men in the trade"—the late Mr. Louis Hart—absolutely prohibited all reference to "other transactions" in which that worthy dealer in pictures had been concerned previous to the case in which a jury was induced to convict us of libel.

If Mr. Smart's solicitor describes his client as one of the best known and most respectable men in the trade, Mr. Closs's solicitor claims a similar character for his client, whom he describes as "equally well known and respected in the trade." It may be so!

If collectors of pictures will give no heed to the warnings they so often receive, but will be cheated "with their eyes open," they merit little sympathy. They have learned—many of them by dearly bought experience—to distrust the dealer in "modern" as well as in "ancient" pictures; and it cannot be requisite to tell them, yet again, that there are manufactories, notoriously well known, in which spurious imitations of British painters are fabricated daily—the forger usually receiving as "hire" shillings where pounds are obtained by the employer, who pays him for his crime.

We might say very much more on this subject, and probably shall do so ere long; at present we leave this case of Fitzpatrick v. Smart and Closs for the consideration, the guidance, and the "warning" of our readers.



## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

## GATE OF THE SERAGLIO: CONSTANTINOPLE.

F. Danby, A.R.A., Painter. J. T. Willmore, A.R.A., Engr.  
Size of the Picture, 3 ft. 7 in. by 2 ft. 6½ in.

LOOKING at pictures of eastern scenery, as they are generally presented to our notice, one is almost led to conclude that one or other of the prismatic colours of the rainbow tinges every object that is placed before the eye of the painter; gold and azure, vermilion and purple, are the gorgeous hues over-spreading the landscapes of the eastern world; while the inhabitants, as if with the desire not to be outshone by the brilliancy of nature, clothe themselves in garments—so far, at least, as their means will allow—whose colours are scarcely less dazzling in their brightness. Everything, in truth, assumes an aspect of splendour which must be almost oppressive to the eye of an European, but especially so to that of the English artist; to whom the more sober, but not less beautiful, tints in which the hills and valleys of his native land are dressed, can scarcely fail to prove a most agreeable relief after a protracted absence, and must impel him to give a cordial greeting, on his return, to the island of his home—

"Rich queen of mists and vapours."

We have sometimes tried to imagine what sort of pictures Turner, in his later time, would have shown us, if he had ever been allured into the countries of Western Asia; or, like David Roberts, had made a pilgrimage through Palestine and Syria; for if, as he seems to have done, he almost exhausted the resources of his pigments on the realisation of European scenery, it is next to impossible to conceive what treatment he would have adopted, or what colours his eyes would have seen, in the landscapes of the East. Artists less likely to go astray—or, to speak more correctly perhaps, with different powers of perception—have not unfrequently made us sceptical as to the truth of nature in their works. Turner's poetical feeling, depth of imagination, and knowledge of colour, would, in all probability, have beguiled us into a belief that the world he painted was not that which mortals inhabit. Perhaps it is well for his reputation that he never landed on the Asiatic shores: we are quite content to see Europe as he has showed it to us, and the East as Roberts, Linton, Lewis, and a few others, have presented it.

Danby's eastern subjects are, we believe, purely ideal; he has never, so far as we have been able to learn, travelled further from his native country than the banks of the Rhine; his "Gate of the Seraglio," therefore, is only a "fancy," an artist's dream of a place which has the character of being pre-eminently picturesque and lovely. But though he has taken a painter's licence with the subject, it is only with that portion of it which appears as the "Gate;" the position of this, relative to the city, and the view of the latter, are sufficiently correct to be accepted as pictorial truths.

This picture was exhibited at the British Institution in 1845, from the gallery of which it was purchased by command of the Queen: the catalogue offered the following remarks, by the artist, to the reader:—"The effect intended is that of the full-orbed moon rising at sunset, while the sun, behind the spectator, is reflected on the palace windows of an eastern city." Notwithstanding, however, that both sun and moon form a union of light, the picture is dark as a whole; all the shadows are of intense depth: in fact, darkness, and not light, seems to be the rule and principle of the composition. Yet the general effect is rich and gorgeous to a degree,—this richness being produced chiefly by the surface of the water being stirred into gentle ripples; the crests of which are tinged with the crimson hues of the setting sun, and, in the distance, with the pale tints of the "full-orbed moon:" it is altogether a work that shows the peculiar genius of the artist in a most favourable point of view, but the peculiar treatment of the subject presents so much difficulty to the engraver, that none but an artist of more than ordinary talent and judgment could have transferred it into black and white with any chance of making it effective.

The picture is in the Collection at Osborne.

THE WATER-COLOUR DEPARTMENT  
OF THE  
ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

MAY we hope that the Turner sketches in water-colour at Marlborough House will one day assist in the formation of a collection of British water-colour art? May we venture to hope that such a collection will ever be formed? In answer to such a question it can only be said, that if we have a national feature in Art, it is our school of water-colour; and the formation of such a collection is certainly due to the *prestige* it enjoys. But whenever such addition is made to our museums, it is earnestly to be desired that it will appear as well in the form of a progressive and circumstantial history as in that of an illustrative collection. In little more than half a century this branch has been carried from a thin raw wash, to its ultimate perfection. When the fresco question was introduced in reference to the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, foreign professors and learned amateurs were in despair that British painters knew nothing of fresco-painting. But because fresco-painting was, after all, but water-colour painting, the surprise was great that mural painting was not only not difficult to members of our school, but that they became at once so excurive in execution as to essay in fresco the various means of effect to which they had been accustomed in water-colour. How eccentric soever may be some of the pictures in the Poets' Hall, there is at least one to which we can point, the greater part of which was five times cut out before the artist could satisfy himself. The earnestness of Michael Angelo, the fastidiousness of Correggio, or the severity of Raffaele, never did more than this. But to return to our pictures on paper: whatever may be said of their origin; much of the earlier excellence of the art is due to those professors who spent their lives as teachers, and that at a time when water-colour practice was deemed only within the extreme list of Art, and an invention cultivated only for the amusement of young people. And that is what Mr. Ruskin still considers, as he says, when he aims at teaching his pupils to paint the grandest phenomena of nature, "Make frequent memoranda of the variegations in flowers; not painting the flower completely, but laying the ground colour of one petal, and painting the spots on it with studious precision. . . . Be careful to get the *gradated* distribution of the spots well followed in the calceolarias, foxgloves, and the like," &c. This is very much the kind of instruction that the same master gives in proposing to instruct tyrones to register the grandest moods of nature, which he has elsewhere discussed eloquently but unprofitably. It is to be regretted that the water-colour exhibition at Manchester does not contain a greater variety of the beginnings of the art, showing the excellence it attained very early in miniature—some of the monochrome sketches of the great masters, and an example or two of fresco practice (which are to be had framed); for all these must be comprehended in any history of water-colour art. Thus it would be seen where the practice was left by foreign schools, and where our own painters found it. The degree of splendour to which it has been carried is sufficiently shown at Old Trafford. The earliest instances contained in the collection are entitled, "Man and Dogs," by Jacob Jordaens; "A Girl leaning over a Gate," by Rembrandt; "Exterior of a Cottage," by Van Ostade; Dutch Interiors, by Dusart; "Exterior—Garden and Portico," by Moucheron; "Poultry," by Shenstenburg; "A Female Head," by Watteau; and various sketches of flowers by Van Huysum, who died in 1749. Of the works of Paul Sandby there are sixteen, the subjects of which are views in various localities in England, Wales, and Scotland, as "Bothwell Castle, Clydesdale;" "Carnarvon Castle;" "View near Virginia Water;" "Hyde Park," &c. &c. It is generally considered that Sandby did much during his long life (he died at the age of eighty-four) to advance water-colour practice; and it is undoubtedly true that he did. From the dates affixed to his drawings exhibited here, we learn that they were all executed within a space of twenty-five years, commencing from 1770, when he was forty-five years of age. We have never before

seen so many of Sandby's works, and though their merit is comparatively great, we are in some degree disappointed at their want of enterprise, and the erudity of their forms, especially those of the trees. The means and appliances were not then what they are now; but we think that instead of a thin wash, more solidity might have been obtained. Nothing, however, can deprive this master of the honour due to him as the father of the British school of water-colour landscape art. There are two drawings by Reynolds, "The Triumph of Sculpture over Painting," and a portrait of Reynolds himself; but it will be at once understood that as figure sketches they have no reference to that particular branch which we are considering. By Gainsborough there are four sketches—"Cattle near a Pool," "Study," pen-and-ink wash for Sir T. Baring's picture; "Water Party in a Park;" and "Lady walking in the Park;" the last really an interesting work, with much of the feeling of his large oil portraits. John Cope, who died in 1794, seems to have had opportunities of seeing continental scenery, of which he successfully availed himself. His views in Italy, especially those of Florence, the "Isola Borromeo," and the "Villa Farnese," are productions of great truth and earnestness. Passing Byrne, Wheatley, Hamilton, and Rowlandson, we come to Girtin, to whom honour is due as one of our most distinguished pioneers; and with him worked a friend rejoicing in no less than four names; the last of which was his great patronymic, the other three being little known to the world—and this was Joseph Mallard William Turner; and we would rather have seen Turner's early works in their place by the side of Girtin's, and the men of the last quarter of the last century, than placed apart, as if the progress of the individual were independent of that of the school. The class of subject painted by Girtin may be understood from the titles of a few of his works, which are "Interior of Exeter Cathedral;" "Ely Cathedral;" "Helmsley Castle, Yorkshire;" "Carrow Castle," &c.; and among his studies are some which will never be surpassed in natural truth. Near these works are several figure compositions, simple in subject, but highly meritorious in execution, by Thomas Heaphy, of which some of the titles are, "Quarrelling at Cards;" "The Mother;" and "Stealing the Tart." At the commencement of the present century teachers of drawing multiplied rapidly, and a knowledge of water-colour execution began to be considered an elegant accomplishment. But in those days exhibitions were not so popular as they have become since, and the taste for, and education in, Art, were not so extensively cultivated as in our time. Though the reputation of these artists was limited, it may be justly said that their works ought to have won for them a higher distinction than they enjoyed during their industrious lives. There are some admirably spirited drawings by Bonington, who, such was his skill in either craft, claims to be regarded as a painter of high pretension in both oil and water. His works here are, "A Felucca;" "Coast Scene;" "Verona;" "Venice;" "On the Scheldt;" and "Sea Piece and Pier." His manner in small works is extremely playful, yet decided, having produced, as is evident in his sketches, precisely the effect he desired frequently with one sweep of his brush; and notwithstanding what our French neighbours may say about the characteristic points of their school, they have clearly learnt much from Richard Bonington. John Constable is another of our originators to whom the French school of landscape is deeply indebted. For ourselves, we have gone on our way rejoicing, the good old rule, *quisque pro se*, ever prevailing among us.

And now we arrive at a period when what Mr. Ruskin calls the "pestilent" practice of sponging, or washing, becomes common. Turner washed and sponged, and Mr. Ruskin has vehemently lauded some of Turner's finest effects, produced only by this process. When Varley was asked by a well-known patron of Art how he produced such an exquisite effect in a certain work, he replied that it could be only done by this process, and the drawing had been washed at least fifteen times. It is generally found in water-colour practice that half measures are not successful; the most effective and spirited works result either from repeated washes, or decisive execution without washes. Among these drawings there are many which are not the productions

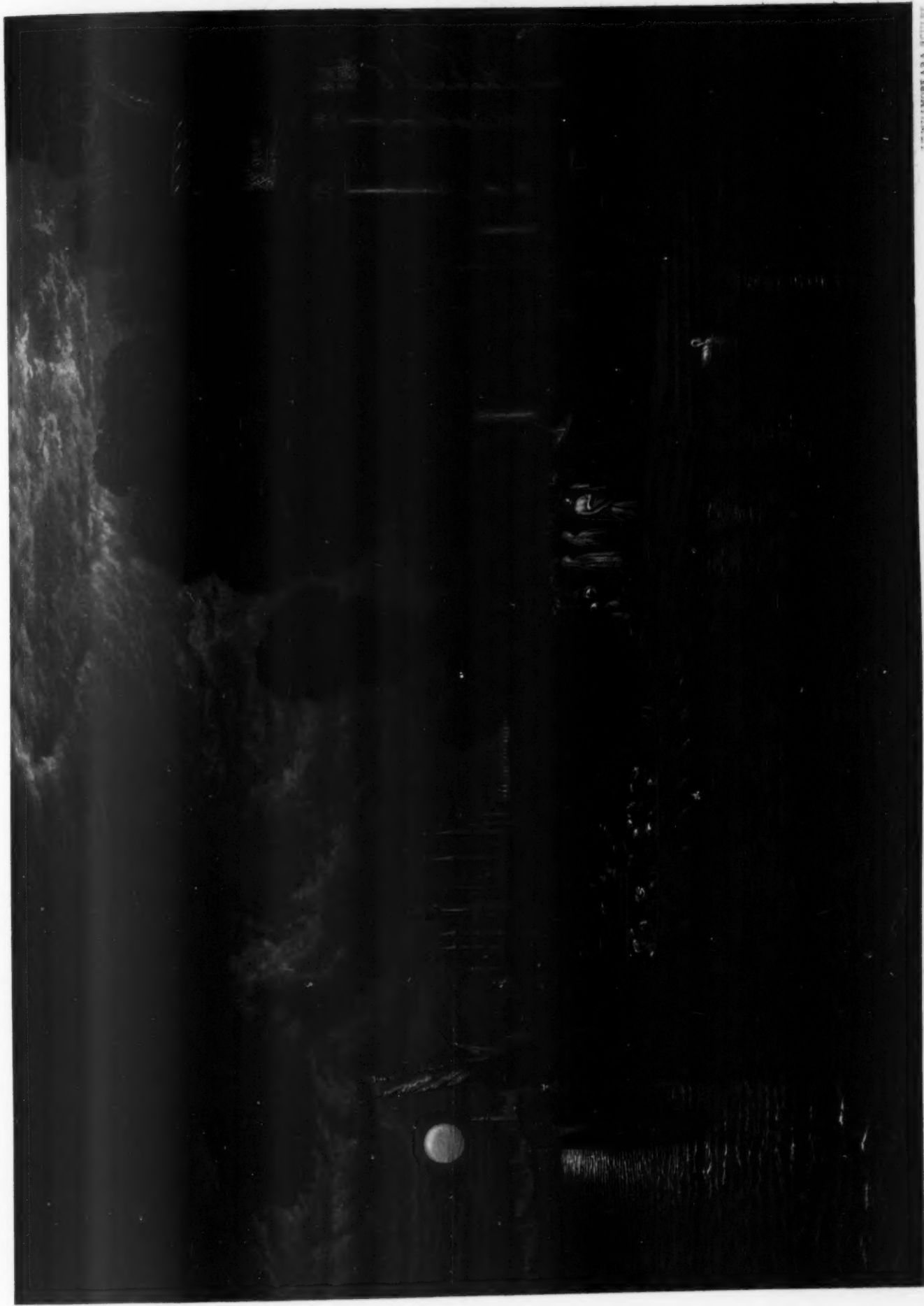


PLATE I. A. FINE

J. WILKINSON & CO. SCULPTORS

GATE OF THE SERAGLIO—CONSTANTINOPLE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY THE PIONEERS.



2 NO 57

of professed water-colour painters; at these, therefore, we do not look as indicative of the progress of the art. By Robson there are three drawings, they are, "On the Donne," "London Bridge—Sunset," and "Durham;" an insufficient representation, we think, of this painter. Neither Flaxman, nor Cruikshank, nor Bewick, have any claim to be here, but they are nevertheless represented; and of Stothard there are no less than nineteen examples; and he is succeeded by Austin, Westall, Constable, Clennell, Chambers, Danby, and Wilkie,—the majority of whom were professors of oil painting, their productions in water-colour being only intended as subsidiary to their larger works. It was Wilkie's tours in Spain and in the Holy Land that compelled him to water-colour practice, for which purpose he used paper slightly tinted, employing Chinese white with his flesh colours. George Barret is represented by six drawings, some of which are of extraordinary beauty; the warm effulgence of his best works was produced by washes: and there are eight drawings by Varley, mannered, but full of poetry and touching sentiment. It was, we think, Constable who indulged in much pleasantries at Varley's brief recipe for execution, which was, "the warm grey, and the cool grey, and the round touch." With any such abiding rule of practice, no painter can avoid becoming a mannerist. Varley is followed by Reinagle, West, Calcott, Owen, Haydon, Collins, and others, who did nothing to advance the art. From the portfolios of Müller there are thirteen sketches, the majority of which were made during his tour in the East; some of his most finished works were his studies for his Renaissance series, but none of these are here.

In the room No. 2 we find the works of some of the giants of the art. There are a dozen drawings by Dewint, who painted nothing but British scenery, here and there free in execution, but most natural in colour; of these examples may be named "Lowther Castle;" "Lincoln Cathedral;" "Sketch on the Wye;" "Neath Abbey;" indeed, all are worthy of most honourable mention. In the early and more finished works of Dewint nothing is more enchanting than his Welsh subjects; the breadth, tone, and feeling of those landscapes are beyond all praise. For Samuel Prout we have ever had the highest respect; how eccentric and mannered soever he may be, his works possess high artistic excellence; but we cannot go the length that Ruskin does, in recommending them to the imitation of students, after which he proceeds to say,—"Then work from nature, not trying to Proutise nature by breaking smooth buildings into rough ones, but only drawing what you see with Prout's simple method and firm lines. Don't copy his coloured works; they are good, but not at all equal to his chalk and pencil drawings; and you will become a mere imitator, and a very feeble imitator, if you use colour at all in Prout's method. I have not space to explain why this is so—it would take a long piece of reasoning; trust me for the statement." It is not at all surprising that Mr. Ruskin should venture to print such precepts as his book contains, since he has already sent forth matter much more censurable. Can it be supposed that if the manner of Prout were fitted to be a basis of imitation for a school, that there is wanting the sagacity among painters not to have discovered this before. Prout's works—that is, his earlier pictures—are charming; but that he is not followed is, because it would be most unsafe to imitate any manner so loudly pronounced. So much of late has been said of Turner that we shall say of him here as little as possible. Of his works there are upwards of eighty examples, from the first exhibited drawing to the last sketch—the former being "The Ruins of Malmebury Abbey," and the latter "An Alpine Pass," the property of H. A. J. Munro, Esq. This series alone contains an epitome of the progress of the art; for Turner tried all known resources and availed himself of everything which he believed would assist him in expression. We find him, therefore, now intensely jealous of the disembodied purity of his colours; now mysteriously opaque, with white tinted with every colour of his palette; now hastily—peremptorily—finishing everything with a touch, and leaving it with one flood of colour of many rugged outlines;—or, again, finishing with consecutive washes which seem to have dissolved the paper into the picture. Oil painting is not susceptible of such

a substantive variety of manner; and no professor has ever in his life-time seen any branch of fine Art arise and flourish in mature bloom as Turner has seen—(*paraque ejus fuit*)—water-colour painting. We look here on the practice of one man during a term of at least half a century, with all its vicissitudes and eccentricities. The truth of very much that Ruskin has written about Turner must be admitted; but it can never be received that he was the only painter that ever understood nature. The best productions of the master require no written eulogy; the praise of all who see them cannot be expressed otherwise than by a burst of enthusiasm—for who unmoved could look on such pictures as, "Llanberis Lake," "Durham," "Daren Castle," "Arundel Castle," "The Bass Rock," "Florence," "Lucerne by Moonlight," "Kusanacht"? These we mention especially, because in all collections of one man's productions there is inequality of merit. Copley Fielding enjoyed an enduring and well-earned popularity, even to the end of his successful career: he is represented by twenty-one admirable drawings, in which his feeling for the sunny downs of Sussex, and the stormy North Sea is sufficiently patent. By John Absohn there are nine drawings of great merit; and a few by George Dodgson, each of which has an inwrought strain of the sweetest poetry.

When we look upon the drawings of George Catmerole, it is but to renew our lament that he should forsake these inimitable things, and seek to disguise himself in oil. There never was a wider range of subject than he takes, for from history and poetry down to the arithmetical zero, he makes pictures of everything and nothing. There are no less than thirty-one of these most ingeniously composed drawings, and among them is the famous "Sir Biorn surrounded by the armour of his ancestors." John Gilbert, another most fertile designer, is represented by only three drawings, of which "Richard II. resigning his Crown" is one. Then comes David Cox, who now for nearly fifty years has been constant to the Royal Oak at Bettws; for he, like Copley Fielding, is content to paint home scenery. By Carl Haag there are some exquisite compositions, and some of Louis Haghe's best pictures; and a long list of the bright studies of William Hunt, painted from anything, but especially those spade-fuls of turf cut from under the hedgerow of some green lane; and different views of the boy who cut them, in "The Attack," "The Defeat," "Too Hot," &c. Hunt, like others whom we have mentioned, is an originator, and his excellence is of a kind that places him beyond the reach of imitation. The examples of Harding do not show him as he ought to be seen. His life has been a long career of exertion as a master, and we know of none whose manner and feeling have been more extensively imitated, not only at home but throughout Europe. His innumerable lithographs have been most profitably studied, and the results of such influence are recognisable in oft-recurring instances. The masterly treatment of "The Falls of the Tummell," "Sunrise on the Bernese Alps," "On the coast near Marseilles," a "Viaduct and Landscape near Llan-gollen," shows a decision of manner which is the very perfection of water-colour execution. Bartholomew has reached the limits of flower-painting in water-colours—nothing can be more brilliant and natural than his "Convulvuli," "Hollyhocks," &c. There are many minutely-finished examples of Joseph Nash; and, by J. F. Lewis, a selection comprehending studies from his oriental sketches, and others of an earlier time—Spanish and Italian subjects. The Breton incidents of Jenkins, highly finished, and qualified by the most effecting expression—will be seen with increased interest by all to whom they are already familiar in engraving. The selection from the works of David Roberts is very numerous, presenting scenes in various parts of Europe, and also in the East. Many of these drawings are of exquisite beauty, having been very highly wrought for engraving.

But we have not space in any wise to do justice to so many precious works, any of which might supply a chapter in the history of water-colour art, a volume of which might be written on the productions of Frederick Tayler, F. W. Topham, Duncan, G. A. Fripp, Holland, W. Lee, T. M. Richardson, Pyne, Corbould, Bennett, Davidson, Poole, Warren, Wehnert, &c., &c.; and these we have mentioned are only a portion of the painters whose works are

contributed to this superb exhibition. But it will be observed that we have mentioned principally the works of men distinguished as purely water-colour painters, though the catalogue abounds with the names of gifted men highly distinguished in oil painting, which is the department wherein they have achieved their reputation.

It is difficult to believe that any further improvement can be accomplished in water-colour execution. We have seen everything done in pure water-colour painting—its power of depth, richness, harmony, atmosphere, and, above all, luminous quality, can never be surpassed, and with white and opaque colour every imaginable result has been obtained. All effects procurable by means of oil painting were exemplified centuries ago; but it has been left for our school to bring to perfection painting in water-colour. The collection at Manchester is such as we may never see again; it contains certainly a great proportion of the best works in this class; and, by an assemblage of the labours of each artist, the amateur is materially aided in the just conception of the taste and compass of each painter. And it must not be forgotten that the labours of the painter have been most efficiently seconded by the colour-maker. Never was so much ingenious and unwearying enterprise manifested in the production of the ancillary auxiliaries of Art, as we have of late years seen promoted for the advancement, especially, of this branch of Art. It is not enough to say that our colours and papers are of transcendent excellence, but every other aid that science can devise has been introduced for the furtherance of the quality of these pictures. If any other provincial city propose to form another collection of "Art Treasures," we know not whence they could be gathered together. It is to be feared that the stores have been exhausted by the men of Manchester.

## THE APPLICATION OF IMPROVED MACHINERY AND MATERIALS TO ART-MANUFACTURE.

No. 11.—ON SOME PHYSICAL AND CHEMICAL PECULIARITIES OBSERVED IN DYEING.

### INDIGO.

Is there not a natural law regulating the distribution of colour, in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, over the surface of the earth? Is not the delicate appreciation of colour—the feeling of achromatic harmony, so strikingly evidenced by some races—a psychological phenomenon mainly dependent upon the influences of external nature?

In the organic world we may, upon careful examination, discover zones of colour, which are regulated, to a great extent, by the influences of LIGHT. This is most strikingly shown under those conditions where we have, as in the ocean, the luminous power diminishing in a regular order. All those plants and animals which inhabit the region between high and low-water mark, and are consequently exposed to the full influences of the solar radiations, are varied in colour, and rich in the hues with which they are adorned. As we descend zone after zone in depth, we find them becoming less and less perfect in their organisation, and their external colours gradually fade, until eventually we find every plant and animal assuming either a dull neutral tint or becoming purely white.

If we examine the prevailing colours of the terrestrial zones, we find that the plants and animals of the Arctic regions exhibit but little variety of colour; and the birds and the flowers of even the temperate zone are less brilliant in their plumage, and less deeply tinted in their leaves, than those which rejoice in those climes where the sun is ever

"Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,  
Till love falls asleep in its sameness of splendour."

Some one has proposed to represent those chromatic phenomena by the colours of the prismatic spectrum: the most refrangible rays, the indigo and violet, representing the colours of the colder climes; the brighter blue, and the lively green, the region of tempered light and heat; while the least refrangible rays, or the yellow, orange, and red, were regarded as typical of the equatorial realms,



where nature rejoices in "one unclouded blaze of living light."

Within the same zones may be found man in widely different stages of civilisation; yet whether we examine

"The poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind  
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind,"

or the inhabitant of those kingdoms where the highest order of civilisation has spread its humanising influences, we shall still find that the ornaments with which the human form is decorated have a prevailing colour, and that that colour varies in character or in degree with the latitude. There is a deeper philosophy in this than appears at first; it is one of those fine clues which, if followed through the windings of the maze, will lead to a development of some of the mysterious influences of matter upon mind, of physical force upon psychological phenomena. In time, as in space, we find the same conditions prevailing: from the earliest ages the oriental peoples have been addicted to the use of the decided primary colours, while the inhabitants of the northern climes have chiefly indulged in secondary combinations, or in varieties of neutral tint.

The art of dyeing dates from the most remote antiquity. The relics of Babylon, Assyria, and Egypt,—especially the mummy cloths and ornaments,—show us the high perfection to which the art of dyeing had arrived amongst these nations. The Phœnicians introduced, to Europe and all the countries with which those merchants of Tyre traded, the use of the Tyrian purple, and, in all probability the Kermes,—the Alkermes of, and derived from, the Arabians.

The first named colour was derived from a shell-fish found abundantly in the Ægean Sea, belonging to the family *Entomostomata*, the particular species employed being the *Buccinum Lapillus* of Linnaeus, the *Purpura Persica* of De Blainville. Many of the *Purpura* produce a fluid which gives a crimson dye; it may be obtained by pressing on the operculum. The *Purpura Lapillus* abounds on the British coast; this is the species known as the *Whelk*, so commonly exposed for sale in the streets of London. From this common variety the colour may be obtained; and, in 1684, we find Mr. William Cox of Bristol describing in the *Philosophical Transactions* the process by which a purple dye, analogous to the purple of the ancients, may be obtained. His description is so curious and interesting, that no excuse is made for quoting it:—

"The shells being harder than most of the other kinds, are to be broken with a smart stroke with a hammer on a plate of iron or firm piece of timber (with their mouths downwards), so as not to crush the body of the fish within; the broken pieces being picked off, there will appear a white vein, lying transversely in a little furrow or cleft next to the head of the fish, which must be dug out with the stiff point of a horsehair pencil, being made short and tapering. The letters, figures, or what else shall be made on the linen (and perhaps silk too), will presently appear of a pleasant light green colour, and, if placed in the sun, will change into the following colours—i. e. if in winter, about noon; if in the summer, an hour or two after sunrise, and so much before setting, for in the heat of the day in summer the colours will come on so fast, that the succession of each colour will scarcely be distinguished.

"Next to the first light green it will appear of a deep green, and in a few minutes more it will alter into a watchet blue; from that, in a little time more, it will be of a purplish red, after which, lying an hour or two, supposing the sun still shining, it will be of a very deep purple red, beyond which the sun can do no more. But, then, the last and most beautiful colour, after washing in scalding water and soap, will (the matter being again put into the sun or wind to dry) be of a fair bright crimson, or near to the prince's colour, which afterwards, notwithstanding there is no use of any styptic to bind the colour, will continue the same, if well ordered, as I have found in handkerchiefs that have been washed more than forty times, only it will be somewhat allayed from what it was after the first washing. While the cloth so writ upon lies in the sun it will yield a very strong and fetid smell, as if garlic and asafetida were mixed together."

With the exception of the reds produced from Kermes, and the cochineal, it is very seldom that any animal dye is now employed. Most modern blues and purples are obtained from vegetable productions—such as indigo and logwood—and from mineral compounds—such as Prussian blue. Our purpose, at present, will be best served by restricting attention to one of these "dye stuffs," and indigo appears the most suitable.

Indigo belongs to a species of leguminous plant found in India, Africa, and America. This shrub never grows more than three feet high. It nearly resembles our broom in its seeds and branches; its small leaves are blue green; it is sown in the summer, and cut down at Christmas. The plant is triennial, and produces three sorts of indigo. That of the first year, while the plant is young and full of sap, is very coarse and heavy, of a brownish cast, and sinks in water. This is one test for indigo, the fine varieties floating on that liquid. When the plant is two years old it yields the best Spanish indigo, of a purple cast, floating lightly upon water, and when rubbed between hard substances becoming bronzy. The product of the third year is seldom so good as that even of the first.

There are two methods by which the colouring matter can be extracted from indigo. The first is by fermenting the leaves, and the second is by allowing the leaves to change colour by exposure to the sun. The fermentation process is that which is usually adopted. The indigo plant, when cut, is tied up in bundles about five feet in circumference, and conveyed as quickly as possible to the vat. When the vat is sufficiently filled with the vegetable, a bamboo grating is placed over it, and fastened down, and cold water is poured into the vat, until it rises to within three or four inches of the upper edges. In a short time fermentation commences, and is completed in about twelve hours. Before drawing off the liquor, and while the fluid is flowing from the vent-peg at the bottom of the vat a process of beating is adopted, the object of which is to separate all the indigo from the liquor. The blue precipitate is collected, and, after undergoing two or three kinds of treatment, which it is not necessary to describe, it is cut in small cakes, and dried, forming the indigo of commerce.

Indigo appears to exist in the plant as white indigo, and in the process of fermentation it changes to the blue. Upon this Sir R. Kane has some excellent remarks. "The indigo is secreted in the cellular tissue of the leaf in a form (white indigo) which can be artificially produced; it is then colourless, and remains so as long as the tissue of the leaf is perfect. When the leaf begins to wither, oxygen is absorbed, and the indigo assuming its colour, the leaves become covered with a number of blue points, the first appearance of which shows that the period for collecting them has arrived. The fresh leaves are thrown into large vats with some water, and pressed down by weights. After some time a kind of mucous fermentation sets in. Carbonic acid, ammonia, and hydrogen, are evolved, and a yellow liquor is obtained, which holds all the indigo dissolved. This is separated, mixed with lime-water, and then exposed to the air until the indigo becomes blue and insoluble, and is completely deposited as a precipitate. The theory of this action is, that by the putrefaction of the vegeto-animal matter of the leaves, the indigo is kept in the same white soluble condition in which it exists in the plant; and a clear solution of it being thus obtained, it is precipitated, according as it absorbs oxygen, in a much purer form than otherwise could be effected. The putrefying pasty mass of leaves, obtained from the *Isatis tinctoria*, constitutes the *wood* or *wad* employed in the hot indigo bath for dyeing cloth. Blue indigo, obtained by the above process is still a mixture of several bodies—as indigo red, indigo brown, and indigo gluten, which are removed by repeated treatment with alcohol and dilute acids and alkalis. When pure, precipitated indigo is a rich blue powder, which, when rubbed by a knife, assumes the colour of metallic copper, it is perfectly insoluble; when cautiously heated, it sublimes in rectangular prisms of a dark purple colour and metallic lustre."

By the gradual oxidation of indigo, a substance is formed which crystallises in large red prisms, and is termed by Laurent *isatine*. If we treat indigo with nitric acid, two new and remarkable bodies are formed, called the *anilic* and *picric* acids. The che-

mical composition of indigo is, according to M. Dumas and Mr. Crum,—

Carbon . . . . .	32
Hydrogen . . . . .	10
Oxygen . . . . .	4
Nitrogen . . . . .	2

Here we have a colouring matter of the greatest intensity, from which we prepare several peculiar and beautiful blues and purples, by some modification of the following combinations:—

*Saxon Blue*. A pound of best Spanish indigo is mixed with eight pounds of strong oil of vitriol, and digested together with agitation for a few days.

*Royal Purple*. This is a mixture of *wadder* dye with indigo, the whole rendered alkaline by pearl-ashes.

*Dark Royal Blue* is a combination of orchil with indigo.

*Mazarine blue*, a mixture of indigo and cochineal.

The importance of indigo has led to a very careful examination of its chemical qualities; and hence we are acquainted with several remarkable peculiarities in connection with this substance. If indigo is brought into contact with any body having a powerful affinity for oxygen, it is turned *white*. White indigo is soluble, blue indigo insoluble; the chemical difference between these two indigos being, according to Dumas:—

	Blue.	White.
Carbon . . . . .	32	32
Hydrogen . . . . .	10	12
Oxygen . . . . .	2	2
Nitrogen . . . . .	2	2

the only difference here represented being that white indigo contains two proportionals of hydrogen more than the blue variety. This is not, however, in strict accordance with what we find taking place with other colouring matters. *Chlorophyll*, the green colouring matter of leaves, and the colouring matter of flowers, we know to be due to the oxidation of colourless carbon compounds. Liebig holds a view in many respects different from that of Dumas; but the essential difference is, that Liebig supposed the existence of a substance in the indigo plant containing no oxygen, which he calls *anyle*: white indigo is *anyle*, with the addition of one proportional of oxygen and one of water; while blue indigo is *anyle*, with two proportions of oxygen, and no water. A knowledge of these facts enables the dyer to prepare a solution of dyeing matter from white indigo, which he could not obtain, without the use of strong acids, to an injurious extent, by any other means.

We give a solid dye of indigo blue to wool by plunging it into an alkaline solution of *indigo white*, and then exposing it to contact of the air; thus we have a beautiful exemplification of the effect of oxygen in giving colour. Prior to leaving this peculiar substance, indigo, it should be noticed that there are two preparations which promise to be of great importance to the dyer. If we add common nitric acid to powdered indigo, and apply heat until the blue colour disappears and a yellow solution is formed, from this we may obtain crystals of *isatine*, which are beautiful, splendid, reddish-brown, hexagonal prisms, with a rhombic base. These crystals are volatile, slightly soluble in water, and very soluble in alcohol or ether. If *isatine* be heated with potash, we form *aniline*; and from this aniline one of the most beautiful permanent purple dyes is now obtained. When it is remembered that we are dealing with compounds of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, in certain proportions, and that the physical character of the substance is altered by the slightest variation in its chemical constitution, we can understand how the chemist may make in his laboratory, by artificial treatment, those colouring-matters which nature has eliminated, under the influences of the physical forces, in the organic world. Aniline, therefore, may be obtained by distilling *oil of coal tar*, first heating the oil with chlorohydric acid, which unites with the basic oils. These form the lowest layer, which is to be neutralised with milk of lime, or an alkali, and the oil which separates is to be distilled. A white fluid condenses in the first instance, containing aniline and *leucol*. This mixture is purified by treating it with acids and alkalis successively; and lastly, by heating it with oxalic acid, and decomposing the oxalate by

potash. Aniline may also be obtained from *nitrobenzide*, one of those hydro-carbon compounds which have their popular representative in benzoic acid, or the aromatic flowers of Benjamin. Aniline is readily detected by its producing in minute quantities, with solutions of chloride of lime, a fine *violet blue*, resembling the ammoniacal oxide of copper—that intense and beautiful blue which ornaments the windows of our druggists.

From the offensive refuse of our gas-works we are now obtaining the aromatic benzoic acid, and several other most fragrant perfumes; and from the dark and dirty oil found in the gas liquor, we obtain one of the most beautiful and brilliant dyes. The question naturally arises in the minds of reflecting persons, how is the colour given to wool, silk, or cotton? Does it exist as fine particles distributed through the fibres, or is it a combination of colouring matter with the animal or vegetable material? Bergman was the first to show us that something like affinity between the fibre and the dye stuff existed. Having plunged wool and silk into two different vessels containing a solution of indigo in sulphuric acid, diluted with a great deal of water, he observed that the wool abstracted much of the colouring-matter, and took a deep blue tint, but that the silk was hardly changed. He ascribed the difference to the greater affinity subsisting between the particles of sulphate of indigo and wool, than between those and silk; and he showed that the affinity of the wool is sufficiently energetic to render the solution colourless, by attracting the whole of the indigo, while that of the silk can separate only a little of it. He thence concluded that dyes owed both their permanence and their depth to the intensity of that attractive force. Dyeing must, no doubt, be considered as a play of affinities, not exactly chemical, but rather of a mechanical character—an exertion by the fibres, whether of cotton, wool, and silk, of what has been called by Professor Graham the *osmose force*. Every intelligent reader is now acquainted with capillary attraction, with the condensation of gases in the pores of charcoal, with the phenomenon of the Doberiner instantaneous light-lamp, and with the peculiar actions of porous walls of clay, or of animal membrane, known as *exosmose* and *endosmose*. These are all operations of some similar mechanical force, residing upon the surface of all matter; and to the exertion of this power we have, no doubt, to refer the operations of dyeing. Dufay says, we have to consider in dyeing the play of affinities between the liquid medium in which the dye is dissolved, and the fibrous substance to be dyed. When wool is plunged into a bath containing cochineal, tartar, and salt of tin, it readily assumes a beautiful scarlet hue, but when cotton is subjected to the same bath, it receives only a very feeble pink tinge. A cloth woven of woollen warp and cotton weft was manufactured by Dufay: this cloth was exposed to the fulling-mill, in order that both kinds of fibres might receive the same treatment. He then exposed it to the scarlet dye; he found that the woollen threads became of a vivid red, while the cotton continued white. By studying these differences of affinity, and by varying the preparations and processes with the same or different dye stuffs, an indefinite variety of colours may be obtained. For the purpose of extending this power, and indeed of calling in the action of chemical in addition to mechanical force, *mordants* are employed. These bodies were supposed, in the infancy of the art of dyeing, to seize the fibres by an agency analogous to that of the teeth of animals, and were hence called mordants, from the Latin verb *mordere*, to bite.

Mordants may be regarded as not only fixing, but also occasionally modifying the dye, by forming with the colouring particles an insoluble compound, which is deposited within the textile fabric. Dyes which are capable of passing from the soluble to the insoluble state, and of thus becoming permanent without the addition of a mordant, are called *substantive*, and all the others have been called *adjective* colours. Indigo and tannin have been regarded as substantive colours; but probably atmospheric oxygen so modifies these colouring agents in the process of fixation, as to remove those also to the list of adjective colours, the oxygen playing for them the part of a mordant. It is not possible at present to enter on the examination of the peculiarities exhibited by different mordants. This may

probably form the subject of another paper, as it is our intention to return to the consideration of some other dye stuffs, to describe the modes in which they are employed in giving colour to various textile fabrics, and to illustrate some of the peculiarities of calico-printing.

The chief point, in conclusion, to which attention may be drawn, is the important part played by the oxygen of the air in giving colour to various substances, as indigo, colouring matter of leaves, &c.; and, again, to the fact that in every case of the destruction of colour under the influences of light or heat, it is oxygen which becomes the discolouring agent. This all-important gaseous element, in the first place, gives that beauty to nature which is due to colour,—and to it all the brilliancy of Art and of Art-manufacture are due: yet this same agent no sooner produces that which is brilliant and beautiful in the highest degree, than it begins its work of destruction. That which has been called *eremacausis*—from the Greek words, signifying slow combustion—commences with the germination of the seeds of the cotton-plant, and, checked through the whole period of the growth of the plant by the exercise of vegetable vitality, it again exerts its power the moment the plant ceases to live; and in every stage, until the textile fabric falls to dust, the oxygen is slowly and surely destroying both colour and texture. The active agent of life is an equally active agent in the process of decay.

ROBERT HUNT.

### THE FOREIGN PICTURES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE portion of the building which is allotted as a picture gallery, is extremely well adapted for the display of such works. The light is broad and unbroken, and the amplitude of the space admits of each work being hung in a place suitable to it. The large pictures are numerous; they are advantageously seen, being removed from the eye; and with respect to smaller productions of elaborate manipulation, their most subtle pencilling is perfectly distinguishable. We notice now only the foreign art, although the gallery contains pictures by Stanfield, Roberts, Creswick, Ansell, Leslie, Cross, Knight, and a long catalogue of well-known British Artists. Many of the works by which they are represented are among their most celebrated productions: and from a long list of French painters who give their support to the gallery, we select at random the names of Deveria, Le Poittevin, Flandin, de St. François, Schopin, Jacquand, Comte de Balleray, Kiorboe,—but the catalogue extends to some seventy names, which it is not necessary to detail.

It is rare to meet with a miscellany of foreign pictures without seeing numerous examples of what we call historical art treated according to the principles of the grand style. Of this class is "The Recantation of Galileo," by F. Reichert, of Berlin,—the philosopher being, of course, the prominent figure of the composition, the left of which is occupied by his persecutors, among whom are conspicuously a cardinal, a bishop, and a group of inferior ecclesiastics, while on the right are the soldiers and officers, in whose charge he has been brought before the tribunal. He has turned from the court, and we may suppose him to be enunciating his unbroken faith in his theory "*Nondimeno—muove*." But the artist has not had a good portrait of Galileo: there are three in the gallery at Florence, two of which we believe have been engraved. It is, however, a fine picture, the impersonations are full of life and character, and the subject bespeaks its source. "The Decadence of Italy," T. Couture, is also a composition of life-sized figures, rather poetical than allegorical, conceived in the efflorescence of the sentimentalism of the art and literature of our French neighbours. The idea is embodied in a party of voluptuaries, who might constitute a foreground group of the party of ten, who retired to that famous garden at Fiesole during the plague at Florence. The figures are attired in what is called mediæval costume; the prevalent expression is that of exhaustion from sensual indulgence, there is no political element; we read, therefore, that Italy, during its decadence, was one universal *Capua*, and thus the

work is impressive in its description of the *abandon* of pleasurable excess. The subject of "Tintoretto Painting his Daughter after Death," has been several times treated by foreign painters; it is a subject especially suitable to the feeling of the French school. The picture here, which is by Louis David, is composed of two life-sized figures; the daughter extended in death upon a couch, and the far-famed painter standing by her with his hand on her heart, as if doubting that it had ceased to beat. This version of the story is extremely simple, there is nothing in the picture to detract from the importance of the figures to which the narrative is entirely confined. Perhaps the stately red robe of the painter might have been dispensed with,—it is an investiture not becoming to the sad circumstances of the incident, the detail of which is simply in the relation between the figures. "The Death of Tasso," by Jos. Bettelman, is also a picture of historical dimensions, painted with a full and nervous touch, and very elaborately studied as a *chiaro-oscuro* effect. The dying man is extended on a couch, and grasps in one hand a scroll, inscribed "Gerusalemme Liberata," and the other is held by a physician, as if to learn the moment of the departure of the spirit—a light is cast on the features from a torch held by a monk who stands by the bed-side; the effect is suitable to the subject, being solemn and mysterious.

"The Death of Louis the Ninth," E. Bewer. This event took place in the year 1270, somewhere near the site of Carthage, and on the occasion of a second crusade undertaken by this king, notwithstanding the disastrous results of a similar enterprise undertaken by him some years before. His death was occasioned by a pestilence, which destroyed also numbers of his followers. He lies upon a lofty couch in the open plain, or rather near the seashore (though this is not apparent in the picture), surrounded by all the pomp and military circumstance of the time, and regarded with a veneration of one worthy of canonization in the middle ages. It is an historical work of the class of those that record the earlier history of France at Versailles, and it is quite equal to the best of them. Another work similar as to the material of its composition, though differing in sentiment, is "The Battle of Antioch," by Zwick, which represents a gorgeous *mêlée* of Christian and infidel knights. If the painter be of a northern school, we may suppose that he paints here—

"La gente candida e blonda,  
Che tra i Franchi e i Germani e'l mar si giace,  
Ove la Mosa, ed ove il Reno inonda,  
Terra di biade e d'animal ferace;"

and nothing can be more chivalrous than the bearing of these soldiers of the cross. Tasso describes men who are beyond all human wants, and the artist has succeeded in giving to both sides much of the elevation of the verse, and power enough to accomplish the fabulous feats attributed to Godfrey, Robert, and others of these irresistible chiefs. "Roland Grème," by Deville, is a large picture, in which the wayward *protégé* of the Lady Glendinning is presented in association with the knightly accessories of the time. When Roland declared himself a gentleman, Mistress Lilian added, "Such a gentleman as I would cut out of a bean-pod with a rusty knife:" but the artist is more just in his impersonation, for he places Roland before us strictly according to the text.

"The Captivity of Babylon," by Mdlle. Louise Guimard, is a good subject, but it has been so frequently painted, and by men of the highest rank in Art, that unless it be brought forward with points of rare excellence, each ulterior version loses by comparison with these more signal efforts. "Episode of the Retreat from Moscow," C. Verlaet. There is undoubtedly much of fearful truth in this picture, for, we believe, that the horrors of that retreat cannot be exaggerated. It is a large picture, and the "episode" turns on the fate of a solitary charger, that has sunk in the snow, which covers far and near the boundless steppe. We may suppose that the rider has fallen a prey to wolves, which are now about to attack the horse. This fearful passage of French history has been fruitful in subject-matter to the painters of the native school, but the truthful simplicity of this work is equal to the best of those that have preceded it: there are no figures, it is consequently entirely free from a certain conventional affectation, which even vitiates sometimes the best



productions of the French school. "Gipsies," Diaz. There are many of the continental painters who yet adhere to a free and sketchy manner, and not the least successful of these is Diaz; he is certainly assisted by his subjects, but this, and all others of his works, sufficiently testify to his knowledge of form. We would scarcely expect that such freedom of execution would linger so long in a school in which a severe academic discipline in education admits of nothing approaching any laxity of manner. "Constantinople from the Golden Horn," by Eugene Flaminio, is a large painting, presenting from the water a view of that part of Constantinople—including also the palace of the Sultan—which rises like an amphitheatre from the water's edge. The entire field of view is covered with buildings, all as accurately realised as if they had been painted from a photograph. It is a remarkable production, and so circumstantial in its detail, as to afford a succinct epitome of Turkish life. The picture is large—bearing everywhere evidences of patient and resolute labour.

Of the single figure pictures there is one which we cannot pass without notice, it is entitled "The Orphan," and is painted by D. F. Langée; the subject is embodied by a child, so disposed, with regard to expression and circumstance, as to describe the lowest depth of human destitution. Towards destitution the result of crime, the heart is not moved; but this is clearly a picture of innocence in affliction, and it appeals at once to our better feelings. There is very little colour in it, and it is very low in tone, but it nevertheless evidences masterly power, with convictions contrary to much of the charlatanism of Art.

There are several works by Eugene Le Poittevin, especially a charming production entitled "The Farm," consisting of a piece of rural scenery, apparently painted on the spot, into which are introduced two foreground figures, a woman and a country lad. The work contains more of the character of nature and less of the ideal than we usually find in the works of this painter; the figures are exquisitely finished, and the picture altogether is among the freshest we have ever seen by the painter. Another by the same hand, is entitled "The Coast of Brittany," in which are seen boats and figures—a class of subjects that Le Poittevin has much cultivated. In a cattle picture by Troyon, may be recognised those characteristics of nature which distinguish all his works. This is a large work, containing only a few cows, and describing a race of cattle which has not been refined by what is called "breeding." The fine limbs and shining coats of our own oxen are not here, but we have what we recognise as nature, unqualified by the arts of man. It is really an admirable work, valuable for that kind of simplicity which it is so difficult to attain. "Tickling with a Straw," H. de Beaumont, will be at once understood as a *genre* picture: it shows a girl who has fallen asleep at her spinning-wheel, and some children take advantage of the circumstance to "tickle her with a straw." A very simple subject, entitled "An Algerian Marabout," by J. de St. François, is a work of a high degree of merit: it represents only a solitary building in an open country, but the effect under which it is brought forward is admirable; in ordinary hands such material would be stale and unprofitable, but as it is here presented, it constitutes a production of much excellence. The artist has, we observe, other works here, but this by many degrees excels the others. Koeckkoeck contributes a marine picture of much merit; the subject seems, from the low shore, to be on the Dutch coast: it contains boats, figures, and an effectively painted rough sea. There is another marine subject by Gudin, but of a different character: it represents a sea fight. "The Housewife," D. F. Langée, is a very simple but a very attractive study, although only of an old woman stooping and taking a loaf of bread out of a chiffonnière. We have already mentioned "The Orphan" by this artist, and there are other works by him, executed in the same taste and with little show of colour. "The Reverie," G. de Jonghe, is a study of a lady in modern attire, seated in an attitude of thought; the figure tells forcibly against a broad light background; the dress, a dark silk, affords a perfect imitation of the material. "The Intercepted Letter," by the Baron Jolly, is a composition very much in the feeling of the earlier Dutch school: the draperies in this picture are really most

meritorious. By H. Leys, a "Battle between Huguenots and Spaniards in Antwerp," illustrates a street *mêlée*, the combatants being equipped in the picturesque military garniture of the 16th century. An artist, named Jeroslav Cernak, exhibits a view at Ostend—simply some figures on the beach near the entrance to the harbour: it is very felicitous as a sunny effect. Some of the German landscapes are productions of high character, we regret that we have not space to describe them. Thus the works exhibited here are numerous, varied, and many are of great excellence; such a collection, therefore, cannot fail to be interesting and attractive, as the pictures are being continually changed.

## OBITUARY.

### JAMES LEGREW.

On the 15th of September last, the Art of Sculpture lost one of its most amiable professors in the person of James Legrew. Two years before his death he became affected by strong mental delusions, the symptoms of which, however, were much mitigated through the care of his family, and travelling abroad; indeed, although he never recovered his true tone of mind, he usually appeared, latterly, to all but his family and a few intimate friends, perfectly himself; and but a few days before his death he attended the funeral of his friend and former neighbour, Mr. Uwins, without showing any signs of peculiarity. Meanwhile, however, the successive shocks which he had received since the time of his first seizure, viz., by the deaths, in rapid succession, within a little more than one year, of his father, his only brother, and his niece, to all of whom he was tenderly attached, was doing its work on his sensitive and affectionate mind. About four days before his death he was attacked by a severe accession of mental delusion, amounting to complete insanity, and in spite of medical attendance, and the care and watching of his sisters, he, in an unguarded moment, put a period to his existence. The verdict was "unsound mind."

His father was the rector of Caterham, in Surrey, in which parish the subject of this brief notice was born in 1803. In early childhood he evinced a decided attachment to the art he afterwards followed, by modelling a variety of little works, chiefly animals; inasmuch, that after giving him an excellent education, his father placed him with the late Sir Francis Chantrey. In 1822 he received the silver medal of the Society of Arts, for a copy in plaster of a single figure; in 1824, the silver medal of the Royal Academy "for the best model from the antique;" and in 1829, the gold medal of the same institution, for the best original model of an historical subject. Shortly after this he travelled abroad, and spent a considerable period of time in his professional studies in Rome. On his return to England, his studio was for some time in Pimlico; but for the last eleven years of his life, he resided and carried on his profession in his house in St. Alban's Road, Kensington, where he died.

Among the best known of his works, are his statue of "Sampson breaking his bonds," a fine vigorous conception, and a group of the "Murder of the Innocents," or rather of "Rachel Mourning for her Children," a composition full of most touching sentiment, of both of which there are copies in the collection of British Sculpture at the Crystal Palace. He also produced a large figure of Ajax, unquestionably fine in modelling, and in the display of the male form, and a full-sized and graceful group of "the Blind Bard of 'Paradise Lost' dictating to his Daughters;" also various female figures, most of which, however, from the small amount of encouragement given to that class of art in this country, never found their way into marble. He executed, in addition, various monumental and portrait works.

His taste was purely classical, and his criticism on his own art, which was most excellent, was always extended to his brother artists in the most liberal manner. Although, as regarded encouragement, his own professional career was not successful, he in no degree allowed this to affect his feelings towards his professional brethren. In the studio of a brother artist he would ever strive to do all the good he could by the most careful suggestions, and his ex-

cellent, and kind, and thorough criticism was as valuable as it was uncommon. He would not offer a remark, however, unless it was requested; as in this, as in all other respects, he was naturally of a reserved disposition, and it was only his intimate friends who knew fully what a wealth of kindness existed in his nature. He was deeply impressed with the truths of religion, was exemplary in its duties, and was very charitable to persons in distress, especially to those in his own profession; and in the whole of his worldly career he showed himself a person of strict integrity, of honourable and liberal feeling, and as one that could not endure the least shadow of meanness.

Besides his acquirements in his profession, he was highly educated in other branches of the liberal arts. He was in the habit of reading, not only French, Italian, German, and Latin, but also Greek, Hebrew, and Syriac. In 1855 he published a small work on the Ancient Sculpture of the Jews, displaying much research, which however was only intended as the precursor of a larger work, that was to embrace the sculpture of all times. He wrote also a short life of Flaxman, which has been published. He had great talent for music, and was especially fond of the organ, having had one built under his own direction, on which he was in the habit of playing up to within a short time of his decease.

Although of a most affectionate disposition, Mr. Legrew never married. He was in easy circumstances at the time of his death, and is universally regretted by all who knew him.

### MR. THOMAS CRAWFORD.

With much regret we record the death, in London, of Mr. Crawford, the distinguished American sculptor, whose statue of the "Hunter" we engraved last month. In the remarks then made it was stated that Mr. Crawford was in London, seeking surgical advice, but we had no idea that his general health was so affected as to lead to the result we have announced. He died on the 10th of September.

The introduction of that engraving afforded us the opportunity of writing a short biographical notice of the sculptor: we have now only to lament his death as a calamity to Art—to the United States especially; the works he has produced not only gave him fame, they added to the renown of his country. Yet America has happily many worthy sons to replace this one it has lost. It is indeed singular that sculpture, the most difficult of all the arts, and that which receives everywhere the least encouragement, should be the art in which the Americans excel. We have continual evidence of this, and anticipate much more. While referring to American sculpture, we may remark, that among the meritorious contributions to the competition for the Wellington Monument, there was one which, although small in size, and "lost in the crowd," possessed many claims to notice: it was the production of a sculptor in "the far West,"—Columbus, in Ohio,—Mr. JOHN B. EARNSHAW. We have no doubt his name will be famous hereafter. We should have offered some comments on this work in our notice of the exhibition, but that the plan on which we proceeded, and the space to which we were limited, prevented our doing justice to many productions that, examined apart, would have demanded and deserved criticism. Mr. Earnshaw, however, may be assured that he occupied a prominent place in the collection.

### W. E. SCHORN.

The German papers announce the recent death, at Bonn, of W. E. Schorn, director of the Cabinet of Engravings at Berlin. He was an intimate friend of Alexander Von Humboldt, and associated much, and corresponded, with a large circle of the most eminent literati and artists of his country. It is said that he has left behind him a vast mass of correspondence, which may hereafter come before the public. The present arrangement of the print-room in the Berlin Museum was completed under the direction of Schorn, who also compiled the elaborate catalogue of its contents. He died at the age of fifty-one, of a disease of the heart. His life, had it been prolonged, would have been most usefully employed for the advantage of the art he loved, and of which he was so distinguished a professor.

## THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

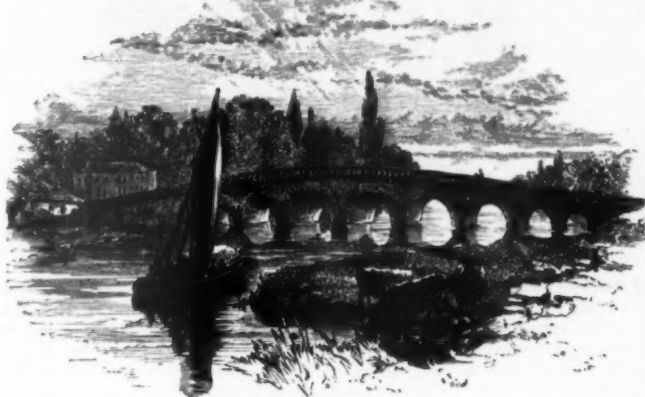
BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

## PART XI.



MAIDENHEAD is a small town, at some distance from the bridge—a structure of much elegance, built in 1772, from the designs of Sir Robert Taylor. The name is said to be a corruption of that which it bore so early as the reign of Edward III.—Maiden-hithe—*hithe* being the Saxon word for haven or port: Camden, however, fancifully derives its title from the veneration paid there to the “head” of a Virgin, one of the “eleven thousand” whose bones may be now seen at Cologne! The view from the bridge, both above and below, is very beautiful: on the one side the trees rise from the river-bank to the wooded heights that surround Cliefden; while on the other the pretty islet, the Church of Bray, the bridge of the railroad, the near meadows and distant hills, attract the eye, and tempt the passenger to linger awhile in admiration.

In this district, indeed, are to be found all the several advantages which the noble river so abundantly supplies: a channel of depth sufficient for any required traffic, a populous and flourishing town close at hand, pleasant cottages,



MAIDENHEAD BRIDGE.

comfortable inns, and villas, grand or graceful, scattered at convenient intervals, by the bank-sides, on the slopes of adjacent elevations, or crowning distant hills in the midst of “patrician trees” and “plebeian underwood;” while the heart-cheering turrets of Windsor Castle occasionally come in sight, to add to



VIEW FROM MAIDENHEAD BRIDGE.

the interest of the scenery the lessons and the pleasures of association. The land is thus fertile in themes, and the water is hardly less so: the barges, the punts, the gay wherries, the racing boats, are everywhere; and perhaps in no part of the world are there to be obtained enjoyments so many or so full—at once so quiet and so active—as are to be found in this part of the Thames, where the venerable Father leads us to classic Eton and regal Windsor.

The voyager will surely go ashore at Bray, not only to examine the venerable church, but to speculate concerning that renowned vicar who has obtained a larger share of immortality than any of his predecessors or successors. The vicar has indeed no tomb in his church to perpetuate his memory, but his fame is preserved in song; and its application is not uncommon, even now-a-days, to those who find it convenient to change opinions.\* BRAY CHURCH is a large and interesting structure, exhibiting that mixture of architectural features so frequently observable in buildings which have survived many ages of change.



BRAY CHURCH.

Inside are several old monuments, the best being the brass of Sir John Foxley and his two wives (of the early part of the fourteenth century); the figures occupying a sort of shrine, based on a column, which is again supported by a *fox*, in allusion to their names. Another fine brass to members of the Norreys family is dated 1592, and there is a very interesting one to Arthur Page, “of Water Okelye, in the parish of Bray,” and Sesely his wife, 1598, which shows that the name of Page was known in the Windsor neighbourhood when Shakspere chose it for one of the chief characters of his immortal drama. The tomb of Henry Partridge, of the same era, is remarkable for the enumeration of the virtues of the deceased, the chief place being given to the assertion that he

“Next to treason, hated debt.”†

Soon after leaving Bray we step ashore at “MONKEY ISLAND:” the fishing-lodge built here by the third Duke of Marlborough is now “a house of entertainment;” and the grounds, although limited in extent, are famous for “picnics” in summer seasons. The room which gives a name to the island is still preserved unimpaired; the monkeys continue, on canvas, to do the work of men—to hunt, to shoot, and to fish: and no doubt the “monkey-room,” which is the *salon* of parties, is an attraction profitable to the landlord, although he may not be successful in conveying assurance, as he seeks to do, that these

\* The vicar was named Symond Symonds: the authority for his history is Fuller, who says,—“The vivacious vicar thereof, living under King Henry VIII., King Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, was first a Papist, then a Protestant, then a Papist, then a Protestant again. He had seen some martyrs burnt (two miles off) at Windsor, and found this fire too hot for his tender temper. This vicar being taxed by one for being a turncoat and an inconstant changeling—‘Not so,’ said he, ‘for I always kept my principle, which is this—to live and die the Vicar of Bray.’”

The popular ballad is essentially incorrect in all its details, and by changing the true period of the vicar’s residence here, has represented him even worse than he was. It makes him commence his career in the time of Charles II., and continue a series of changes, religious and political, until the accession of George I. The song is, therefore, chiefly political, its concluding lines being the declaration—

“That whatsoever king shall reign,  
I’ll be the Vicar of Bray!”

Ritson, who was such an industrious collector of our English popular songs and their music, has given the words and tune of this song in his “Select Collection of English Songs,” 1783; but he was not able to say who was its author, although it was evidently written not more than sixty years before that period. It was most probably the production of one of the men of talent who visited Tonson at his house, close by Bray.

† In this church is still preserved one of those chained books commonly placed in the sacred edifice for general use in the days of the Reformation. The custom began with the Scriptures, which were thus chained to a desk for the consultation of the laity, “free to all men.” The Bray specimen belongs, however, to a later period, the days of Elizabeth, after the power of the Roman Catholic church had gained a temporary supremacy in the days of her sister Mary, and had, by her excess of severity, given greater stability to the reformed faith. The record of those who had suffered in the struggle was published by John Fox, and his “Book of Martyrs” became second only to the Bible in general interest. It was placed with the sacred book for general perusal in our churches, and the folio still preserved at Bray is a tattered and well-worn copy of the famed record of the struggles of the early disciples of the Protestant faith.



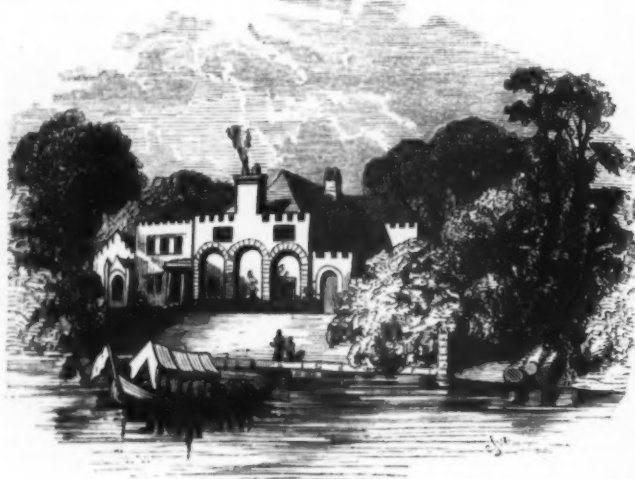


pictures are the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds.\* "Marlborough's Duke" must have expended large sums upon this "fancy," for the lodge is built of cut stone, and is evidently of a costly character; moreover, there is a detached building, now used as a billiard-room, but in which, in the palmy days of the island, the guests probably had their banquets: it is a structure of much elegance, and no doubt was a charming retreat when fittingly furnished.



MONKEY ISLAND.

Of the many villas that intervene between Maidenhead and Windsor, the only one that requires especial notice is DOWN PLACE, once the residence of the famous bookseller, Job Tonson, the first of his fraternity who took an enlarged view of the trade, and succeeded in achieving a celebrity and fortune previously unknown. "Genial Jacob," as he is termed by Pope, succeeded in gathering around him the chief talent of his day, and the famous "Kit-kat Club" was formed in his house: it consisted of noblemen and gentlemen, with the Earl of Dorset at their head, and under the plea of literary joviality they banded for a higher purpose—the defence of the House of Hanover. They took their name from one Christopher Catt, who originally supplied them with a simple



DOWN PLACE.

dish—"mutton-pies," which always appeared upon their table. They had thirty-nine members, all distinguished for rank, learning, and wit, many holding important offices under government. Tonson acted as their secretary, and Sir Godfrey Kneller painted the portraits of the members, which were



The room is very inviting to the numerous picnic parties by whom the place is visited throughout the summer season, and it is deservedly popular.

afterwards engraved and published.\* Down Place is now a mansion of large size, to which many additions have from time to time been made; our engraving is of the older part, where the wits and men of learning assembled under the protecting wing of the great bibliopole.

We are now approaching Windsor; its stately towers have long attracted the eye of the voyager: before we reach it, however, and while the boat is delayed to pass through Boveney Lock, let us step ashore for a brief while, to visit yon "wee" church, half hidden among lofty trees; it is the CHURCH OF BOVENEY, and is the last of its class we shall encounter; for, although we may meet some more aged and many more picturesque, there will be none along the banks of the great river that so thoroughly represents the homely and unadorned fane where the simple villagers have been taught to worship. It is very small, and



BOVENEY CHURCH.

of the most primitive construction, consisting of four walls merely, the chancel end being railed off by wood-work; the font is large and simple in character, and there are traces of early mediæval work in the external walls; the pulpit is Elizabethan, but the open seats of oak may be much earlier; the roof is arched, but has originally been supported by open timber-work, the cross-beams now alone remain.† We have engraved the interior as an interesting example of one of our ancient sacred edifices, where, through many ages, sate

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet."

After inspecting the interior, and wondering why so small a church was ever built, we returned to the church-yard, and stood for some little time beneath the shadow of a glorious old tree, whose boughs and foliage formed a protection against rain or sunshine. The old withered woman who had opened the church-door followed, and regretted the gentry should be disappointed, as there was "nothing to see." We differed from her, saying there was a great deal that interested us—could anything be more picturesque or beautiful than the church-yard? She shook her head. "The church-yard was thick with graves, some with stones and some without, like any other place of the sort—a poor, melancholy place it was. She thought it so lonely and miserable, and yet sketchers were always making pictures of it; and she had seen a printed book once with a picture of it, and its history all done into print. She could not but think the gentry had very little to write about. Yes, there were stories about those who lay there—many stories: there was a story of two brothers—wicked men, she called them—who died, she could not well tell how; and as to the things cut upon tomb-stones, she set no count by such grand words—she knew her own know! People could get anything they liked cut on stones if they paid for it. There was a cold, proud man who lived at the Hall when she was a child—a bad, cruel man; his shadow would wither up the young grass, and the look of his eye was as bad as a curse. He died, as he had lived, full up of bitter riches: he was not buried in this church-yard—it was not grand enough for him, but in a fine new one; where so much was put on his tomb about his charity—he who would steal a halfpenny out of a blind man's hat—about his justice, who would rob a foot off the high-road to add to his own field—about his being a *weak*

\* These portraits were long preserved at Down Place, and were all painted of one uniform size, which is still remembered, and the term used to designate a certain canvas, *Kit-kat size*, measuring 28 or 29 inches by 36. The whole of this fine and interesting series of portraits are now in the possession of a descendant—W. R. Baker, Esq., of Bayfordbury: they are all in excellent condition, pure and clear; but the finest is certainly the portrait of Tonson himself, who is represented holding a folio copy of "Paradise Lost," of which he had the copyright, and by which he greatly added to his large fortune. His features exhibit a combination of shrewdness and indelicacy very characteristic of the man.

† The key of the church is one of those massive pieces of metal-work constructed when strength was believed to have been the chief security in locks. As a curious specimen of a bygone fashion, we append a cut of it; such securities are now rare.



Christian!" the woman laughed, scornfully; "meek! meek! the haughty reprobate! Well! a poor little lad, who had but too good reason to know the falsity of the whole, from first to last, wrote under it, 'It's all lies!' and though every one in the place said the lad was a true lad, and a brave lad, yet he lost his situation, and not one in the place dared give him food or shelter, so he left the neighbourhood, did the lad; but as sure as that sun is shining above us, so sure is there One who sifts the tares from the wheat—yes, indeed, the tares from the wheat. And I forget how it was, for I married out of the village, and just came back ten years ago, like a crow to the old nest,—only he grew rich, through honest labour and fame, and his son is in the Hall now; and the great tombstone was cleared away, and nothing to be seen now but a broad alab, with never a word on it, over the bad man's dust and ashes."

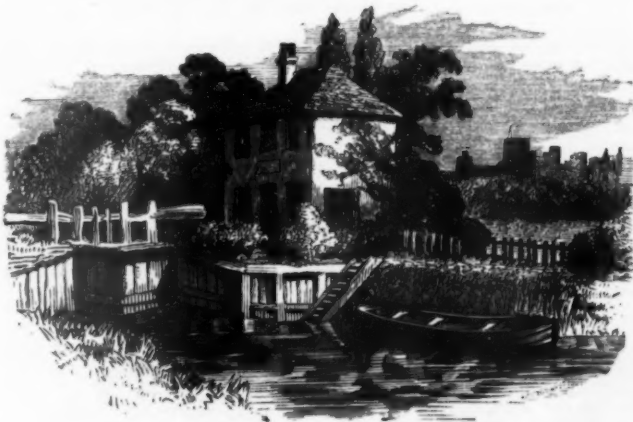
She was a strange, weird-looking old creature, with odds and ends of information: like an artist who can paint a distance, but not a foreground, the past was with her light and bright enough, but the present was already her grave—she could tell us nothing of the present. She still leant against the old tree, and we were so soothed by the silence and tranquillity of the scene, that we lingered among the tombs, when suddenly we heard a quick, light step behind us, and before we could turn round to ascertain whence it came, a thin hand rested on our arm, and a pale face, the lips parted over white and glittering teeth, and the eyes, deep sunk and restless, were advanced so close to our own that we started back almost in terror. "Can you tell me the grave?" she inquired eagerly, but in a low voice: "oh! if you know it, do tell me! I know he is buried here—they all own that, but they will not tell me where; do tell me—I am sure you will—come, make haste!"

The lady was dressed in faded mourning, the crape was drawn and crumpled, and the widow's cap beneath her bonnet did not conceal a quantity of fair hair, which looked the fairer from being streaked with grey.

"What grave?" we inquired of the pale, panting little creature, who wrung her hands impatiently, "what grave?"

"Oh! you know—my husband's! Round and round, across, along—from the first tap of the *revellé* to the last drum-roll at night, I seek his grave. I throw myself down and talk to the dead and buried, but they tell me to let them alone: and then they say he is not here, but I know he is. We went out in the same ship, and returned in the same ship, so we must be both here, you know. We went out in the same ship, and returned in the same ship," she repeated, mournfully, "and they buried him here. Oh! have pity—have pity, and help me to find his grave!" She hurried us on, pointing to each green mound we passed—"It is not that, nor that, nor that—no, no! do not look at the tombstones, there was no time to put one up—the enemy was too fast on us for that!" She cast herself on her knees beside a grave close to a bank, murmuring "Charles!" into the long grass, and holding up her finger to indicate that we should keep silence, expecting an answer.

At the instant, a tall, venerable gentleman entered the lonely grave-yard—"Jane, my child—my darling," he said, tenderly, "here again! Come, my child, we can look for the grave to-morrow." The old man's eyes were filled with tears; but she did not heed him, murmuring amid the grass. "Forgive her," he said, "my poor child's mind wanders: her husband was killed at Inkerman, and she fancies he is buried where they were married!" It required some little force to raise her from the sward, and then, after a little struggle, he raised her in his arms, her head resting quietly on his shoulder—the large tree the next moment hid them from our sight.



BOVENEY LOCK.

Boveney Lock is now reached, and, while the boat is passing through, we may look about us, and give consideration to some of those peculiarities which add interest and beauty to our noble river.

There are few objects which so essentially contribute to the attractions of the Thames as the swans, which are met at intervals in all parts of the river, but are encountered more frequently as we approach the villas that ornament its slopes and banks. The bird is so well known that to describe it is unnecessary: few of the calmer waters of England are without this special grace and ornament: with the poets of all ages it has been a favoured theme:—

" . . . . The swan with arched neck  
Between her white wings mantling, proudly rows  
Her state with oary feet."

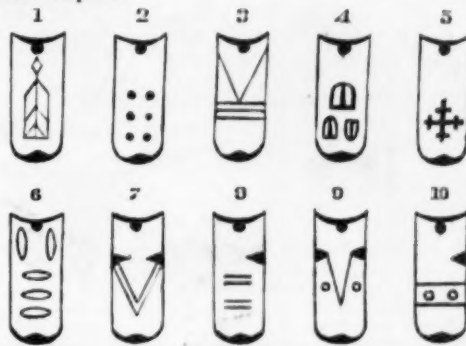
With this charming portrait "drawn from nature" by the poet Milton, we may

associate that by the poet Wordsworth, when describing the calm and solitary quiet of a scene he drew with so much delicious fidelity:—

"The swan on sweet St. Mary's lake  
Floats double—swan and shadow."

Happily, too, the swan is a very long-lived bird: Willoughby writes of some who were reported to be three hundred years old, and though this is probably an exaggeration, there are satisfactory proofs that many "paddled" the same waters for more than a century. Few sights are more pleasing than that of the royal bird, followed by her cygnets, either among the rushes or into mid-stream of the Thames; to note the courage which the parent displays in defence of its young; to observe now and then the mother taking her new-fledged offspring on her back, while sailing proudly and majestically through a current more than ordinarily rough and strong. We would almost as soon part with the trees which border its banks as with the swans that grace the surface of our noble river. The parent usually makes her nest in one of the nits or islands where the tide rarely reaches it; this nest is composed of "reeds, rushes, and other coarse herbage," but is seldom chosen with a view to shade, and is usually found rather in exposed than retired spots, as if the beautiful bird was conscious of its right to protection, and knew it was under the guardianship of special laws that secure its safety.\*

The swans, which appear somewhat abundantly on the Thames between Staines and Putney, are chiefly the property of the companies of Dyers and Vintners of London; those about Windsor and Eton belong to the Queen and the college, although the Vintners enjoy the right of keeping them in this neighbourhood—beyond the jurisdiction of the city of London. It was the custom at the close of the last century, to send six wherries as far as Marlow, manned with proper persons, to count and mark the swans; it has of late years been made a festive journey by the citizens as far as Staines, and the voyage is termed "swan-hopping," a corruption of *swan-upping*, or *taking up* the young swans to mark them. Thus the orders for the game-keepers of the reign of Elizabeth show this clear use of the term, when they ordain "that the *upping* of all those swans, near or within the said branches of the Thames, may be all upped in one day." The swan was considered a royal bird, and was protected by laws of a peculiar kind, and it was the privilege granted to certain persons only that allowed them to be kept. In the reign of King Edward III., it was ordained that no person who did not possess a freehold of the clear value of five marks should be permitted to keep them. The right of marking was also subject to a fine of 6s. 8d. paid into the king's Exchequer for each swan; and any person driving away swans in breeding time, or stealing their eggs, was liable to one year's imprisonment, and fine at the royal pleasure; and any person found carrying a swan-hook, by which the birds may be taken from the river, he not being an authorised swan-herd, or not being accompanied by two swan-herds, was liable to a fine of 13s. 4d. It is also ordained that every year the swans be examined and numbered on every river, and "that every owner that hath any swans shall pay every year, yearly, for every swan-marke, foure pence to the master of the same for his fee, and his dinner and supper free on the upping daies." A large number of similarly minute laws regulate the "Order for Swannes," which became the law for the protection of "the Royal Bird;" the grant, therefore, to the city companies was an especial compliment from the crown to the city—one of those concessions given at a period when the trade of England began to assume importance, and rival that of the Low Countries, when it became the wish of the crown to conciliate the wealthy traders, and accord to them various privileges once held by nobles only. The rule adopted for the marks was thus:—the bird, when young, was taken up in the presence of the king's swan-herd, and a mark was cut in the skin of the beak, the same that was upon the beak of the parent bird. These marks were entered in a book, and kept as a register of swans; any found without such mark were seized for the king, and marked with the royal mark. No new marks were permitted to interfere with the old ones; and all generally consisted of simple figures, and some few were heraldic. The following are examples:—



SWAN MARKS.

- |                        |                                      |
|------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. Eton College.       | 6. Queen Victoria.                   |
| 2. Queen of Charles I. | 7. Vintners' Company (modern mark).  |
| 3. Charles I.          | 8. Dyers' Company (modern mark).     |
| 4. Cambridge.          | 9. Vintners' Company (ancient mark). |
| 5. Oxford.             | 10. Dyers' Company (ancient mark).   |

\* Recently we visited the swannery of the Earl of Ilchester, at Abbotsbury, within a few miles of Weymouth. The scene is a low series of swamps of salt water, which forms the land border of the isthmus which is divided from the ocean by the singular pebbly ridge that runs from Portland Island for about eighteen miles inland. The number of swans here collected amounts, it is said, to seven hundred; but they have been much more numerous. Walking in and out, for upwards of a mile, through this morass, in which various channels are cut for ingress and egress to water, we continually met the nests of the birds, now deserted; they were generally shaded by tall reeds and rushes.



No. 6. is the royal swan mark of Queen Victoria. This mark has been used through the reigns of George III., George IV., and William IV., to the present time. According to Mr. Yarrell (to whom we are mainly indebted for this information), the whole number of old and young swans belonging to her Majesty and the two Companies, at the swan voyage in August, 1841, was as follows:—

	Old Swans.	Cygnets.	Total.
Her Majesty . . . .	185	47	232
The Vintners' Company .	79	21	100
The Dyers' Company . .	91	14	105
	355	82	437

Probably they have not since increased: but the numbers were formerly much greater; at one period the Vintners' Company alone possessed five hundred birds.\* In the language of swan-herds, the male swan is called a Cob, the female a Pen; the black tubercle at the base of the beak is called the berry. The nest of the swan is built of reeds, rushes, and coarse herbage on the edge of the river; and instances are given by Yarrell of singular instinct in cases of floods, when the birds have beforehand raised their nests two feet and a half above the level of the stream, to protect the eggs from the inundation. He also notices the attention of the parent bird to the young, which are sometimes carried on the back of the female as she sails about the stream. Mr. Jesse, in his "Gleanings of Natural History," also notes this; he says:—"Living on the banks of the Thames, I have often been pleased with seeing the care taken of the young swans by the parent bird. Where the stream is strong, the old bird will sink herself sufficiently low to brink her back on a level with the water, when the cygnets will get upon it, and in this manner are conveyed to the other side of the river, or to stiller water. Each family of swans on the river has its own district; and if the limits of that district are encroached upon by other swans, a pursuit immediately takes place, and the intruders are driven away." Yarrell says, "their food consists of the softer part of water plants, roots, aquatic insects, and occasionally small fish: a swan has been seen to eat a small roach; they also eat grain and bread."

Having passed the lock, we are at once in the midst of "a bustle." We are ignorant that "the rule of the road" is not the law of the water, and run much risk, in our comparatively unwieldy barge, of upsetting one or more of the tiny cockleshells in which a youth is seated, rowing up the stream; we cross rapidly over and give free passage—not without an audible reproach for our want of skill in Eton boat lore—to those

"Who foremost now delight to cleave  
With pliant arms thy glassy wave."

The youths are on the banks, as well as on the water of old Father Thames:

"A sprightly race,  
Disporting on thy margin green,  
The paths of pleasure trace."

And the associations of those who look upon the scene, and think!—are all of them happy, though they are all of the future: out of this "careless childhood" or heedless youth must issue much of the after-renown of England—upon them mainly rest the hereafter of her fate. The embryo statesman is here; the philosopher in the bud; the hero in the *crucis*; the germ of that greatness, the high destiny of which is to preserve the honour and extend the glory of a



ETON COLLEGE.

kingdom upon which the sun never sets; and as boy after boy passes—the father of the man—one can scarcely fail to murmur a hope, with a faith, in his career, or to exclaim:—

"Hail to thee who shall be great hereafter!"

In the lives of a very large portion of the foremost men of our country, it is an incident that they were "educated at Eton;" and to have been an "Eton boy" is the proud boast of many who have gathered laurels in peace and in war.

Eton is in Buckinghamshire, Windsor is in Berkshire. The river divides

\* The marks are termed "nicks": the Vintners' mark is two nicks; hence the well-known tavern sign, "the swan with two necks."

the counties—a very pretty bridge joining the towns. The College at Eton owes its birth to Henry VI.,—

"There grateful Science still adores  
Her Henry's holy shade,"—

the charter of incorporation bearing the date 1440. The buildings consist of two quadrangles, in one of which are the chapel and school, with the dormitory of the foundation-scholars; in the other are the library, provost's house, and lodgings of the fellows. The chapel is a handsome Gothic edifice, and is that which "tells" so well in all pictures of the place. A statue in bronze of the royal founder occupies the centre of one of the quadrangles. Few buildings are more happily situated; "the meadows" adjoin it, the Thames rolls its refreshing waters immediately in front, while always in view are the towers of "regal Windsor," inciting to that loyalty which is ever the associate of virtue in the young.

The college, as originally founded by Henry VI., was, in accordance with the feelings of his age, charitable as well as scholastic; having also a number of priests to properly perform religious services in this "College Royal of our Ladie of Eton," as it was first termed. It then consisted of a provost, ten priests, six clerks, six choristers, twenty-five poor grammar scholars, with a master to instruct them; and twenty-five almsmen, who lived upon the foundation. The king granted the lands of the dissolved monastery of Deerhurst, in Gloucestershire, to the college; but this led to disputes with the powerful prelates of the Abbey of Tewkesbury, which lasted until the reign of Henry VII., when, by way of peaceful conclusion, an exchange was made with them for other lands. Even during the progress of this suit, the lands originally granted were taken by Edward IV. to bestow on a more favoured college at Fotheringham, in Northamptonshire, founded by one of his ancestors. When Henry VI. had decided on this establishment, he incorporated two small colleges, or hostels, at Cambridge, one of which he had founded two years before; and thus King's College, Cambridge, originated, to which, as Lambard remarks, "Eton annually sendeth forth her ripe fruit." The college was especially exempted in the act of dissolution, and its revenues were then valued at £1101 15s. 7d. It was by the command of King George III. that the scholars are termed "King's scholars." They are eligible from the ages of eight to fifteen years, and are required by the statute to be "indigentes" (which they now never are), and skilled in reading, chanting, and grammar. There was a curious old custom here, known as the "Montem," which has been discontinued only a few years since: on which occasion the boys dressed in fancy costume, and "begged" on the first Tuesday of Whitsun-week of all passers by. The money was termed "salt," and the gatherers "salt-bearers;" the proceeds were generally large, and were given to the senior boy to defray his expenses at Cambridge. The ceremony was usually very gay, there being always among the spectators the relatives and friends of the aristocratic scholars who levied the "salt;" and who were little scrupulous in assailing the purses of their connexions, in their eagerness to make up the largest possible sum "for the honour of the college." The practice has been very properly discontinued; although rendered in some degree respectable by time, and certainly venerable by age, the usage was derogatory and humiliating. It is now only a matter of history, having passed away as one of the evidences of the "wisdom of our forefathers," which society has benefited by abrogating altogether: like many other matters of a gone-by age, it was

"A custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

Collier, in his Map of Windsor, 1742, thus notes concerning Eton in his time:—"A woden bridge over the river Thames joins Windsor to Eton, so call'd from its low situation among the waters; for Eton is the same as Watertown, but, as they are running waters, and it is a gravelly soil, it is observed that no place is more healthy than this. It is well known for the college, founded here by Henry VI., 1440,\* and for the great number of the sons of noblemen and gentlemen that are sent to the school here for their education." The college at this time consisted of a provost, seven fellows, a master, usher, seventy scholars and sixteen choristers.

The library is extensive, and contains some curious books; its principal contributors were the Bishop of Chichester, Sir Thomas Reeve, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Dr. Richard Mead, whose collections included those of Mr. Richard Topham of New Windsor.†

\* Our engraving exhibits the seal of the college used in the reign of Edward IV., it is termed upon it "The Royal College of the Blessed Virgin Mary," and her assumption is depicted in the centre, above the arms of the sovereign. She is represented in royal robes, surrounded by glory, crowned and supported by angels from an aureole of clouds. There is much that is curious and instructive in the study of these old seals, irrespective of their interest as historic documents to the antiquary. Thus the conventional religious picture afforded by the present example, is so very characteristic of a certain era in the art of design, that a date is not necessary to determine its age by the eye accustomed to examine such relics. The regal dress in which the Virgin is wrapped, and the peculiar arrangement of the angelic host in the sky, are all indicative of a phase in the art of the mediæval era; an art, however, wanting in elegance, yet never without a certain earnestness and love of truth.

† The greatest rarity in the library is a copy of "Ralph Roister Doister," the earliest comedy in the English language. It was written by Nicholas Udall, before 1550, who was one of the masters of Eton school, and is noted by Tusser, the author of the "Five Hundred Pointes of Good Husbandrie," as his master when there, and as a very severe one to him and others.



## DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART.

## DISTRIBUTION OF MEDALS AT MANCHESTER.

AN exhibition of prize designs obtained by students in the several schools of Art throughout the kingdom has been held at Manchester during the past month; and on the 9th of October a meeting was held in the Town-hall of that city, in order, with all due ceremony, to distribute the various prizes to which successful competitors were entitled. The president on the occasion was the accomplished Earl Granville. Mr. Cole and Mr. Redgrave were in attendance; and there was a brilliant assemblage of the *élite* of Manchester to witness a ceremony more than usually impressive and instructive.

It fell to the lot of Mr. Redgrave to explain the circumstances under which the meeting was called together; and his duty was discharged with considerable ability. He commenced by endeavouring to convey to his auditors the conviction by which the directors of the schools are guided—a truth we have been endeavouring to impress on the public mind as long, and perhaps with as much effect, as the Department of Science and Art: viz.,—

"It was necessary, if we desired to improve the public taste, that we should educate all classes, and especially the consumer, who was to purchase the articles manufactured, as well as the designer and the artisan, who were to execute them. It was discovered that drawing, if properly taught,—the elements of drawing, at least,—exercised a very great influence on general education; that if we taught a boy drawing, it enabled him to see better, to compare better, and to have a better sense of things altogether than he would have by the mere rote learning which had previously been in practice."

These are simple truths, now universally admitted. We can, however, recur to a time, not very distant, when such ideas were pronounced absurdities, their advocates being considered visionary speculators upon idle fancies. "The Department of Science and Art," the successor of the old "school" at Somerset House, has unquestionably been labouring, and with good effect, to instruct both the producer and the consumer. Other elements have been at work also; and those who compare the present with the past will have no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that an immense amount of good has been achieved, during the last ten or twelve years, by the practical working of the schools in the metropolis and in the provinces.

The medal (which is not yet ready) for distribution to the students is, it appears, the work of M. Vechte, of Paris, an artist, unquestionably, of high renown. But it must have been somewhat humiliating to the various successful prize-gainers to learn that a foreigner has been engaged to do that which his employers believed an Englishman could not do. It is another of the memorable facts which operate as "heavy blows and great discouragements" everywhere in England, but especially in Manchester, where an enormous sum is annually paid to French designers for cotton printers—an evil, however, which we hope and believe is gradually becoming less and less.

The great attraction of the day was the speech of Earl Granville. It is so sensible, and withal so eloquent, while calculated to be extensively useful, that we shall subject it to but little abridgment.

His lordship stated that, in visiting Manchester for the third time this year, he had peculiar pleasure, inasmuch as the occasion was "the first illustration of a principle which the Department of Science and Art had endeavoured to establish—that is, as much as possible to de-centralize the action, except where absolutely necessary to centralize it, of the department in London."

His lordship continued,—

"About fifteen years ago a very great popular feeling existed, and at last manifested itself by appeals to Parliament and the Government, to take some steps in reference to a deficiency which was too painfully apparent. Manchester, which is apt to be foremost in pointing out that which requires reform, and is not slow to suggest a remedy, was, I believe, almost the first town to make this appeal to Parliament and the Government. There is no doubt that the facts fully warranted any appeal of

the sort. While we were superior to all other nations in advantages for manufacture, both in regard to the enormous accumulation of capital and to the cheapness of the material we required, with regard to our maritime position, and with regard to the immensity of our mineral wealth, at the same time we thought—and, I believe, not unjustly—that we equalled, if we did not surpass, other nations in energy and love of honest labour. But there was one point in which our manufacturers were certainly deficient, when compared with those of some of our continental neighbours, more especially the French. It was in that finish which Art alone can give, and which often imparts greater value to an object than the intrinsic value of the material, or even the common labour that is displayed upon it, can effect. Now, this was a thing Englishmen surely ought to feel was to be remedied. Parliament met the question, committees sat, and the result was that 'schools of design,' as they were first called, were established. I believe some mistakes were made at the outset, but it was felt that some steps were necessary to counteract what had been the course of this country. Now, what was the reason of our inferiority to our French neighbours? I am quite willing to concede the great imagination of the French, their great cleverness, and the advantages of a very bright climate, but I deny that there is anything natural in our constitution or our temperament which makes it impossible for us, if our talents are properly developed, to excel also in Art. For more than a thousand years the Government of the French nation have encouraged and fostered in every way the Art-education of the people. They have done it in every sort of manner. Their kings, some of them possessing very great taste, have done it in a manner which I believe was most beneficial to the nation in other respects. While erecting enormous palaces, lavishing upon them all the treasures of Art, they forgot that they were doing it for their self-glorification, and draining the pockets of the people they ought to have encouraged to sustain themselves, to raise themselves; and, I believe, a bitter penalty was afterwards paid, in that first revolution, for these very extensive oppressions. But when you take it in the point of Art, it is impossible not to feel that it did give a great advantage, and that by these institutions, the ornamenting of great public buildings, and the collections that were amassed, a great opportunity was given to educate the taste of every Frenchman of every class in that great country. Our own history was of a different kind. For some time there was encouragement to Art from our kings in the same way. In the middle of the last century there was a great movement, and some of our admirable painters who then appeared, our admirable sculptor Flaxman, and other distinguished people who were in the habit of travelling on the continent, having wealth and leisure enough to do so, brought back a strong feeling for Art. But that was never applied to manufacture; and the result, I believe, was perfectly true, and most certainly proved at the Exhibition of 1851, that in that respect, and, I believe, in that respect alone, our manufacturers were decidedly inferior to the manufacturers of France. Those are some of the reasons which created the necessity of schools of design. I believe it to be of the greatest importance to provide the best copies and examples for every school in the country, and I believe that a provision of this sort can much more easily be made, and much more cheaply made, by a central body than would be possible by individual efforts. I believe, again, that the training of masters, to supply one of the most important deficiencies at this moment felt, and which was still more apparent a few years back, is what a merely central authority can do. There is another object, which is to encourage the general taste by the making of collections which may show what the principles of good taste are. I quite admit that this is a point which may be very much abused. I entirely deny that London has a right to monopolize advantages of this sort. But we try as much as possible to avoid that evil, by disseminating through the country parts of the collections, in whatever way may be most useful to the country; and we endeavour to extend to every district the good which we disclaim wishing to retain exclusively to ourselves. There was another point alluded to by Mr. Redgrave which I believe to be of the utmost importance to all; and I am more inclined to dwell upon this, because there is, perhaps, some deficiency in this respect in the progress which has been made at Manchester—I mean with regard to the teaching of elementary drawing generally, not in the schools of Art, where the pupils are of a higher order, but in the common schools of the country. I believe all that has been said about the advantages of teaching drawing to be perfectly true, and all the objections that are made to be perfectly false. I met yesterday in the Exhibition a

friend of mine, and one of the most munificent, intelligent, and judicious promoters of education I know, who objected to the universal teaching of drawing, admitting that drawing was good for men, that it was good for carpenters and joiners, for persons employed in manufactures, but saying that it was bad for a very large class of those brought up in our schools—namely, those girls who were destined to be domestic servants. I believe, even here, that there is no doubt the objection is a fallacy, and if you consider what Mr. Redgrave said about the sort of education which drawing confers, the precision and neatness it leads to, then the advantage of this kind of instruction must be very apparent. I believe, after all, there is a design in the cutting out of a frock; and a friend of mine went still further, and suggested that to lay a knife and fork perfectly parallel to one another required the sort of eye which was perfected by a drawing-lesson or so. And still further is the fact agreed to by the general assembly of all the schoolmasters at Marlborough House, that so far from drawing taking up time which might be more advantageously employed, they found the children who had half of the allotted number of hours given to drawing, and half to writing, progressed more rapidly in their writing than those who were occupied in learning to write during the whole of those hours. I believe the advantage of this instruction is great in every class of life. \* \* \* I think there is nobody here who will deny that our present Sovereign, together with Prince Albert, has shown an interest in this subject; and I remark just now that it is singularly characteristic of the spirit of the present age, and of the just appreciation by the Sovereign of that spirit, that whereas former monarchs worked almost entirely either for the gratification of their individual taste or for their self-glorification as to their regal state, I trust that in the encouragement from the Crown which has been given to Art, while there is great individual enjoyment of the thing itself, an encouragement has also been given to education, and there has been an endeavour to make every class of the community co-operate in every manner in the work which was in hand; and I believe there is nothing more evident, or that has done more good, than the example set by the Queen herself, of the very generous use of any object of Art in her possession, by circulating it as widely as possible, and letting it be known in every possible way. The example has been followed, I must say, in a very marked manner. I may instance the fact of the public institutions being open to the people, and established more for the people, and also the very fact of this great Exhibition of the Art-Treasures of the Kingdom, which, I believe, would have been impossible some years ago. The very fact of some of the leading men of Manchester having originated that Exhibition, and the readiness with which they have been met and been able to collect from every source the treasures which have been entirely concealed from the eyes of the people for centuries, shows the sort of impulse which is now given to the public taste. The spread of education tends very much to it; and there are also other things. I was reading the other day an account of most interesting words used by a Frenchman on the union of Arts and Commerce, and he particularly dwelt upon this point, that he did not mind our rivalry when carried on by exiles of his own country, because there was something not fully vital in that, but that he did foresee great danger to their supremacy in what he remarked was taking place in England now, which was the recurrence to the old simple principle of Art, and a determination to adapt the ornament and the design to the parts of the object which was ornamented or designed. But, with regard to these schools of Art, I believe it is possible that, in this sort of institutions, the indirect effects are much greater than the direct effects. I believe it is perfectly possible to point out some very tangible results. I believe it is a result to find that the students in these schools in the last ten years have become exactly ten times more numerous than they were ten years ago. I think it is a result to find that our education costs exactly one-fourth of what it did seven years ago. I think it is a result to find, as a positive fact, that almost all the most eminent porcelain manufacturers, almost all the most eminent cabinet-makers, and upholsterers, and paper-hangers, and almost all the most eminent ornamental metal-work men, have got in their establishments at this moment men whom they have drawn from schools of Art in different parts of the country. I think this is a great result, and that from those local examinations, referred to by Mr. Redgrave, you will find that there are not merely many persons now learning to draw, but that you have a positive proof, in the drawings they produce, that they have profited by the lessons."



## AN ARTIST'S NOTES.

## "A SHILLING A HUNDRED, NEW WAA-NUTS!"

In fine weather Nature is better than Art; in bad weather Art is better than Nature. Many an artist feels this. In the cold gloomy days of November, when Nature seems rolling herself up in a fur of fog for her winter quarters, what a delight it is to have a brisk fire in one's studio, and live in one's dreams! There is nothing to distract one then. One feels, "Well, this is the best place in the world!" and there is no bright sun shining in at the window, and inviting one out, like a merry companion, to go and play truant. Then one feels thankful to have resources in one's art to bid defiance to the frowns of the cold months, and one wraps oneself round with one's art as with a prophet's mantle, and one dreams dreams, and sees visions, and paints pictures, and makes statues. O divine Art, what a resource you are in yourself to the true enthusiast! but, oh! diviner still, inasmuch as you teach us the more to worship Nature, from which you draw your inspiration!

All this is a bright prospect for winter; and how many of us are trusting, hoping, and believing—and we are quite right in believing, as nothing good is done without belief—that we are going, this next winter, to do something much better than we have ever done before; something more up to our own views of Art; something even to astonish our best friends! But just now I am interrupted by that before-mentioned bright sun, which is showering his beams into my room, and I look out, up into the clear sky, which makes lakes of blue amid those fleecy white islands, and bears me off on the wings of imaginings to scenes more in accordance with its bright ceiling than the crowded deeds of man around me—Bricks and mortar! mortar and bricks!

What is that I hear? "A shilling a hundred, new waa-nuts!" That is an autumn cry! No one but a resident in London can fancy how much the various metropolitan street cries of the year mix themselves up there with the associations of the seasons. That cry tells me at once a number of things. For instance, it tells me that the trees in the country are beginning to take the varied hues of the later months, and that there pervades in the woods now that pleasant smell of fallen leaves, exhilarating, and sharp, and aromatic, which seems to smack more of promise for the next year than of the decay of this. That cry, too, tells me that "Rotten Row" and the parks are now deserted by fair equestrians (*amazonas*, as the French call them), and noble-looking men and horses, and that only the "last rose of summer" still lingers in the clubs, or on "the shady side of Piccadilly." That cry, too, tells me that, in spite of all my love of Nature, I have lingered in town until the brightest hours and longest days have past.

Oh foolish fashion of England that year after year dooms the great, the wise, the beautiful, the rich, the powerful, and all that hang thereto, and depend thereon, to spend the genial days of delicious summertime in the great hot city, and entombs the delicate and the fragile in many a country seat in the winter, with the wind screaming like a banshee through the bare branches around! And this is all for the sake of "de sport," as the French now call it. English gentlemen must have "de sport." I presume this is all right and proper, and goes to make up the "stabilities" of this great nation; but in my own small circle I do not recollect having ever met a great shot who was also a great lover of Nature. Many people live in the country actually without seeing it, and among these, too frequently, is your sportsman. It is quite amazing, and amusing, to myself, the height of superiority from which I, trudging along in a country lane, in my humble way, with my stick, and, perhaps, knapsack, look down upon the mere sportsman—for instance, on the dashing gentleman, in his perfect hunting appointments, as his noble horse carries him at a bound over one hedge into the road before me, and over the other again into the next field; or on the thoroughly got up first-class shot, with his array of dogs and keepers, banging "one two" with perfect precision and success through a turnip-field!

"Poor fellows!" I think, "they do not see the riches around them—only the fox and the birds!"

But there is no point of discord between us. I am beneath their consideration, and I look at them as part of the landscape; that is, I try to do so, for, to say the truth, it is not easy always to hit upon a point of view which will make them in true keeping with the scene. A cherry-checked damsel, the prettier the better, or a hardy rustic, even in his best apparel, or an old man in a worked and braided smockfrock slop, or an old woman in the orthodox red cloak, or any groups of merry children coming from school, and scrambling up the bank, and clutching the hedge boughs, after the nuts, always come in the right place in Nature's pictures. They are elements which she has no difficulty in composing in perfect harmony with her delightful scenes; she does it just as easily and happily as she ever makes the leaf and flower compose in colour, but a fresh importation from town is sometimes a hard matter for even her brush to combine.

However, you see I am not at all one of those misanthropic lovers of solitude, who think that man should be left out of a country picture. On the contrary, I think no country is perfect without country people, and feel it a sad gap where *genus homo* is omitted; and thus, when I go and stay in the country, I love to make my head-quarters at the edge of a village. Such a spot affords such varied pictures, and then it is even more unlike town than solitude itself!—at least, if less thoroughly divided, it offers more points of comparison to mark the difference. Take, for instance, as a contrast to the *entourage* of your town home, the wakening up of the little village in the first morning after your arrival. The early bright sunshine streams through the lozenge windows and unspotted white dimity curtains, and, with the twitter of the martins under the eaves, arouses you to open the catch-fastened window, and put your head out into the village street, and watch the proceedings. There is a little boy in fustian coming up the street; he does not see you, for he is only half awake; he is rubbing his eyes with his sleeve, and he opens the gate of the farmyard opposite for the early pigs to go out on the moor. As he goes into the yard the geese cackle. Then the yeoman appears, and he unbars a gate or two, and dives into his stable to see how his horse is, who salutes him with a whinny, and he shakes him down some fresh hay. He is an early man, who, with careful policy, likes to be up as soon as his workmen are, and to put them to their work; and he trudges off to the field, with his trusty dog after him. Then you see his buxom wife (early too), or perhaps servant girl, undoing the shutters. The latter loiters a bit to have a passing word or joke with the sturdy labourers who are coming down the village street to their daily work, blithe and hearty, with their bundles of provision and brown bottles over their shoulders. They turn round on one foot, and chat awhile with "Mary" and with an old man, the oracle of the village, who, even in white old age, has not forgotten his habits of early rising, and now, supported by his staff, steps slowly from his cottage door across the road to give prophecies as to the weather. Then you hear a lowing, up the street, the matins of sundry cows, which are being driven, saunteringly, out to their daily and day-long feed, to labour for their masters and mistresses as perseveringly as possible, by eating all the while,—an easy life on the whole, the only trouble in it being when their calves are being weaned, when they and their offspring rush about complaining loudly to the world at large, with their tails held up, and twisted like one turn of a corkscrew. After this vision has passed away leisurely from under the window, the ear is struck with a vast clatter of trotting hoofs coming down the street, when suddenly rush past a troop of great heavy carthorses, shouldering one another down "to water," driven by a farm-boy of some twelve or thirteen, sitting very back on the last one, and flourishing his arms and heels with great rapidity. Altogether they go along as if they desired to make all the noise possible, and to drive the last remains of sleep out of the little village for this day, in which they succeed.

Now all this, though it must be acknowledged to be very rustic and very homely, suggests to the artist a series of pretty pictures; and to remark them and make much of them is, I conceive, as much to the purpose of a true lover of the country, as to watch the opening of a flower, the effect of the first beams of the sun upon the landscape, or the

early habits of the birds in field or wood. I shall be smiled at as an enthusiast when I confess that there is to me something so angelic about early morning in the country, that the commonest thing appears refined by it. Everything then seems so good. Even Hodge, who has had a little too much beer over night (it is harvest time), gives you such a civil "good morning," as he passes you, that he seems no exception to the scene.

I love the village shop,—that wonderful place, so small, and yet which supplies the whole country round—in which you can obtain everything you want, from an umbrella to a ham; from pins and bobbins to a pound of butter; from a pound of tea to a straw hat; and from a peg-top to getting your five-pound note changed,—for to his other avocations the respected shopkeeper adds that of being a banker, in a small way, to those who encourage his "emporium." The village shop is the true "multum in parvo;" and among the many things I have seen in it are various very pretty and characteristic pictures,—not on canvas, believe me—but formed by groups of purchasers. Tall men, whose heads reach among the brushes, and coils of twine, and gammons of bacon that hang aloft, buying reep-hooks perhaps; and pretty lasses bargaining for some bits of Sunday finery; and little children with their heads not up to the counter, sent from their mothers (it is astonishing at what an early age children are obliged, I suppose from the pressure of circumstances, to transact business in the country!)—"sent from mammy," to buy three-halfpennyworth of something, with the three halfpennies clutched tight in their little hands. Well, there is poetry in all this, if you will look at it so; and picture-food, too, if you will gather it up.

I love the "politics" of a country village—that is as I see them; and the pleasure I take in noting them is all mixed up with my love for Art. Neighbour So-and-so has bought a new horse; he is going to try it in his old harness. Farmer So-and-so has sold his wheat well, and has a wonderful fine field of turnips and wurzel. I imagine the rustic group of the "neighbour" and the horse, and his difficulties in introducing the new horse to the old collar, over the eye-bones especially; and I see the bluff farmer showing his sample of wheat to the purchaser, and I will assuredly go and see his fine field of turnips and wurzel. Now all these things may have more or less interest to those who live in the country; but they have seldom, I believe, the same kind of interest as they have with such as I. With me everything in the country possesses a kind of poetry, like a frieze of rustic subjects cut in alabaster. Following a great bard, who saw "*sermons*" in everything, so do I see pictures in everything; and I thank God for it: and I like to be reminded of my fellow-artists as I do so, and, as the day goes on, among its various scenes to recognise now a Wilkie, or a Morland, a Webster, or a Hunt; and in going further afield to be reminded of the happy pencils of Linnell, of Lee, or of Creswick, *cum multis aliis*.

Loving, as I do, country-people as well as the country, I am very glad to notice among the paintings of the day that the difficulty of uniting, as equal objects of interest, the human figure with landscape seems worn away. Time was when it used to be said that either one element or the other must needs palpably predominate in a picture, or a pleasing result could not be obtained. This always appeared to me a strange dogma. At any rate, if it was a problem, our painters seem to have solved it very satisfactorily. In various of our most charming country pictures now—representing spots you yearn to make personal acquaintance with—the human and landscape elements are pretty equally balanced with the best effect. Redgrave, Hook, and others present you with sylvan, and field, and lane scenes, in which one knows not which most to admire, the figures or the landscape—human or vegetable life: and this is particularly charming to me, inasmuch, as I have said before, in my idea the country is not perfect without country-folks.

Some delicate people, on reading this, may recur to some noisy scene they may have witnessed at some country alehouse, when the "malt got above the meal," and will recall, perhaps, the smell of strong tobacco and the boisterous *désagrément* of a village tap-room; but let them recollect that perhaps chance brought them to the said inn on some Saturday night, at harvest time, when wages and wagers had to be drunk out; while, too, the quiet

landlord and landlady were as anxious as possible that the next few hours should pass off quietly, they drawing as little beer as they could (which honest caution, in opposition to their interest, I have often noticed in the country); and compare this with the gaudy excitements and allurements of a blazing London ginshop, the results of which one hears of and sees but in the police reports.

However, I do not consider a country village quite a celestial city, holding it to be one of those very many things the impression of which depends on the frame of mind in which you look at it—at the kind of mental window through which you view it. There is, or was, a child's toy, in which you look at things through variously coloured pieces of glass. How different they appear through them! One makes the landscape look as if snow were all over the ground, the other as if the world were all afire. Now, of all glasses in the world to look at the world through, for quiet pleasure, commend me to a poetic glass (what is the world without poetry?), or rather, I would say, a poetic and artistic glass. Then all creation appears endowed with interest, and a mere walk or drive in the country will appear a succession of romances. A vast deal of the delight which children have in everything is from the fresh, early bloom of involuntary poetry which they have brought into the world with them, and which has not yet been rubbed off. This forms, as it were, a sort of atmosphere about them, through which they see everything. They are not matter-of-fact, God bless them! and a deal of pure, innocent pleasure they have from not being so. What a bower of romance to them is a hole in a hedge, and what an enchanted forest is a little jungle of underwood, where they can creep through little sly paths to odd nooks, where older people cannot follow them!

Oh let us be children as long as we can, especially in the country! I love to stroll, or ride, or drive through new country in companionship with a child; there is such a constant, quiet excitement of interest ever arising as to "what will come next?" or whether the next turning or glade will lead us; and one always fancies beyond greater beauties than we have yet seen; and then there is a twitter, and one does not quite know the bird to which it belongs; and then one stops and watches, to find out, and at last sees the bird, and then one has learnt something; and then there is the tap of the woodpecker, which we do know; and then a startled rabbit runs out of our way across the path; and then one sees a new flower or a new moss, or a butterfly one has not seen before. How very pleasant are such little incidents amid such scenes! what a constant thrill of pure excitement they keep up—an excitement without reaction. One feels it is an excitement that the great Father of all does not disapprove of, and it draws us up to Him instead of putting something, as it were, between Him and us, as so many other excitements do.

Oh! a country walk does one good, mind as much as body—perhaps more. A country walk is a Gospel, and tells us to love our neighbour as well as to admire nature. When one contemplates a charming scene, one wishes all one's friends were there to see it too. Surely no one but a follower of Christ can feel fully the holy beauty of Nature. The chord of universal love which He struck on earth seems almost audibly thrilling through Nature when one stands entranced before some exquisite picture which the Almighty hand has drawn out before us.

Let us be children as long as we can—that is, good children, and obedient children, and loving children, with souls open to Nature, and the endless and exquisite "gays" which she spreads out before us. Let us ever, while we can, keep a green place in our hearts, where, as on a village green, fresh young innocent fancies may bound about in harmless frolic; and to keep us thus, let us love the country, and let us ever, if we can, in sentiment, be poets, even if we don't write, and painters, even if we don't paint.

"Waa-nuts! a shilling a hundred new waa-nuts!" That cry again! I ring the bell, which is answered. "John," I exclaim, "I want my carpet-bag from downstairs, and my walking shoes blacked, for I am going into the country this afternoon."

## ART IN THE PROVINCES.

**LIVERPOOL.**—The Liverpool Art-Union Society seems at this time to be in a falling condition, owing, it is said, "in part to the unfavourable season, and, in part, to a difference in the minds of its supporters, as to the privilege now accorded to prize-holders of making their selections at the opening of the exhibition" of the Liverpool Academy of Art. At the annual meeting for the drawing of prizes, &c., held in St. George's Hall, on the 10th of September, the number of subscribers was announced to be 374 only, and the amount of subscriptions £382. This is a very poor exhibition for so large and wealthy a population; a population, too, not usually accustomed to deal niggardly in matters of Art; we shall hope for better tidings another year.

**WARRINGTON.**—The annual meeting of the supporters of the School of Art in this town, took place on September 26. Since the last preceding meeting, in February, 1856, the pupils have taken possession of the new building erected for their use, which furnishes the most convenient and ample accommodation for the wants of the school. The average number of pupils attending monthly during the past session year, has been 43 in the public class, and 23 in the special class; but beyond these, five public schools, and one private, have received instruction through the head school at Warrington; the total number of persons who have thus come within its operations amounted to 848, being an increase of 159 over the list of the former year. The Warrington school is under the superintendence of Mr. J. C. Thompson.

**CORK.**—The last annual report of the Cork School of Art, read at a meeting on the 4th of September, stated that the attendance for the present term, in the central school, amounted to 121, of which number 40 were female pupils and 81 male, a number that corresponds with the list of the preceding year. In the various national schools, 400 pupils received instruction, the fees paid by them amounted to £28 16s. 6d. for the term.

**DARLINGTON.**—A branch school of Art is, we understand, about to be opened in this town.

**YARMOUTH.**—Mr. T. W. Chevalier has been appointed to superintend the Art-department of the "Government Schools of Navigation and Art," in this place, which it was expected would be opened during the past month.

**GREENOCK.**—In our number for December of last year, we stated that Mr. W. Stewart, head-master of the Paisley School of Art, had undertaken the superintendence of a new school recently opened at Greenock; but the number of pupils in attendance has now so largely multiplied, that a committee of the inhabitants has just been appointed to organise an establishment altogether independent of aid from Paisley; the duties of the two schools have become too arduous for one staff of teachers to undertake.

**TORQUAY AND BRIXHAM.**—It is proposed to open a School of Art for the benefit of the residents in these picturesque and improving localities; a provisional committee has been formed for this purpose, of which Dr. Harris, the rector, has agreed to act as chairman, Mr. E. Vivian, as treasurer, and Mr. Edmonstone, as honorary secretary.

**COVENTRY.**—The annual meeting of the Coventry School of Art took place last month at St. Mary's Hall. The report congratulated the subscribers and friends of the school that the progress of the institution since last annual report had been steady and satisfactory. The number of students entered on the books during the past year, however, was only 371, against 384 in 1855-6, and 340 in 1854-5. The late exhibition of the works of students had been visited by upwards of 3500 persons. It was now necessary to make an effort for the erection of an adequate building for the accommodation of the school, and a convenient site was being looked out, when a meeting would be convened, and a scheme for raising funds submitted. The finances of the school were now in a better position than they had been in since the government grant for the payment of the masters was withdrawn. The balance in hand, however (£13), was insufficient to meet current expenses, and increased subscriptions were pressed for.

**FALMOUTH.**—The annual exhibition of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society took place on the 29th of September, and four following days; and it speaks well for its position that the attendance was greater, and the receipts at the door larger than on any previous occasion. Several objects of great interest and novelty were exhibited. A magnificent escutcheon of sculptured granite, intended for the Scutari Monument, adorned the centre of the hall. Clifford's boat-lowering apparatus, a large model of the Albert Bridge over the Tamar, and various other specimens of mechanical skill, excited great interest. Through the exertions of the secretary, Mr. Sydney Hodges, an excellent collection of pictures, ancient

and modern, adorned the upper walls. Among the contributors were the well-known names of Lucas, J. Danby, Niemann, Zeitter, T. F. Marshall, &c. The "Dream of the Future," the joint production of Frith, Creswick, and Ansdell, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1856, and is now the property of S. Gurney, Esq., M.P. for Falmouth, who kindly contributed it, occupied a leading position, and excited general admiration. Some interesting lectures were delivered, and the conversations held in the evenings, passed off agreeably.

**COLEBROOK DALE SCHOOL OF ART.**—This school, which was opened in December last, and of which Mr. J. A. Mulligan is the master, is progressing in a very favourable manner, in consequence of which the Colebrook Dale Company are erecting a School of Art in a more central position than the one now in use, in connection with a new building for the literary association. The school, which will comprise two commodious rooms, will be properly fitted up, so as to afford greater conveniences for study than the room now temporarily occupied. The other schools within the borough of Wenlock—also under the mastership of Mr. Mulligan—are progressing in a very encouraging manner.

## THE DYING ARTIST.\*

THESE slanting rocks—their shadows best  
I love—and this bare rugged strand;  
Here let me for a little rest  
On this green strip of shaded land,  
And look again on either hand  
To scenes I loved; still let me be  
In sight and sound of yonder sea.  
Longer, yet longer, for the sun  
With widening orb yet rules the sky;  
His godlike course in glory done,  
I follow still with glazing eye:  
Those fires the coming morn will give  
Again—but my long night is nigh;  
No vain regrets—I would not live.  
Of hope—long past—oh, speak no more;  
Of love—alas! I loved in vain;  
Your passing words, this lonely shore,  
With all I lost, and most deplore,  
Revive sad memories again  
From clouded years; to me it seems  
Life, love, and death, are only dreams.  
The glories of a coming day  
Are pictured sunlike on my brain,  
And from mine unaccompanied way,  
And from this mighty source of pain,  
My larger soul, and wider sight,  
With thankful energy regain  
Their fountain-head—the Light of light.  
Marvel not, dying I should gaze  
On God's own emblem to the last,  
Though weak that type—yet, oh, those rays  
Are not of earth, though earthward cast:  
My soul sweeps onward through the maze  
Of whirling passions, and I feel  
The "silver cord" is loosed at last,  
And broken too life's cistern wheel.  
My name? a blank above my grave—  
'Twas only character'd on sand;  
The eddying wind and blinding wave  
Will blot its memory from the land.  
Fame loves alone the wise, the brave,  
But I—my years were like this strand—  
Bare, bleak, and barren, from whose roots  
There springs no bud, and bloom no fruits.  
Wave curls on wave—how deeply blue  
Our Indian skies are imaged there!  
And not a cloud to meet the view,  
Nor breath to cool the burning air.  
O shade of death! if life be fair,  
Can one so young then welcome thee?  
Thy low voice seems, like my despair,  
To mix with murmurs from the sea.

Brussels.

WILLIAM HENRY CROME.

\* In a note which Mr. Crome, whose name as a painter must be familiar to many of our readers, sent us with the poem, he says—"A very young artist of great promise, after a short sojourn on the continent, returned home to die—his illness a broken heart; after much flesh-weariness he reached the Malabar coast, his native home, and died, as he desired, on the lone sea-shore. I knew him well, and have endeavoured to embody somewhat of the impress made on me by the tenor of the last letter he ever wrote, which was to me."



## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

## THE BEAUTY OF ALBANO.

A. Riedel, Painter. L. Stocks, A.R.A., Engraver.  
Size of the Picture, 4 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 2 in.

RIEDEL, the painter of this picture, is a native of the town of Baireuth, in Bavaria: he was born about the commencement of the present century, and entered the School of Munich at the period when Robert de Langer filled the office of Professor of Painting at the Academy; the historical pictures, both in fresco and oil, of this artist are highly esteemed. In his early years Riedel acquired considerable celebrity by the boldness of his designs and the spirit, rather than the grace, of his compositions. About twenty years ago he quitted Munich, and took up his abode at Rome, where he has since resided; at the same time he altered his style of painting, by substituting *genre* subjects for historical, to which he had almost constantly adhered in his own country. He soon rose into public favour at Rome, and has continued to maintain his position, his pictures being much in request. Among those that earliest brought him into notice was a "Mariner playing on a Lute;" it was purchased by Thorwaldsen, and a replica was ordered by the Prince Royal of Bavaria; and now forms part of the royal collection at Munich. The figure in the duplicate is, we believe, life-size; in the original it is considerably smaller. Another of Riedel's early pictures, painted in Italy, which attracted attention was the "Bathers."

We cannot avoid thinking that the title of this very charming picture, "The Beauty of Albano," is a misnomer, for the figure seems rather to have had its type in one of the daughters of England than in any of the Roman ladies who resort to the Alban territory, to escape the malaria of the Papal city, during the warm months of summer and autumn. The face of the "beauty" is fair and exceedingly delicate; her hair is of a rich auburn colour, the eyes are hazel, and her dress, though we do not presume to be learned in such matters, seems to us to have been fashioned by the skill of a London or Parisian *modiste*: in truth, were we not told the contrary, the picture might readily be presumed to be a portrait of one of the aristocratic "beauties" that shed a brilliancy over the court of Queen Victoria, and look down upon us from the walls of our Royal Academy. But whether it be a portrait of English or Italian lady, or only the embodiment of the artist's fancy, it is a work of more than ordinary sweetness in conception, and treated with perfectly appropriate feeling, combined with originality: the figure stands in a kind of bower, through which the warm sunlight streams, casting its rays on her face and portions of her dress. The latter is of a pale greyish hue, yet sufficient in depth of tone to give brilliancy to those parts on which the sunlight falls: the truth and purity of colour of these lights are almost magical, and show how closely the artist has studied nature, and his knowledge of the materials with which he works. The background immediately behind the figure is painted of a rich dark brown colour, and although the object is not positively defined, it seems to be the trunk of some enormous tree, to whose sides the convolvulus and climbing roses cling pertinaciously; the deep crimson flowers of the latter, which are seen only in the lower part of the composition, greatly enrich the whole of it with their warm glow: had they been placed higher up, the face of the lady would have lost much of the delicate colouring it now has. Throughout the picture the painter has made a most judicious and effective use of his various pigments.

One rarely sees so realistic a work as this from the hands of a modern German painter; it shows nought of the severity of style we are apt to associate—and not untruly—with this school; and possibly, if Riedel had always remained in Munich, he would not thus have separated himself from his contemporaries. The atmosphere of Italy seems to have wondrous power over the minds of artists, by causing them to shake off the trammels of home-education: or at least it enables them to see with other eyes, and to apply in a new direction what they have learned elsewhere.

The picture is in the Collection at Osborne.

## ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The September Exhibition of the prizes awarded by the Academy of Paris, and of the productions of the French students in Rome, has taken place.—The provincial exhibitions are now open, or about to open; those of Marseilles and Lyons are the most prominent.—A hospital for invalid workmen has been inaugurated by the Emperor at Vincennes.—Several antiquities have been found in the Seine lately, in preparing the foundations for the new bridges—rings of the reign of Henry III., pins of Charles IX., a "St. Louis," in ivory, a silver ornament of the period of Louis XIII.; they have been purchased for the cabinet of M. Arthur Forgeais.—The four allegorical statues for the front of the barracks at the Bank have been confided to the care of M. Duprez; the subjects are, "Strength," "Prudence," "Vigilance," and "Order."—On the anniversary of the 15th of August, a number of various objects of Fine Arts were distributed to the Museums and Provincial Libraries; among them, paintings by Moulignon, Goldsmidt, F. Beason, Baron, H. Vernet, &c.—We have to record the death of M. L. Garneray, a marine painter of talent, and of M. G. Planche, a distinguished writer and critic of the fine arts.

JENA.—Her Majesty and the Prince Consort have given a thousand thalers in aid of the fund which is being collected for the erection of a monument commemorative of the pious John Frederick, surnamed the Constant, one of the firmest champions of the Reformation, who in the cause of Protestantism risked, and lost, liberty and all his possessions at the battle of Mühlenberg. Next year the University of Jena will complete its third centenary, and it is upon the occasion of the jubilee proposed, in celebration of this event, that the monument will be inaugurated. The work, which was confided to Professor Drake, of Berlin, is a statue ten feet high, and has been already cast in bronze contributed for that purpose by the King of Prussia.

PERUGIA.—A picture in the Church of St. Augustino, and which has hitherto been ascribed to Domenico Alfani, is presumed, from recent examination, to be by Raffaele: it has also been attributed to Orazio, the son of Domenico Alfani. The subject of the work is "The Adoration of the Magi," and hitherto no name or inscription has been discoverable on any part of it until lately, when the date 1505 has been found under the hem of the mantle of the Madonna. The beauty of the execution and tenderness of the drawing seemed so far beyond the powers of Alfani, that persons experienced in the Art of the early part of the sixteenth century considered the picture as a production of Perugino; but on the discovery of the date, and after a close inquiry into its merits, it was believed that it could be attributed to none other than Raffaele. The picture, which is large, is situated over an altar in the left transept. The background consists of a hilly landscape, with slender trees, such as are seen in Raffaele's open compositions. In the immediate foreground stands a wooden hut, the roof of which reaches almost to the upper extremity of the composition, and from the open door are protruded the heads of an ox and an ass, the latter drinking from a small current of water. The Virgin Mother sits on the right, wearing a drapery of a yellowish red colour, and a dark blue head-dress. In her left hand she holds a prayer-book, and with her right she holds the infant Saviour, whose attention is attracted by the rich offerings held forth by the worshipping kings. Mary is partially turned to Joseph, who stands by her side, and points with a finger of that hand in which she holds the book, to the child. The old king, who kneels, is only seen in profile, holding in the left hand his oriental head-dress, to which is attached a crown, and with his right extends to the infant the golden vessel. Behind this figure, which is masterly in drawing, stands the second king, whose features bear an unmistakable expression of doubt; and between these appears the youngest of the three, a youth of great beauty, and bearing an expression of trustful belief, with which he is desirous of inspiring his companion. Of the attendants only two or three are visible. There is also present a young man of twenty or twenty-two years of age, wearing a red cap; and behind the principal group a negro slave, who shades his eyes with his hand; and on the right two shepherds, with their bagpipes. Above in the clouds appear four angels, singing songs of praise to the music of stringed instruments. The composition is elegant and simple, and the sentiment of all the figures at once intelligible, without the slightest approach to conventionality. The colour, as well as it can be seen in the unfavourable situation in which the picture is placed, is extremely harmonious. Many circumstances and coincidences point

to Raffaele as the author of this picture. The two principal figures of the Holy Family are like those of the early works of the master, and the angels in the clouds are like those of the St. Cecilia. The chapel in which the picture is placed is the property of the family Oddi-Bastioni, and it is known that Raffaele was patronised by that family.

VIENNA.—The new director, Egerth, of the gallery at the Belvedere has commenced his duties in a manner which it is very desirable were imitated in other collections of ancient Art. The Saint Margaret instead of being, as heretofore, distinguished by the name of Raffaele, is now more properly attributed to Giulio Romano; and "The Flight into Egypt" is ascribed to Fra Bartolomeo. The charming St. Justine, which has been supposed to be by Pordenone, has now the name of Moretto attached to it. The "Baptism of Christ in the Jordan," supposed to be by Perugino, remains with the name of that master attached to it. The portrait of a youth, which had usually been classed as of the Florentine school, has been determined as a work of Masaccio. This is, it may be conceived, but the commencement of a salutary change with reference to the false attribution of so many of these pictures, among which certainly the names of Letto and Giorgione will be removed from the Entombment and the "Portrait of a Warrior." There are many other collections besides that at Vienna which would rise in estimation by a just attribution of very many of the pictures which are falsely ascribed to painters of the highest class. Some corrections have been made at Dresden, but they have not been carried sufficiently far; and there is also room for question and inquiry in the Louvre, and in the collection at Berlin.—The missal which has been commissioned by the emperor for the Pope, will not be finished until next spring. Some of the most eminent artists in Vienna will contribute to it, all the text will be executed with the pen, and each page enriched with a border of elegant design: for the binding, elaborate and beautiful ornaments are in course of preparation.

MEININGEN.—The works of William Kaubach are well known in England through engraving, but they become more interesting to us when designed from the writings of our greatest poet. Among the historical cartoons which are exhibited at Meiningen are the series of subjects from "The Tempest," "Macbeth," and "King John," and as all who are in anywise acquainted with the splendid compositions of Kaubach, at Berlin, may be desirous of knowing what subjects he would select; we give them as follows:—

1. Ferdinand. O, most dear mistress,  
The sun will set before I shall discharge  
What I must strive to do, &c.  
*Tempest*, Act III., scene 1.
2. Caliban. Thou makest me merry: I am full of pleasure, &c.  
*Tempest*, Act III., scene 2.
3. What are these,  
So withered, and so wild in their attire, &c.  
*Macbeth*, Act I., scene 3.
4. Lady Macbeth. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.  
*Macbeth*, Act v., scene 1.
5. Macbeth. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.  
Give me my armour, &c.  
*Macbeth*, Act v., scene 3.

The others are from the third and fourth act of "King John," and the third act of "Julius Caesar."

WEIMAR.—The long-talked of inauguration of the statues of Schiller, Wieland, and Goethe, took place here in September, amid a general expression of enthusiasm. On the day before the exposure of the statues, the busts of these distinguished men, with those of Herder and Karl August, were placed in front of the house in which Schiller lived, surrounded with flowers, and relieved against a red background.

The streets of Weimar were decorated, nearly every house being hung with garlands and ornamented with the busts of these eminent men; and banners were numerous displayed from the houses. The most extraordinary part of the ceremony of the inauguration of these statues was, perhaps, the admission of the public to the vault in which lie the remains of Karl August, his wife, Goethe, and Schiller. It may be supposed that as the crowd of visitors passed through the vault that all eyes were fixed in silent emotion on the coffins which contained the remains of Goethe and Schiller. The ceremonies attracted a numerous throng of visitors from neighbouring cities, and the whole passed off with the utmost enthusiasm. Soon after the inauguration, the municipal freedom of Weimar was presented to the sculptors Rietschel, who executed the statues of Goethe and Schiller, Schaller, the author of the statue of Herder, and Gassert for the monument of Wieland.



A. RIEDEL, PINT.

L. STOCKSARA, SCULPT.

THE BEAUTY OF ALBANO.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON: JAMES S. VINTAGE.



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## MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE EXHIBITION OF ART-TREASURES AT MANCHESTER closed "for ever" on Saturday, the 17th of October. A brief speech of the chairman of the Executive Committee, Thomas Fairbairn, Esq., responded to by the hearty cheers of the assembly, terminated proceedings that have been watched with deep interest during the year by a vast proportion of the people of these realms. We shall this month limit our observations to a mere record of the fact; a report will soon be published, and it will be our duty to bring it under detailed review. We rejoice to learn that it has been successful even as a commercial speculation, which we never expected it to be; that a balance amounting to several thousand pounds will remain in the hands of the committee after all expenses are paid—enough certainly to justify that liberality to all parties concerned, which was by no means manifested during the earlier movements of the scheme, the consequence of which has unquestionably been a degree of dissatisfaction which, if suffered to continue, will be a blot on the character of Manchester. When all has been done that ought to be done, there will still probably remain a sum for judicious application; this will, we trust, be expended in some way or other for the benefit of Art in that great city—by preserving a record of the event that shall be a perpetual teacher. There is now the duty of returning to the owners the enormous mass of contributions that formed the exhibition. It is said that up to this time little or no injury has been sustained. We earnestly hope this statement may hold good when all the articles are again at their several "homes;" but we need not add, that to achieve this important object there must be at least as much care in packing as there was in unpacking. This is the duty of policy as well as gratitude, for the result will greatly influence the destiny of all future schemes of the kind. People will be encouraged to lend, or be deterred from lending, according to the experience they derive from the grand experiment. Upon the several points connected with the exhibition we shall have to comment next month.

ORIGINAL DESIGNS FOR MANUFACTURERS, ORNAMENTALISTS, ARTIZANS, ETC.—It is doubtless within the recollection of very many of our subscribers that about six or seven years since we engraved and introduced into our pages a series of original designs adapted to the purposes of manufacturers and ornamentalists of every kind. These illustrations were continued, almost without intermission, during two or three years, and were found to be of signal service to those for whose benefit they were especially intended; even at this distance of time we hear of these pages being now referred to for practical purposes. But although their utility was very generally acknowledged, we deemed it necessary to discontinue the plan, for the sake of giving variety to the contents of the Journal, and because other matters, scarcely less important, were pressed upon our attention. The manufacturing classes constitute neither a small nor unimportant body of our supporters; the withdrawal of these "Original Designs" was to them a subject of much regret, and we have often been solicited to resume them. Applications of this nature having of late crowded upon us, we have determined to commence the next year's volume with a second series of a similar nature, and to continue them through each successive month, so far as is practicable. To enable us to carry out our plan, we now invite the assistance of artists and ornamental designers, from whom we shall be glad to receive original drawings of objects that come within the range of Industrial Art. As it is proposed to purchase such drawings as are offered to us, and of which we approve, they will become, when engraved on our pages, public property, our chief objects being to aid the manufacturer, and to develop the artistic taste and skill of the designer, especially of those who may now be studying in the various SCHOOLS OF ART throughout the country; to the attention of the latter class we would particularly direct this notice. It would be strange, indeed, if, after all the Art-instruction afforded by these schools during the last few years, some practical fruits of the teachings are not evidenced; it will give us much pleasure to be the medium of exhibiting progress in the "Department of Science and Art."

AT THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION there is exhibited a series of views illustrative of many of the localities which have now, unhappily, attained a "bad eminence" for rebellion and massacre. The pictures are preceded by a map of India, in which sites of the capitals of the presidencies were marked by numbers, to show their relative positions, and the situations of Allahabad, Meerut, Cawnpore, Delhi, &c., were shown in like manner. The first view was that of Calcutta, showing a line of its palaces, a little removed from the foreground. The second is Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, a city most offensive to Europeans, from its filth, and the disgusting odours which continually prevail there. The picture shows a section of the palace. There are two views of the rock-cut temples at Ellora, in the Deccan. The first presents a vista of columns; and the second exemplifies "the Temple of Paradise," with its marvellously carved ornamentation, referring to a state of ancient civilisation of which no other record remains. In the portrait of the hideous idol Juggernaut there is not the slightest attempt at imitation of the human form—the picture is said to afford a correct representation of the monstrosity as it was seen in the house of one of the natives in which it had been lodged. A portrait of Geneva was also exhibited—that deity with the elephant's head, to whom all the Hindoos offer up a prayer for success in their undertakings. The view at Meerut has a prospect over the plain, the scene of the mutiny of the 3rd Native Light Cavalry. Here are seen bungalows on fire, and the sowars riding off in the wildest confusion. There is a subject from Agra, and a ghât at Benares; the parade at Allahabad, and a representation of the outbreak at Cawnpore, with the palace at Delhi, and the Chandy Chowk. The events now passing in India invest such views with a melancholy interest which, under ordinary circumstances, could not attach to them.

MR. MARSHALL'S PICTURE OF DELHI, exhibited at the Auction Mart, near the Bank of England, is a view of the city from the left bank of the Jumna, opposite the palace, a point whence the entire city and the immediately surrounding country are distinctly seen. In the left centre distance appear the ruins of old Delhi, and on the right the cantonments of the British troops, with the space of perhaps a mile and a half of that debateable land lying between the British camp and the walls of the city, the scene of so many desperate conflicts, and so thickly strewn with the bodies of the sepoys, as to infect the air with the taint of a sickening and poisonous corruption. Delhi is about a thousand miles from Calcutta, and is called by the natives Shahjehanabad, having being built by the Mogul emperor Shah Jehan in 1631. It is seven miles in circumference, and is strongly defended by a granite wall, with a ditch, and glacis, and cut in the fortifications there are seven gates, each built of freestone, and respectively called the Lahore, Ajmeer, Turcoman, Delhi, Mohur, Cashmere, and Agra gates. In this picture the whole of the *enceinte* is most favourably shown, with the position of our small army, and the conspicuous features of the surrounding country.

BUSTS OF DISTINGUISHED ENGLISHMEN.—M. C. Delpech, a French sculptor, resident in London, has suggested, and is prepared to carry out, if sufficiently encouraged, a project for executing a series of busts of celebrated Englishmen, to be placed in our various public museums and scientific institutions; these busts would be executed by himself, and, according to his plan, he would have them of a uniform size; this may be easily done by his system of reduction, which admits of the most scrupulous fidelity, whatever the dimensions required may be. In his proposed series, his idea is to have them about one-third life-size, as large enough for the purpose of public galleries, and to be made either of bronze, porcelain, or plaster. M. Delpech, since he has been living in London, has executed a reduced copy of the "Clytie," in the British Museum, for the Art-Union of London; of Marochetti's figure of the "Princess Elizabeth," forming part of the monument recently erected to the memory of this daughter of Charles I., in Newport Church, by the Queen; of the bust of the "Prince Consort," by the same sculptor; of Mrs. Thorneycroft's busts of the Duchesses of Kent and of Gloucester; of Foley's "Egeria," and of Monti's bust of "Louis Blanc;" with several others. The project

is undoubtedly worth entertaining by those who may have the power to encourage it; for, as the *Courrier de l'Europe* says, in noticing it, that "if such a collection of great Englishmen were formed, not only would the public be able to admire it in our National Gallery, but, by means of duplicates, all provincial museums, libraries, and schools, might possess the same advantages," or at least to such an extent as might be within the reach of the funds at their command.

THE STATUE OF THE POET MOORE was inaugurated in his native city on the 14th of October. It is the work of the poet's namesake, Mr. Christopher Moore, and is in all respects creditable to the theme and to the country. We are preparing an engraving of this statue, and much that we might now say we shall defer until our observations can accompany the print. One of Moore's earliest friends, the Earl of Charlemont, was properly selected to perform the ceremony of "the inauguration;" but the Lord Lieutenant, the Lord Mayor, the Lord Chancellor, and much of the intellectual rank of Dublin, formed "the assembly," by whom the venerable nobleman was supported on an occasion so honourable to the capital of Ireland. Ireland has thus rendered justice to one of the most admirable of her many men of renown. Long has it been her reproach (and certainly the reproach is not undeserved) that she is indifferent to the welfare and the glory of those to whom she has given birth—to be a son or daughter of "the soil" has been usually a misfortune. To be "Irish" is perhaps a drawback in England, but it has been, assuredly, a serious disadvantage in Ireland, where there has rarely been a party, or even "a set," to believe that the distinction of an individual is an honour to the country, and that in the success of an Irishman Ireland participates. We earnestly rejoice that the late proceedings in Dublin will contribute *something* to amend this evil. We are compelled to measure the term, for the list of persons in attendance is very limited, and we recognise few among them with whose names we are familiar as belonging to any party except *the one*. Yet that one does not seem to include a single Roman Catholic of note: there were present but two peers, but one judge, and of either hierarchy none. We have no desire at present to go into this irksome part of the subject; for while there is connected with the ceremonial much at which to rejoice, there is also some cause for humiliation and regret. This ceremonial will not be referred to as presenting features which lead to a belief that in Ireland the present differs materially from the past. There were of course several eloquent speeches on the occasion; and at all events there is in the native city of Moore a statue of the poet. Possibly another generation may see such "memorials" more numerous; and those who work for the fame of their country may hereafter look for posthumous honours on the banks of the Liffey. Meanwhile the poet sleeps in that little grave-yard which lies in a sequestered nook in Wiltshire, very near the humble cottage in which the later years of his life were passed, and where his admirable and devoted wife is calmly waiting the summons to lie beside him.

STATUE OF DR. BARROW.—The marble population of Trinity College, Cambridge,—already, as our readers know, sufficiently distinguished in its examples,—is about to receive an accession in the person of one of its own eminent masters—Dr. Barrow, the well-known theologian and divine. For this work Mr. Noble, the sculptor, has received a commission from the Marquis of Lansdowne; and the model—which is to be executed in Carrara marble—is now nearly finished in the artist's studio; it promises in all respects well.

VIEWS IN INDIA.—The city of the Mogul has always been famous in oriental history, but now it becomes a place of paramount interest to ourselves, as the great theatre of events in which our heroic countrymen are chief actors. Delhi is a subject not likely to be lost upon our spirited panoramic illustrators, to whom the public are so much indebted for communicating form to the descriptions of memorable localities, which are abundantly put forth in the public prints. At the Great Globe in Leicester Square there are three very meritorious dioramic pictures; one of which affords a distant view of the city, another shows a portion of the Chandy Chowk, or principal street, and the third is a view of the palace from the river-side. The point from which



the general view of the city is taken is an eminence, that must be supposed to be somewhere near the British lines. Between the spectator and the red granite walls of the city the space appears to be covered with the ruins of ancient Delhi—a fragmentary wilderness of marble. The picture is treated so skilfully as to show great space: the palace lies to the left, with its multitudinous towers and cupolas, and from the centre of the city rises the grand mosque, Jumna Masjid, where towers a minaret to an altitude superior to that of any other similar erection, we believe, in the world. The course of the granite fortification is conspicuously traceable, and the gates and other striking features of the place are readily distinguishable. The line of the Jumna glistens beyond the buildings, and the distance is closed by a chain of mountains. The Chandy Chowk was the scene of the slaughter of the inhabitants by Nadir Shah, in 1739; and in the second picture is seen the palace from which he gave the signal for the massacre, by holding up a sword: but the old man was not sufficiently strong to continue the signal, to become satiated with the blood of his helpless victims; he called, therefore, to his aid two black slaves, who sustained his feeble arm, that the indiscriminate slaughter might proceed. The palace of the King of Delhi, which occupies a site said to be a mile square, and inhabited by 12,000 persons, is presented to us from the banks of the Jumna. The contrast of the red granite with the white marble is very striking. The river-side in appearance is an irregular construction of small domes and turrets; beyond the right extremity of the building we see the bridge of boats by which the mutinous Sepoys crossed the river and entered the palace.

THE FRESCOES BY CORNELIUS and his scholars in the Glyptothek, at Munich, which were damaged by the water used in extinguishing the fire that recently threatened the building, have escaped any serious injury. The rooms are again opened, and the pictures are in all their pristine beauty; the slight restoration of gilding, &c., has given new brilliancy to the rooms. A triumphal arch is in process of erection to connect this building with the Pinacothek.

THE MOUSE TOWER, near Bingen, on the Rhine, celebrated as the scene of Bishop Hatto's destruction by the rats, has been recently entirely repaired, the upper part fortified, and a watch-tower added, from which the Prussian flag hangs. This has been done at the instance of His Majesty of Prussia, but it may be questioned whether the lonely old tower, standing in decay, was not more satisfactory to look upon than this semi-antique—"an old friend with a new face" that is not easily recognised.

THE MUSEUM OF OLD GERMAN ART, inaugurated some three years ago in the garden-tower of the old castle at Nuremberg, has outgrown the confined limits of that locality, and a building just without the walls of the town has been accorded to it. It is a singularly curious series of relics that has been gathered here; nothing can better illustrate the domestic life of Germany of the time of Luther than this collection. A similar domestic history of England would be welcome to ourselves.

ALBERT DÜRER'S HOUSE, at Nuremberg, is at present undergoing a necessary repair, and it is the intention of the authorities of the old city to make it a shrine to his honour, by exhibiting therein specimens of the art of its great inhabitant; for this purpose drawings, woodcuts, and engravings by him are to be procured, and added to what is already secured, by which the truest idea of his great genius may be formed by visitors.

AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, which now contains only the Turner Collection and the Vernon Gallery, we have been somewhat startled to find fixed to the gateway a conspicuous black board, containing in large letters the words, "RUSKIN'S CATALOGUE TO BE HAD AT THE LODGE WITHIN." On inquiry, we ascertained that the catalogues thus advertised "by authority," and so under the immediate patronage of the trustees of the National Gallery, are neither more nor less than the little shilling book some months ago printed by Mr. Ruskin, and which shilling book contains some remarks upon some of the paintings by Turner exhibited in the building. To call the book "a catalogue" is very like a deception; and although the porters may and no doubt do derive a profit from the sale, those who buy it are justified in complaining that they pay for that which

they do not obtain. But this is not the chief ground on which complaint may be urged. It is obvious that to give the sanction of "authority" to a private speculation, and thus to dignify the criticisms of an individual, is a departure from propriety, to say the least, of which the trustees (or whoever is responsible) have not rightly estimated the consequences.

MR. JOHN BELL'S STATUE OF "OMPHALE," executed for the Paris Exhibition of 1855, has been purchased by the Manchester Mechanics' Institution—an act of taste no less than of liberality, which entitles the committee of this society to the highest praise. The marble group of "The Babes in the Wood," by the same sculptor, an engraving of which appeared in the *Art-Journal* some time ago, has been bought by Mr. Fitzgerald. His "Guards' Memorial," of granite and bronze, to be erected in Hyde Park, is rapidly progressing in his studio. And if Mr. Bell is thus receiving the reward of his talents and industry, he knows, too, how to be generous to others, for we hear he has lately presented his marble statue of a little girl, called "The Child's Attitude,"—for which, perhaps, a better title might have been found, though this is of little matter,—to the Artist's General Benevolent Fund, in aid of its funds.

THE SCHEME of a great central "place" in the heart of London, uniting, into one vast area, Trafalgar Square, by a broad bridge, with a proposed open space on the opposite side of the water, is now forming a subject of discussion in the pages of some of our contemporaries. Our readers will probably remember that the matter was mentioned by us more than a year since.

THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY are amply redeeming the promise with which they set out—to supply examples of this wonderful art, of infinite variety, and to meet public requirements by issues at prices ranging from high to low. They have now produced what they term a "stereoscope for the million," at a cost of half-a-crown; but their latest work of this class is a manifest improvement: it is called "The Archimedian New Patent Stereoscope," and is described as follows:—This stereoscope has the strong recommendation of being approved by Sir David Brewster, as conforming strictly to the optical principles by which clear stereoscopic vision is adduced. The improvement is founded upon highly philosophical deductions, not only as to the refracting and magnifying power of lenses, but in assimilating their powers and action by simple means to the conformation and movements of the human eyes. The lenses are so placed as to move in the arc of a circle corresponding to the frontal are reversed, and the clear combination of the two pictures is facilitated by the action of a compound Archimedian screw, whereby the adjustment is effected to the greatest nicety. So simple is the arrangement, that a child will instantaneously adjust the instrument to its sight, without any instruction, in consequence of the refraction of the lenses, by their moving on a radius, being ever adjusted to the proper angle." Among the recent stereoscopic views are a series exhibiting the Art-treasures at Manchester—the building, with much of its valuable and beautiful contents. These are of great interest, more especially to those who have not visited the great city of cotton and pictures. Two subjects, which seem to have attained large popularity, issued by this company are termed "the ghost in the stereoscope." They are singular and striking; one of them more especially, in which a novel effect is produced, by some mode or other, which is properly kept secret, although probably it will soon be sufficiently well-known to induce imitations. A group is terrified by a shadow which stands in a threatening position; it resembles a white film, with something of the human form, and is made exceedingly and "amusingly" effective. We mention but a few of the novelties recently issued by the Stereoscopic Company, but it will be readily understood that the supply is made to equal the demand, and that hundreds of new subjects are issued weekly at the establishment in Cheapside.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.—We rejoice to state that this accomplished artist is comparatively convalescent, so much so, as to be able to resume his pencil. This news will give delight to thousands, not only of his personal friends and admirers, but to all who value the high and excellent in Art, and desire to maintain the supremacy of the British School.

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE has commenced a new "season," and with good promise of a success equal to that which has attended the past efforts of the manager. It is beyond question the established favourite of the public, at all events of that portion of it which can appreciate excellence in every part of the drama; for while Mr. Kean has paid especial attention to its ART, he has neglected no one of its requirements. If he has earned, he has undoubtedly merited, the popularity he has achieved; we trust—and believe—it will be continued so long as this most agreeable theatre is under his judicious and liberal management. The theatre has been entirely re-painted, and is in a condition to sustain its character for elegant yet refined taste. The general tone of the interior is light cream colour and gold. The ceiling displays allegorical figures of the Seasons. The panels under the private boxes present a series of paintings in encaustic, comprising on the Queen's side,—'Falstaff over the Body of Hotspur,' 'Prospero summoning Ariel,' 'Hubert and Arthur,' and the 'Caldron Scene in Macbeth,' and on the opposite side,—'Hamlet and the Ghost,' 'Titania in her Bower,' 'The Trial of Hermione,' 'Richard II. resigning his Crown,' and the 'Vision of Queen Katherine.' Between the panels, extending also round the dress circle, is a series of Shaksperian kings,—John, Richard II., Henry IV., Henry V., Henry VI., Edward IV., Richard III., Henry VII., and Henry VIII.,—all at full length, and very well painted. Mr. Kuckuck has executed the work. The chandelier has been remodelled and improved, and Mr. Telbin has painted a new drop, wherein drapery half open discovers a statue of Shakspeare on a pedestal.

"RICHARD THE SECOND."—A series of very admirable stereoscopic views of groups in this drama, as performed at the Princess's Theatre, has been issued by M. la Roche, of Oxford Street, a photographer who has been eminently successful in the several branches of the art, in portraiture more especially. The series exhibits all the leading remarkable incidents of the play, and the several groupings have been studied with sound judgment; but they are chiefly valuable as so many pictures of costume, for it is unnecessary to say that Mr. Kean has placed beyond dispute the accuracy of his revival in this essential particular. The costume is peculiarly calculated for effective display in the stereoscope; it is highly picturesque, and strongly marked, while the backgrounds and accessories are all of great value as contributions to the history of an eventful age. We have thus another evidence of the value of the art. Long after the theatre has closed, its draperies broken up, and the scenery erased, these records will be preserved, to be accepted, as they may safely be, by the artist who shall hereafter paint the acts or the heroes of the period. Mr. Kean will, therefore, have laboured not alone for his own time, but for generations yet to come, who may benefit by his efforts to do his work "wisely and well." M. la Roche has produced a collection of views more clear and, so to speak, "emphatic" than any we have yet seen. The relief obtained is positively wonderful; while every part of the minutest matter is developed with amazing finish and effect.

CONTINENTAL ART-INSTRUCTION.—Professor Donaldson, who has recently paid a visit to Belgium and the Rhenish provinces, says that "Antwerp, Ghent, Liège, Brussels, and Düsseldorf, has each its well-appointed schools, with first-rate professors in all branches, and directors of the highest eminence. At Antwerp there are 1300 (!) pupils in the Art-schools, preparing to carry the fruits of their teaching and studies into the active purposes of after-life, and who are distributed throughout the various productive classes of the community—some to be devoted to the higher objects of painters, sculptors, engravers, or carvers; others contributing to the embellishment and refinement of the manufacturing industries,—all tending to elevate the taste. I venture to call attention to these striking facts." Comment on such a statement as this is needless; it speaks for itself, loudly proclaiming that if our Art-manufactures of every kind are to be upheld in the commercial world, our Art-schools must rival in efficiency those of the Continent. Professor Donaldson has long been advocating, with earnestness, and, we trust, with some effect, the interests of British Art.

THE OLD HOUSE (No. 96) IN THE STRAND, so long and so usefully occupied by THE ACKERMANNs, is now in the occupation of Mr. EUGENE RIMMEL, the famous perfumer, whose reputation has gone into all quarters of the globe. We allude to this change, chiefly because in its present position it is not destined to abandon Art; we write less with reference to the "fittings up," which are at once tasteful and elegant, than as regards the improvements he has introduced in the vases and bottles which contain the thousand-and-one perfumes of his manufactory. Few persons have visited the Crystal Palace without admiring the graceful stand where a "neat handed Phyllis" vends his far-famed "vinegar;" some idea may be hence obtained of the manner in which his establishment in the Strand has been arranged. But our chief obligation to him arises from the mode in which he has improved the comparatively minor matters of his trade—substituting for the old vial, which contained essence, a neat and indeed elegant vase of glass; it is really "a pretty thing" to keep, after its contents have been used, and, not many years ago, would have been considered worthy to remain on the chimney-piece of a drawing-room as one of its most agreeable ornaments. The buyer pays nothing for this elegance, thanks to Sir Robert Peel, who relieved glass from a most odious impost, the article is fabricated at a singularly small cost; and thanks also to the growing belief that "beauty is cheaper than deformity," people are becoming convinced that they are not necessarily taxed when they obtain that which delights the eye and improves the mind. Mr. Rimmel will no doubt find his account in this, as he ought to do, for he is a large contributor to that advancement in general taste which inculcates virtue; as all men are who practically illustrate the impressive truth, that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

MR. GEORGE SCHARF, JUN., the secretary to the National Portrait Gallery Commission, is lecturing at Birmingham, on Italian and German Painting.

THE BURNS MONUMENT, AT AYR.—It is held by many very worthy but unsympathising persons, and notably by the Rev. George Gilfillan,—that the poet Burns was but a "Ne'er do weel," after all, and such an one as the Church cannot recognise, even in a collection of British poets, without a protest from its own especial point of view. There are others, again,—thousands upon thousands,—who still think the flow of Doon, with its everlasting hymn, sweeter and holier for the memories of Burns that mingle with it,—and do not hesitate to call, with Mr. Robert Chambers, the temple which rises as his monument on its banks "sacred," for his sake. There is no denying, that, to the Church militant, Burns was somewhat of a "troublesome customer;"—and, whether by accident or by design, the Church would seem to have taken a curious revenge. Close by "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," stood the lowly cottage where the poet was born;—and near it a new Alloway Kirk is now beginning to rear its proportions, one of whose effects will be, it seems, to "swamp" the monument which keeps his fame. The men of Ayr have taken the alarm, and sent Mr. Robert Chambers to verify the facts. "The banks of the Doon," he says, "are there of unsurpassed beauty; and enshrined amid the finest of the scenery is the well-known monument of the poet, an exquisite Grecian temple, hitherto seen in all directions around. It is scarce credible, but only too true, that the promoters of a church for the district are building it so close to the monument as not only to disturb the pilgrim visitor with an incongruous idea, but block up the latter building from view in the two directions from which for the most part it is approached. Thus, a pretty place, hallowed with softening memories, and annually a scene of pleasing and elevating recreation to scores of thousands, is threatened with a blemish which must deprive it of three-fourths of its attractions and its sentimental effect."—The walls, he adds, "are not yet two yards high; they might, at no great expense, be removed to an unobjectionable site two hundred yards distant."—The Scottish writer grows warm in behalf of the Scottish poet, and threatens the promoters, if they persist in crushing the Burns monument, with an uneasy life, "anywhere within twenty miles of the Brig o' Doon."—Certainly, we trust, for ourselves, and on behalf of many a reader of our own, that means will be found to compromise the matter.

## REVIEWS.

ON THE BANNERS OF THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY. By GILBERT J. FRENCH. Reprinted, for private circulation, from the Journal of the Archaeological Association.

The Bayeux Tapestry is one of those Art-manufactures of an early epoch, which, possessing great intrinsic value as an antiquity of the rarest kind, has also an extrinsic value as an historic monument, second to none of this peculiar nature which have been preserved for modern study. Its history is curious, and though it has been subjected to some rather microscopic cavilling at the hands of a few antiquaries (that body of gentlemen generally being prone to captious criticism), it has stood the test well, and is now fairly considered as the work of Queen Matilda, the wife of our William the Conqueror, assisted by the ladies of the court. It depicts the whole of the events which led to the Conquest, and all the minute incidents that occurred up to the Battle of Hastings. It was a gift to the cathedral of Bayeux, for exhibition at great festivals, when it was hung round the choir. Previously to the commencement of the last century it was completely unknown, except at Bayeux, where it was kept rolled up on a kind of winch, and used once a year as an old hanging on the festival of the relics preserved there. About the year 1724, M. Lancelot found a drawing of a portion of it, among others preserved in the Cabinet of Antiquities in Paris, and he at once saw its value as a picture, illustrative of ancient history. The learned Jesuit Montfaucon was at this time busily compiling his great works on the Antiquities of France, and he made diligent inquiries for the original. In those days it was a much more difficult task than in ours, thus to hunt out the forgotten original of an old drawing; and even now it would be no easy matter to ascertain the locality of such an object, when it was not known whether the original was a basso-relievo, a painting on glass, or a textile fabric. At last it was found to be at Bayeux, and Montfaucon published a copy of the incidents delineated upon it; but it was no copy of the tapestry in the modern sense of the word, inasmuch as it totally lacked *craieemblance*, and did not give the style and character of the original. This task was reserved for the late C. A. Stothard, eldest son of the more famous Thomas Stothard, R.A., and in the year 1817 he went to Bayeux, and faithfully copied every portion of the tapestry, imitating stitch for stitch some fragments of the work. Upon his return, the Society of Antiquaries, who paid the expenses of his journey, published the whole in a series of carefully executed plates; but they broke down in their laudable labour, and never published any descriptive letter-press. That task has recently devolved on Dr. Bruce, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who has published an elegant quarto volume, with reduced copies of Stothard's drawings.

It may safely be affirmed, that the importance of this curious work, as a contemporary record of history, has increased with the critical attention that has been bestowed upon it. It depicts many minute facts nowhere else to be found, and it is just that free rendering of a great event that might be expected to come from the hands of persons conversant with its minutiae. The arguments seem to us entirely in favour of the tapestry being the work of Matilda and her handmaidens, to record this great event of her lord, the king, who had made her his own by the roughest of all courtship, scolding her for her coolness towards himself, and then rolling her in the mud of the streets of Bruges, to cure her of her supercilious vanity. She seemed, however, to love him the better for this really "violent" affection; and appears to have been most devoted to him. There is something pleasant in picturing herself and her ladies busy in the palace for long months, plying the needle, to record, as only ladies then could record, the worthy deeds of their masters. The gaunt old figures, with their quaint attitudes and curt Latin inscriptions, told however a striking tale, more useful to the eyes of such as went, on great festivals, to the cathedral of Bayeux, than the pages of the chronicle; all the world could understand the rude tapestry-picture; but how few in those days readers were!

So important an antiquity as this is deserving of every regard; and the greater the amount of investigation it receives the better for its own use and value. Many essays have been written upon it, but they have been entirely devoted to its history and the events it depicts. Mr. French has gone into a new field, and devoted his studies entirely to the heraldic charges which appear on the banners and shields borne by the various figures in this old work. The origin of heraldry is a somewhat vexed question, and any light thrown on its early history is of value. The Crusading era is generally thought to be the birth-time of true heraldic

charges; but there are not wanting instances of something like heraldic bearings on the shields of warriors upon Etruscan vases. Mr. French is inclined to consider that "the banners of the Bayeux Tapestry supply indications of some early and very interesting charges." One most interesting point in his argument goes to prove that the flame-like terminations of these banners had a significant religious symbolism, like the glories around the heads of holy personages in painting; and he is inclined to think that the pile in heraldry represents the termination of such banners. It may be here noted, that the old sacred banner of France—the Orliflamme—was similarly "rayed" at the end, a matter Mr. French has not alluded to, but which strengthens his conjecture. There are many curious facts elicited, and many others suggested, in Mr. French's Essay, which is well illustrated with engravings.

ORNAMENTAL DRAWING AND ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN. With Notes, Historical and Practical. Edited by ROBERT SCOTT BURN. Published by WARD & LOCK, London.

In the compilation of his book Mr. Burn has skimmed the cream off several others of like import, and serves it up in a form that must be palatable to every student of design; but it must be used as introductory to treatises of a more extended character, and for such a purpose it is well adapted.

The examples, amounting to more than two hundred illustrations, are arranged in three divisions—of which the first comprehends four sections, consisting, respectively, of ornament in which straight lines are found; those in which circles with curved lines are used, drawn mechanically; similar ornamentation, but drawn without the use of mechanical aids; and illustrations of ornament as applied to the decoration of textile fabrics chiefly: the second division comprises historical and æsthetic notices of the various principal styles of architecture, European and Asiatic; and the third division comprehends examples of architectural plans and details "for practice."

It is quite evident that much pains have been taken to render this work as comprehensive as the limits of a cheap book would permit. The notes generally are short, but sufficiently explicit to serve the purpose of the young student. The illustrations are not of the highest order of Art-work, but, with a few exceptions, as the trusses on the last page, they are well selected as to subject, and correctly drawn. We should take this to be a very suitable book for the pupils of our Government Schools of Art—far more so than many we have seen that are in common use among them.

INSTRUCTION IN ILLUMINATING AND MISSAL PAINTING. By D. LAURENT DE LARA. Published by ACKERMANN & Co., London.

The title-page of this little book announces it as the "second edition, considerably enlarged;" the first edition, which we have never chanced to see, was published, as we learn in the preface, in 1850; and M. Laurent de Lara, who has the honour of proclaiming himself "Illuminating Artist to the Queen," further informs us that "since that period upwards of three thousand pupils have been under my tuition, amongst whom I have to count some of the first nobility of the land." Now we could never have supposed that the art of illumination, beautiful as it is, could have found so large a number of disciples; it is an elegant and interesting accomplishment, but we imagined that the "spirit of the age," to use a phrase in common use, would be entirely antagonistic to work requiring so much patient assiduity, and so much mathematical nicety. Moreover, the illuminator must be, or should be, an inventor—unlike the painter, he must *create* his subject; he cannot take Nature for his guide, and follow her abstractedly through the infinite variety of forms which she places before him—all that he can do is to mould and adopt them to his own purposes, and this involves enough of thought and originality of idea to deter many among amateurs of Art, we should have expected, from engaging their faculties on a process so exacting.

There is no doubt that the art of illuminating has, after lying buried for more than three centuries, risen to life again, both here and on the Continent. While the printing-press was the great means of extinguishing it for a season, so the printing-press of our own day has revived it, through the recent introduction of chromo-lithography: the works of Owen Jones, and Noel Humphreys, with others, in England, and of many artists in France and Germany, have created a taste for its revival, and have, we may believe, aided to bring it into fashion as an accomplishment among those who can thus employ leisure hours; and certainly leisure



hours may be far more unprofitably occupied than in imitating the example of the scribes and monks of the mediæval ages. It is for this class of amateur ornamentalists that the author of this work has, more especially, prepared his book of elementary instruction; its object, he says, "is not so much to enter into any detailed history of the progress of ornamental art, and which becomes a separate and intricate study, than well to smooth down the difficult path of the beginner, to unravel for him apparent mysteries in the art, to give him examples of practical designs to imitate from (*sic*) suitable to his skill; to point out to him clearly and unmistakably such rules as from my experience I have found absolutely necessary to adopt, and if studiously followed up will, in a great measure, assist his first efforts, and enhance his ultimate success and proficiency."

M. Laurent de Lara is, we presume, a foreigner; his errors of grammar and composition may therefore be overlooked, but it would be well for him to get some practised hand to revise the sheets for another edition, should he publish one. His instructions are few, and entirely of an elementary character, but they appear ample for a beginner, and are simple, as elementary teaching ever should be. The notes on colours will be found especially useful; and the few examples of "illuminating" introduced may serve as good studies for the pupil to imitate.

#### NOLAN'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE WAR.

Published by J. S. VIRTUE, London.

Dr. Nolan has now brought his comprehensive and interesting history of the late Russian War to a conclusion. The task cannot have been an easy one, to collect and arrange the vast mass of materials of every kind which, short as was the duration of the conflict, was crowded into the space of time from the first signal of hostility to the final act of the terrible drama; yet in every way has the author accomplished his work satisfactorily, while the publisher has kept faith with the public by issuing it regularly, and keeping it within the limits announced at its commencement. Not an incident worth recording appears to have been overlooked by Dr. Nolan, who has consulted every source from which creditable information was to be derived, and has had ample assistance from many individuals who shared in the dangers and honours of the campaign; hence the narrative may be depended upon for its truthfulness. Like every other historian, the author evidently has his partialities, but they do not lead him to adopt unfair conclusions nor to make *ex-parte* statements, and his style of writing is that which is best known by the word "popular;" it is addressed to the public, yet is sufficiently good to satisfy the educated reader. The two volumes comprising the history contain about eighty well executed engravings that give additional interest to the publication.

Unhappily, the thoughts of every Englishman are now occupied with the events of another war, more direful and more sickening than that out of which we have only just emerged. If anything were necessary to arouse the national mind from any feeling of despondency created by this recent and unexpected calamity, the history of the Crimean campaign would effect the purpose; we see here what the resources of Great Britain, and the courage, energy, and resolution of her sons accomplished; what these did on the shores of the Baltic and Black Seas they will do on the banks of the Ganges and Jumna, on the arid deserts and swampy marshes of continental India. The Russian war, after all, may possibly prove to have produced more beneficial results than the nation ever contemplated. By the way, we see that Dr. Nolan has in the press a "History of the British Empire in India," on a plan somewhat similar to the work he has just concluded.

#### IONA AND THE IONIANS: THEIR MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND TRADITIONS. With a few Remarks on MULL, STAFFA, AND TYREE. By W. MAXWELL. Published by T. MURRAY & SON, Glasgow.

Though English tourists are to be found, and in numbers, too, everywhere at home or abroad, within reasonable distances, and very often far out of reach, the western islands of Scotland are but rarely visited. We may say of our travelling countrymen, with Scott,—

"They pause not at Columba's Isle,  
Though peal the bells from the holy pile  
With long and measured toll;  
No time for matins or for mass,  
And the sounds of the holy summons pass  
Away to the billows' roll."

But the "holy pile" reared in honour of good St. Columba is a ruin, so is the nunnery, and all else—

or nearly all, for there are a few interesting antiquities left—which would be likely to attract any large number of those who search about for health or amusement in the autumn months; and Iona cannot show such qualities of the picturesque as would please the many, nor offer such creature-comforts as "comfortable" travellers require; and hence, though in the island "a church was planted, which, small at first, yet nourished by the living waters of the Gospel, grew and flourished until its fame was spread throughout the then civilised world," the spot is still as comparatively unvisited as if it were a far-off island in the Pacific.

Mr. Maxwell has published a brief history of these Scottish islets, but we doubt much whether he will succeed, by his descriptions and illustrations, to draw wanderers thither; for speaking of Iona, the principal one of the group, he says,—"If there is nothing 'rotten in the state of Denmark,' most assuredly there is something very decidedly so in that of the roads here. Throughout Iona, of Macadam and his art the inhabitants are in a state of blessed ignorance. There is not a road, properly so termed, in Iona; the only thoroughfare leading across the island to the various farm-houses and cottages almost defies description, as much as it does the unfortunate wayfarer when he attempts to pass along it. In wet weather, particularly, it is as a 'Slough of Despond,' being then a quagmire of the most yielding nature, absolutely impassable to either man or beast. As to vehicles, they are out of the question." This is not a picture—and we could introduce several more of a similar character—to invite tourists; no wonder they "pause not at Columba's isle!" still, if any have the hardihood to venture thither, by all means they should take Mr. Maxwell's book, which "tells them all about it," neither extenuating nor setting down aught in malice, it may be presumed. The chief object of the writer appears to be to draw the attention of the proprietor of the island, the Duke of Argyll, we believe, so as to make it, what he thinks it might be made, a pleasant place of enjoyment to others, productive to the inhabitants, and profitable to its owner.

#### DIE MONOGRAMMISTEN. By Dr. G. K. NAGLER. Published by G. FRANTZ, Munich.

This is the first number containing the introduction to a work which Dr. Nagler proposes shall be a full completion of his Artist's Dictionary, and also contain a rich supplement to it, wherein a great number of artists, under known signs and initials, shall be introduced: he also intends adding to it a monogram lexicon, with a *catalogue raisonné* of the best productions of unknown masters, of whose existence no mention has been made in other writings on Art and artists. Of the known masters who made use of monograms, or of the initials of their names, the text is confined to fixing the epoch at which they lived, full particulars being given in the Artist's Dictionary of their lives and productions. The use of monograms dates, the author tells us, from the middle ages, and was introduced by stonemasons and architects. The key to the art became lost by degrees from the end of the middle ages, as journeymen, in their wanderings, chiselled their signs and marks on pieces of stone, &c., upon which they might have been employed, which accounts for the number of monograms to be met with. The author quotes several works in which examples of monograms are to be found, the earliest being that of M. de Marolles, entitled "*Catalogue de Livres d'Estampes et de Figures en Taille-douce, avec un Dénombrement des pièces que y sont contenues. Fait à Paris, 1672.*" containing 163 monograms. This number concludes with several examples of initial monograms of known and unknown masters.

#### LETTERS ON CONNOISSEURSHIP. By W. NOY WILKINS. Published by CHAPMAN & HALL, London.

These letters treat briefly of the qualities constituent of good Art, and also of much of the mechanical requisites for its execution, as "The Idea," "Detail," "Concentration and Unity," "Pictorial Arrangement," "Expression," "Colour," "Form," "Style," "Pigments," &c. The author of this little work does not write for artists or the artistic amateur; but for those who may love Art, yet are not skilled in discriminating its subtle qualities. In speaking of the difficulties which beset the path of the rising painter, Mr. Wilkins mentions the middle-man or dealer as one of his greatest evils. The patron, in the majority of cases, purchases through the dealer, to whom he pays at least fifty per cent. on the prices fixed by the painter: the evil of this system has often been the subject of comment in our pages; only this month, in a preceding article, we are again compelled to bring

it to the notice of our readers. And the influence of dealers is increasing rather than diminishing—so few collectors have an entire confidence in their own judgments: and this is especially true in cases where there is wealth without taste or knowledge, and in most cases where the collection is a mercantile speculation. On the subject of hanging works for exhibition, it is urged that all of a certain dimension should be placed upon the line: when that can be brought about it will indeed be the painter's jubilee, but such a boon it is to be feared will never be conceded to the struggling aspirant. Thus we find, in these pages, many useful observations immeminably relative to practical Art.

#### SOYER'S CULINARY CAMPAIGN. Published by G. ROUTLEDGE, London.

While holding, what are called "the joys of the table" somewhat in contempt, we have every desire to cultivate the art, which, humanly speaking, prolongs life by promoting health: and to this art Monsieur Soyer has devoted the best years and energies of an intelligent and observant career. These "historical reminiscences" are the record of his residence and exertions in the Crimea, during the period of our peril and sickness, and when almost every official seemed profoundly ignorant of his duties and resources; but M. Soyer has written his censures with a feather, his good deeds speak for themselves. The volume is sparkling and amusing, full of "hints" on the "great stomach question," and at the end containing a variety of recipes, not only for the rich and luxurious, but for the sick and necessitous. It is pleasant to see the "chef's" sympathy and kindness oozing out without an effort; he appreciates and enlightens. We only wish that his star would rise in the east now, where, we fear, our poor fellows are exposed to much the same mismanagement, in the fearful impromptu war which has struck terror and dismay into all our hearts. Monsieur Soyer never offends our prejudices, or uproots our preconceived opinions with a violent hand, he knows that our boiling and roasting system—the "plain wholesome food" we are so foolishly fond of extolling—wastes half our culinary resources; but he deals gently with us, and shows us the *right* way, mildly suffering us to draw the inference that we have been in the *wrong*! We hope to see the "cookery for the poor" made into a twopenny pamphlet, so that all may be able to obtain it; this will be the greatest of all Monsieur Soyer's philanthropic triumphs, and they are numerous.

#### THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN. POPULAR ERRORS EXPLAINED AND ILLUSTRATED. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. Published by KENT & CO. (late Bogue), London.

We have to thank this most patient and instructive teacher for another interesting volume; indeed, its perusal proves that it is no idle boast to call it a "book for old and young." If not as full of information as the former volumes, it is simply because there is little more to tell. It is impossible to overrate the amount of labour bestowed upon the compilation, or the advantages to be derived from such a compendium.

#### DRAWING FOR ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS. By ELLIS A. DAVIDSON. Published by CHAPMAN & HALL, London.

This little manual is published under the sanction of "The Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education;" its author—the head-master of the Chester School of Art, and professor of drawing at the Chester Diocesan Training College—announces it as "specially adapted for the use of masters of national and parochial schools." Mr. Ruskin's system and Mr. Davidson's are, certainly, "wide as the poles asunder;" the one furnishes black-board examples, the other recommends small bits of card and fine steel pens: now are not these extreme methods most puzzling to any one who wishes to find a safe and sure guide to teach him to acquire a knowledge of Art? It seems to us that both are totally inadequate to the purpose; drawing is no more to be learned by causing the pupil to copy the letters of the alphabet in "large Celtic characters, about two inches high," and by making diagrams of snakes, and saws, carpenter's tools, and objects of a similar character, than by scratching flat tints on glazed cardboard. Of the numerous elementary drawing-books which have been published within the last ten or fifteen years, how few are there of any intrinsic value to the student; and Mr. Davidson's is not, in our opinion, among the number, though "sanctioned by authority;" besides such a work, even were it good, is uncalled for; a dozen at least, similar in character, have been already published.

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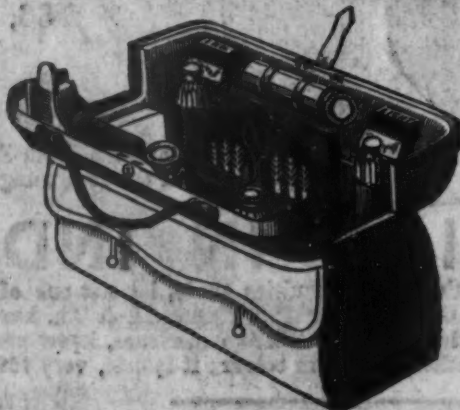
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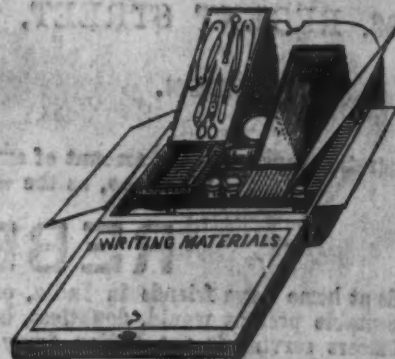
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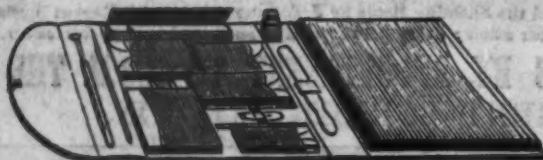
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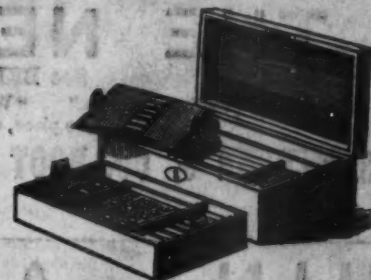
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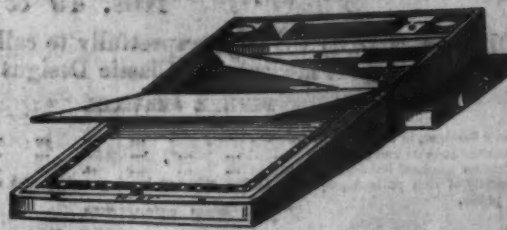
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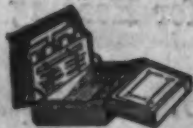
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